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NO. 5.

DARKNESS.

"No light, but rather darkness visible."—*Milton*.

I.

Away with thee, Light! thou "effluence bright!"
Make room for my ebon car,
When it wheels on its track with hangings of black,
I curtain the Moon and the Star:
I love to go forth, with the storms of the North,
To follow the hurricane's sweep,
When the ships mounting high, ride up to the sky?
Then down to the fathomless deep.

II.

The lightning, it gleams, but I swallow its beams—
My kingdom it cannot control,
The fire-rent cloud I enwrap in my shroud,
And terror I strike to the soul;
I darken my scowl with the wind's loud howl
When God to the shipwreck'd speaks,
And his thunderings drown, as the ship goes down,
Their wild and unearthly shrieks.

III.

'Tis I who conceal the murderous steel,
The assassin's remorseless blow,
And I come with the slain, when with gory stain
He beck'neth his sleepless foe:
The murderer's path I beset with wrath,
Each sound I invest with dread,
Ev'n the "cloister'd flight" of the bird of Night
Can waken the ghastly dead.

IV.

When the world I've hush'd, with a face deep flush'd,
Some youth to his mistress hies,
Then wrapp'd in my veil, with her cheek deadly pale,
From her home and her friends she flies;
But, oh! when the scheme of her "love's young dream"
Is marr'd by a cold disdain,
In deep solitude, with me must she brood,
While her tears run down like rain.

V.

When the merciless Jew his Redeemer slew
And the vail of the Temple was rent,
The Earth felt my power "until the ninth hour,"
As I blacken'd the firmament;
Jerusalem shook and the graves were forsook,
Where the just and the sainted had lain;
With my mantle o'erspread, the disquieted dead
Walk'd forth 'mongst the living again.

VI.

In the sulphurous flake of Hell's dim lake,
I am "visible" 'midst the glare;
Those fires burn bright, but they shed no light*
In the regions of dark despair;
There floundering deep, the lost spirits weep
And gnash in their lasting pains,
Doom'd by the great Sire to the penal fire,
And bound in eternal chains.

* A dungeon, horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames
No light

VII.

In the voiceless tomb, till the final doom,
I shall brood with my raven wing,
'Till the Saviour's breath shall cry unto Death—
"Oh, Death! where is thy sting?"
I shall sleep with the dead, in their last cold bed,
Where the worm is rioting free;
'Till the Power to save, shall say to the grave,
"Oh! where is thy victory?"

NUGATOR.

OUR NAVY.

[Below, we present our readers with some more "Scraps from the Lucky Bag." We need not repeat the commendations which we bestowed upon the author in our last. Those who feel an interest in the welfare of our gallant Navy, and who read the first number of "The Scraps," will not require any inducement to urge them to a perusal of this. We emphatically call the attention of the country to the statements and arguments therein presented. We wish our legislators to be awake to this subject. We would speak to every one of them, and say—see if nothing can be done in this matter for the welfare and honor of your country! We are almost disposed to say, that things have come to such a pass with us, that all the energies of the nation seem to be absorbed in the party-conflicts of the day, instead of being exerted for those great interests which press upon us from the right hand and from the left. We assure our fellow-citizens that there are other objects to be attained, beside that of electing a favorite candidate to the presidency. We believe that there are principles which need attention, as vital, and capable of as lasting effects, for good or evil to our land, as any that are involved in the political controversies of the day. We bid our countrymen look up for a moment from the dusty strife and the heated atmosphere of party warfare, and examine into the condition of those institutions which belong permanently to the country, and upon which its prosperity and its honor depend. We bid them look up, and see if "the matches" are not "lighted," and "the guns trained upon us," from a doubtful quarter; and then to say whether prudence and patriotism do not demand that our decks should be cleared and made ready for action. We deprecate the strife of blood. We cannot justify offensive war. But for the defence of our rights, our altars and our homes, on the land and on the sea, we should ever be prepared.

We speak earnestly, then, upon this matter, because we believe it to be one of vital importance. With party-politics, in our Editorial capacity, we have nothing to do—but here is ground upon which we can all meet as Americans. Here is a point where the banner of no party is raised—but the "stars and stripes" are fluttering in the wind—an alarm-gun has been fired—our Navy is reported to be in a needy condition—and we should gather under the standard-folds of our common country to consult, and to adopt measures for its safety and its dignity. We call, then, the attention of our National Legislature, of the Committee on Naval Affairs, of our fellow-citizens at large, to the following article. We trust that our correspondent will continue writing

upon this subject, and lay every important "scrap" in "The Lucky Bag" before the eyes of his countrymen.]

Ed. Sou. Lit. Mess.

SCRAPS FROM THE LUCKY BAG.

NO. II.

To the Editor of the Messenger:

The "Scraps," Mr. Editor, which I have already sent you, go to show that all our ships at sea, taken together, do not carry as many guns as it is intended shall be mounted on only two forts built for the protection of a small town in your own State. Never since the war, has the force afloat been so disproportionate to the commerce of the country. And never have the calls for a larger Naval force been more urgent. State after State has been added to the Confederacy; population has been multiplied; resources developed, and commerce increased—until this last employs two millions of tons of shipping, manned by a hundred thousand seamen, and freighted with four hundred millions of property. The Naval force employed to give safe convoy to those men and their property, sailing to all parts of the world, I have shown, Mr. Editor, amounts, all told, to but six hundred guns.

If commerce were partial in its operations, or less national in its results, it might better comport with the interests of the public thus to slight it off. But, sir, for whom and for what purpose, let me ask, do these vast multitudes of ships and of men go down to the sea? I answer, for the purposes of commerce—that great artery in our national system, which diffuses health and vigor through this happy republic; which exempts you and every citizen, save those seamen, from direct taxation—filling the treasury with revenue; supplying the wants of the government; and ministering to the comforts as well as to the necessities of every member of society, from the seaboard to the Rocky Mountains—from St. John's and the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico and the Sabine. It is commerce that furnishes salt for the poor man's bread, and fills the rich man's goblet with wine. And every citizen is directly concerned, that ample protection should be afforded to that commerce; that in a time of profound peace, its channels should be unmolested—kept free and open to the American flag; and that that flag should, in all seas, and in every port, enjoy all the immunities and privileges of the most favored.

In showing up the feeble condition of the Navy, I still confine myself, Mr. Editor, to the interests of commerce in times of peace alone, and to the protection which it becomes the dignity and honor of the greatest nation, but one, in commercial importance, to afford to its citizens abroad. I have laid some stress on the great maritime interests of this country, and dwelt with emphasis on the puny force maintained in commission to protect them—

puny indeed when compared to the service required. And though a condition of profound peace, and the present state of our commercial relations have only been contemplated, the necessity of putting more ships in commission appears most urgent. Wisdom and true policy require to be kept in active service an armed force sufficient to insure habitual respect to the American flag. Nothing less will meet the wishes, or serve the purposes of the nation. It is obvious that a force of only six hundred guns is by no means adequate to these ends: to accomplish them, the vast interests at stake must be closely guarded, and, whenever wronged, be promptly righted. Touch but in the most distant region the merest streamlet of American commerce, and you dry up here a source of comfort to thousands. Let the pirates of Sumatra break faith with the few ships that trade there, and one of the most wholesome condiments for food disappears from your table. Interrupt the whaler in his pursuit—the streets of your city are darkened; and the lamp, which lights you to bed, ceases to burn. The conduct of a foreign officer is sufficient to threaten the trade with China. The American nation, with ships rotting at their moorings, hugs up a delusive phantom of economy, and instead of reinforcing with fresh ships the China squadron, permits the only two vessels stationed in the East to return home without a relief. And thus, that has been accomplished indirectly, which, when attempted directly, was enough to drive our fathers to rebellion, and to deluge the "thirteen colonies" with blood. In consequence of the exposed state of the China trade, a tariff is laid here on tea; and every family throughout the land is taxed, because the Navy affords no ships to guaranty that trade from wilful vexation. The East India squadron (if two ships may be called a squadron) left Canton in August, at the commencement of the present difficulties there. After an interval of eight months, when England is sending out her fleets and armies, we hear that orders have been issued to fit out one small frigate and two sloops-of-war for the China seas. They will scarce be ready to sail before next August, and will hardly arrive out on their station during the current year; too late, perhaps, to retrieve what has already been lost by delay.

The government has sunk into an apathy with regard to the Navy, from which it seems nothing short of actual warfare can arouse it. We have seen the peace of the country endangered, and the government, in the most profound lethargy, passing through clouds charged with war and threatening every moment to burst upon the country—the links in the chain which binds us to other commercial nations, have been stretched to their utmost tension; unable to bear more, we have seen them ready to break and to let loose upon us all the calamities of war. But, sir, you saw no effort made to raise

up "the right arm of this nation" in the attitude of defence; you heard no note of preparation sounded for the Navy. In its feeble state, the Navy was left exposed—ay, sir, powerless; for had war been declared, at the time it was threatened, with France, our men-of-war would have been called on to meet the enemy and give battle, when there was not one keg of proof powder in store—at least the difficulties of supplying with that article a sloop-of-war, which happened then to be fitting for sea, induce the belief that she left none behind. Lucky in our escape then, other warnings have been alike unheeded. Let it not be urged in extenuation of such neglect, that there have been cries of war! war! when there was no war: for war, like the wolf upon the shepherd's flock, will come at last; and then, like that shepherd, this nation may find itself calling to the Navy for help, when the Navy can give no help.

But, sir, I am running ahead of my subject. Let us return to the peaceful shades of commerce, and ask upon what principles of national policy are her interests left exposed, or only feebly maintained. By whose counsel, and for how long, shall a deaf ear be turned to the calls for a more effective Naval force—till the nation find itself head-reached, and its commerce hemmed in and vexed on all sides? We have folded our arms, as in the delusions of a charm, and tamely looked on; while France, with her *quasi* war, has been knocking at our very doors—lording it over our sister republics, and vexing our commerce with new-fangled blockades, more odious than the paper system itself.

An armed blockade is one of the necessary evils of war among maritime nations; and although neutrals may suffer in consequence of such, nevertheless, upon well-established principles of international jurisprudence, a *belligerent* has clearly the right to cut off the resources of his enemy by an *efficient* blockade, whatever incidental injury the neutral may sustain. But, sir, I have yet to learn upon what principles, France, in a time of profound peace, claims the right to blockade Mexico and the La Plata, thereby unnecessarily harassing the citizens, and wantonly vexing the commerce of neutrals. If her own citizens have been aggrieved, or her flag insulted, she has a right to demand redress and to fix her own terms—presenting the alternative of open, manly chastisement. If the offending nation refuse to give the satisfaction claimed, then the other party may have recourse to reprisals; or, making known to the world the cause, may declare war, and proceed to enforce blockade. There is a check to prevent a commercial nation from going to war upon frivolous causes. The moment she declares war, her commerce is thrown open for plunder by privateers; and the citizens of other maritime nations flock with their private cruisers to the enemy's standard, for the purpose of taking out letters of marque. This

operates as a check upon the strong in favor of the weak; and it serves too, indirectly, as a guaranty to neutrals, that their commerce with the weaker party is not to be interrupted on slight pretences. Had the French declared war against Buenos Ayres, the American vessels interrupted in that trade, might have been sold as privateers to annoy French commerce. Had France behaved with dignity, or acted honorably towards the sickly republics of Spanish America, she would in the first instance either have made her grievances cause for war, or subject for regular negotiation. But France tacitly admits that her grievances are not in themselves sufficient cause for war.* She foresaw that she could not come out of a war, even with these pigmy nations, unscathed; for she knew, that at its first notes, swarms of armed privateers would infest the ocean—pursuing her merchantmen on every sea. Therefore, holding up to the world the withered olive-branch in her hand, she has adopted a new mode of redress; and has proceeded to *obtain* satisfaction, by worrying and vexing and teasing; by torturing a miserable, helpless offender into terms,—not by any direct hostile measures, or even a system of reprisals, but by forbidding other nations to trade with the peccant republics. These republics own no ships and have no commerce, and the blockade does not in any way operate to their loss, but exclusively (almost) to that of American citizens who are engaged there in trade; and, in fact, it amounts to an interdict by France of American commerce with the blockaded powers.

In vain have American citizens complained of the effects upon them, of these blockades. Other nations, seeing that the suspended commerce was mostly American, and that therefore the United States had more at stake than they, looked to this government to step forward and resist such procedure. They recollected the bold and manly stand taken in former times on this side of the Atlantic against paper blockades and every other, except

*The grounds of difficulty are these—France demands that French citizens in Buenos Ayres should be exempt from Militia duty, and be placed on a footing with those of the most favored nation: the Buenos Ayreans say no—first enter into a treaty of peace and amity with us, and we are ready to guaranty to you and your citizens all the immunities and privileges of the most favored. The next item on the Calendar is, the claim of Monsieur Blas Despouy, a soap boiler and manufacturer of mare's grease. His factory was torn down by a mob, as a nuisance to the citizens of Buenos Ayres. The government promised indemnification; but the fulfilment of this promise was delayed in consequence of internal dissensions. The next in importance, is a demand of \$20,000 for the widow of Monsieur Pierre Lavie, a traitor to the popular party, who died in prison awaiting his trial. And the next item in this extraordinary calendar of national grievances, is a demand from the French, requiring the dismissal of Col. Ramierez, who dismissed for peculation, Monsieur Cesar Hipolyte Bacle, a Frenchman by birth, and sutler to the Buenos Ayrean Army.

the actually efficient and effective blockade of an enemy's port by the *belligerent*. But no resistance has been offered—no remonstrance made to the course pursued by France. The government has looked on with folded arms; and, by quietly submitting, has actually consented to a new doctrine in the international code, fraught brimful of the most ruinous consequences to herself. By neglecting to instruct her men-of-war to take the "warned off" American under their guns and *force* the blockade, and by failing to make any remonstrance against the principles of such blockades, the United States has suffered France to set an example, and has herself established a precedent, the tendencies of which the wisest may not easily perceive.

True, Mr. Editor, our *present* force on the Brazil station, though it consists entirely of the *tough, live-oak built sloop Marion, of sixteen guns*, is not in a condition to inspire much terror into the French blockading squadron of thirty or forty men-of-war, or to make much headway in forcing the blockade for American merchantmen up to Buenos Ayres. I speak of the Naval force *now* there. True a brig, and the Decatur, another sloop of sixteen guns, have just sailed for that station, and, touching at Rio, may reach "the river" in sixty or ninety days. But does not this go to prove what I have elsewhere shown, that the Naval force kept in commission is too small? The last arrival* from the La Plata, brings intelligence of the murder there of an American citizen, when there was no vessel or American authority to interpose. By former arrivals, too, we hear of aggressions on American commerce, and insults to the flag. Our fellow-citizens there, urge their exposed situation, and appeal, in the most earnest tones, to their government for protection. These most urgent necessities are answered, by sending one small sloop of sixteen guns, to take the place of the Independence, a razee of fifty-four, and the Fairfield of twenty guns. I admit, sir, and strengthen my position by the admission, that a frigate is fitting out for that station—but, sir, that frigate ought to have sailed in December. It was known three years ago, that the times of the crew on board the Independence and Fairfield would expire about this time, when these ships *must* be at home. That, with all this notice, there should be no ship ready to relieve them, only shows that the public interests must suffer while the force in commission is so limited.

By acknowledging and respecting as we do, the present French blockade of Buenos Ayres, we in effect, and to all intents and purposes, grant to France and England the right to interdict at pleasure the commerce of America with any port or nation. If France, taking advantage of the weakness of the Spanish American republics, may, without appealing to arms, or resorting to reprisals,

* The Independence and Fairfield have arrived since this article was prepared for the press.—Ed.

blockade their ports at will and from any cause, why, let me ask, Mr. Editor, may not England, upon the same principle, feign a point of grievance with Spain, and, laying her demands at an exorbitant rate, proceed *peaceably* to blockade Havanna, or even the whole island of Cuba? Her real object may be to weaken the hold which Spain has on that island, or it may be to suspend the supplies afforded to commerce by it, in order the more to encourage the growth of like articles among her own possessions. According to the new principles of the French blockade, Spain not being in a condition to wage a maritime war, the United States would have no right to demand that England should raise such a blockade, or declare war, and subject thereby her own citizens and commerce to the annoyances and depredations always attendant on a state of maritime warfare. With the example that has been set on this side of the Atlantic, and the precedent established by the United States, why may not Nicholas, the autocrat, make a pretext for laying Canton under perpetual blockade, that his caravans may make Odessa or St. Petersburg the entrepot of trade with China?

But, sir, I need not refer to remote contingencies to illustrate the effects of this alarming principle. There is one, already present, apt and pointed, illustrating both the short-sighted policy of so small a Naval force, and the principles involved in the toleration of *peaceful* blockades. The emperor of China forbids to his subjects the use of opium—but English merchants claim the privilege of poisoning the Chinese, *ad libitum*, with the drug; and, because Mr. Commissioner Linn denies this right, and asserts the supremacy of Chinese law in the Celestial Empire, her Britannic Majesty's government is offended, and proceeds to send a strong force to Canton, with instructions, Mr. Editor, for all that you and I may know, or for aught this government can consistently or is prepared to do, to blockade that port; nor to raise that blockade until the tea trade, or some important commercial advantage with China, be guaranteed exclusively to English bottoms.

With these few "scraps" relating to the French blockades, I shall pass over that subject for the present. Perhaps I may take it up at another time. But I think enough has been said on that and other subjects, to show that the ships maintained in commission are not sufficient to meet the wants of commerce, or properly to maintain in a time of peace the true interests of this nation. In urging the necessity, not of increasing the Navy, Mr. Editor—for we have keels enough already laid—but of putting more ships in commission, I have not sought to derive any arguments as yet from the precept "in peace, prepare for war." Let us then examine, if the present condition of the Navy be better adapted to a state of war, than we have found it suited for "these piping times of peace." I enter

upon this examination, Mr. Editor, with great reluctance, for I feel that I am not able to hold up in the true, glaring light, our feeble "right arm" and exposed condition.

Protection of commerce in times of peace, does not constitute the sole or the most important duty of a government to its citizens. To be always prepared for repelling invasion, and to be ready to give security to the life and property of the citizen, at all times, whether in peace or in war, is one of the most sacred obligations conferred by the mutual compact of citizens for government. No precept is more strictly enjoined than that of being in peace prepared for war. In conformity with it, the Navy should always be in a condition to act—not actually drawn up in line-of-battle order, but prepared for any emergency in the round of probabilities; it should maintain the defensive attitude: ever ready boldly to meet the approach of danger from without, and manfully to repel it. To assume the character of one acting on the defensive, under all circumstances, is clearly the policy of this nation. But viewing her three thousand miles of seaboard, her commercial relations and maritime character, a Navy, barely sufficient to secure respect to her flag and safety to her citizens abroad in times of profound peace, is by no means calculated properly to satisfy such a policy. It demands that ample supplies of implements and munitions of war be furnished; that all the imperishable articles of stores and outfits, necessary to a prompt equipment of a Naval force, should be collected at convenient points, and carefully lodged in store-houses, ready for use; that officers should be educated and trained in sufficient numbers to supply every ship with her due complement; and that besides the large cities, a few points of convenient situation along the coast, easy of access and of suitable harbors, should be strongly fortified and protected, to afford a shelter and a place of retreat from the enemy, where our vessels might repair damages, obtain refreshments, send in prizes, or collect for the purpose of attack.

Such, Mr. Editor, should be the situation of the Navy, and such the condition of the seaboard, before those measures of precaution be effected which it becomes a wise people to adopt. But, sir, let us return to the Navy as it is. We have seen that it is not prepared for peace; and judging from what has already been said of its *present* condition, one may safely conclude that it is as unfit for war as it is for peace. Therefore, I deem it needless to my purpose to detain you, while I accumulate evidence for the establishment of a fact which stands out in bold relief before the eyes of a whole nation, and is obvious to every one that looks to the seaboard.

In the event of war with the United States, the contest is to be on the ocean. Pursuing our defensive policy, we have nothing to fear from Cis-Atlantic nations. Among our Trans-Atlantic

brethren are to be found the only true and lawful champions, who, for generations yet to come, may tilt at arms with us on any thing like equal terms. But they must traverse three thousand miles of ocean to reach the scene of tournament, and then we may fix our own terms of combat. We may have the tilt-yard either on the land or on the sea. True to the principles of a defensive policy, this remoteness from an enemy is a tower of strength. But, sir, our coast is defenceless—our nakedness is exposed to the world—our harbors might be blockaded, and our ships as effectually shut up in them now, as they were twenty-odd years ago.

In 1819, Commodore Warrington, with five other Captains in the Navy, submitted to the Navy Department a plan for defending the seaboard, and of protecting our harbors from blockade, and for strengthening the Navy; and they memorialized Congress on the subject. At that early day in the improvements in the application of steam, they proposed that a few small steamers should be built, and, mounting two or three guns each, be stationed in our principal bays and harbors. Two or three such at New York, with a battery on shore, under the guns of which they might fly for protection when too closely pressed, would not only be sufficient to secure that port against blockade from the strongest force, but would prove a valuable corps of reserve, which might be suddenly concentrated at any point along the coast on important occasions, either for giving battle or making defence. For, to borrow an idea from those memorialists, the *fear* of such steamers would keep off any blockading squadron. No prudent officer, however brave, would continue within the reach of such vessels always seeking to annoy and harass. They could regulate the time and manner of attack, towing down the fire-ship at night, or the man-of-war, to engage the straggler in the calm. Coming when least expected, they could choose their own distance, fire, and retreat under cover of the dark, only to renew the attack from some other quarter. Not to mention the shot that would tell, or their effect on ship and life, a few sleepless nights passed at quarters, watching for an invisible enemy, would wear down and exhaust the stoutest crew, and in themselves be sufficient to drive away any blockading force. No troops could ever effect a landing in the vicinity of such vessels. With coal for fuel, in a dark night, one such steamer would have upon a blockading force, the effect which the rifle of the Santa Fe trader, hid in a jungle, has upon the hostile party of Indians.

This admirable plan for defending the coast was conceived, Mr. Editor, when the inconveniencies which we had suffered, and the advantages which the enemy derived from our unprotected coast and harbors, during the war, were fresh in the recollection of the public. It was urged by those officers more than twenty years ago. But notwithstanding

ing the scheme was so practicable, so obviously advantageous, and so entirely in conformity with the policy adopted in 1816 with regard to building ships for the Navy, and withal so *cheap* too, yet the only vessel of the kind which, up to this day, the Navy can boast of, is one small abortion—fit only to sail on the smooth surface of a summer sea. These officers performed their duty by calling the attention of their government to the subject. They represented the exposed situation of the coast, proposed the remedy, and modestly left their plan of defence to rest upon its own merits. Simple in its means, and unpretending in design, the beautiful system was smothered by the most wild and extravagant schemes for protecting the coast—schemes utopian in the extreme, and fit only to be discussed by the inmates of a mad-house. Some of them contemplated a line of fortifications from North to South, on a scale scarcely less grand and magnificent than that of a Chinese wall. Cabinet members were called on to state *how much* money *could* be expended—while in the councils of the nation the most extravagant plans for spending money were brought forward. A system of defence was there gravely discussed, which provided for protecting the seaboard with a line of the most expensive fortifications—actually of studding three thousand miles of seacoast with forts and castles so numerous, that we might have fired to a gazing world a grand national salute from the broadside of the Atlantic, as from the deck of a man-of-war. Beginning on the banks of the St. John's in Maine, the sound of the first gun would have been caught up at the nearest fort; and, booming down from castle to castle, and from state to state, the report of the last gun in the long line of fire, crossing the Sabine, might have alarmed our neighbors in Texas.

And pray, sir, what think you is the condition of our seaboard, and our state of defence, after this lapse of years and the expenditure of millions out of the public treasury! With the exception of a few more ships on the stocks, and a few more rotting in the water, nearly that in which the war found us. An enemy's squadron may now ride as safely at anchor in Lynhaven bay—land troops, or, with a superior force, lock up our men-of-war as effectually in the harbor of Norfolk, as it might have done in the last war. A few points have been strengthened I admit. But defence is wanted for a line, not for points. And I know not how this may be accomplished, except by steamers in the manner proposed. Do not understand me as decrying the plan which has been pursued, with regard to collecting *materiel* and building *ships* for the Navy. As far as it goes, that plan is admirable, and has been judiciously carried out so far as *ships* alone are concerned. It is defective in this: that it has failed to provide the Navy with officers for but a little more than a fourth of those ships,

or to furnish it with the necessary number of steamers and small vessels. We have quite as many large ships in the Navy as a proper regard for public economy and the true interests of the country require there should be in times of peace. The policy of collecting together the frames for ships, and of stowing them safely away under cover, cannot be too highly commended. But by doing this—acting in part and not extending the plan of defensive preparation to the whole system—is like preparing to board a vessel from the upper deck, while the port-holes to the decks below are left unguarded. Through them the enemy may enter, seize on your magazine, and cut off your supplies from below.

Slow to adopt improvements, or to institute experiments in the Navy, other nations have brought over in our waters their men-of-war-steamers, and have demonstrated for us, the practicability of a plan of defence which American officers had originated and tried in vain to prevail on their government to adopt. At this moment, the Navy affords the instance of an officer proposing a new and improved principle in the construction of steam-vessels-of-war. He is urging the government to make the experiment by building one such, and pledges a princely fortune in payment of the costs, provided it prove a failure. Such vessels-of-war in the hands of others, throw in a more glaring light our nakedness and our defenceless condition. In future, the West Indies are to be the scene of our great Naval engagements—the vast slaughter-house of maritime nations at war. France and England have there their islands at which their ships may rendezvous. But such is the unprotected state of our Southern coast, and the condition of our Navy at present, that, in a war with either of these two powers, Pensacola and all the rich outpourings of the Mississippi would be at their mercy. Unable to muster as strong a force as either of those nations, we might not risk a general engagement with the odds against us. There is no harbor strengthened on the Atlantic border in the South, at which our forces might retire from a superior force; or rendezvous—to watch the movements of the enemy—to afford protection to our commerce entering the Gulf, and to await the favorable moment of attack. Nor would Pensacola afford a safe retreat to our vessels. In such a war, Norfolk would be the nearest point at which our Navy might find a secure place of retreat, or of rendezvous. Under such circumstances, an enemy's ships, sallying out from his strong holds in the West Indies, like Van Tromp of yore in the English channel, might sweep, with brooms at their mast heads, every stitch of American canvass from the Gulf of Mexico. In our present state of defence, all the immense wealth which is poured in and out of that Gulf, as through a funnel, would be at the mercy of the enemy.

Pensacola and some point in Georgia, or on the

Eastern coast of Florida, cannot be too strongly fortified, or too well supplied now, with all the imperishable articles on the list of outfits for shipping—with implements and instruments of war. They would be to the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies, what Gibraltar is to the Mediterranean and Levant. There our vessels might rendezvous, and thence hold the enemy in check. For them, our merchant vessels when pursued would shape their course, and find safety in the strength of these two points. There, too, our traders, whether bound to or from the Gulf of Mexico, might resort and obtain safe convoy beyond the enemy's reach. A few steamers stationed at each place would effectually secure it against blockade.

The importance, Mr. Editor, of establishing two such points at the South, the defenceless and exposed condition in which the immense wealth constantly pouring in and out of the Mississippi would be found by a war, seems not to be properly understood or felt at the South and West. Every Southron—ay, more—but cross the dividing line, the ridge which separates the Mississippi from the Atlantic waters—and every citizen to the North, to the South and the West, has a direct personal interest in the matter. They have the right, and, as good citizens, it becomes them to insist on the establishment of strong Naval stations, sufficient for the security and protection of their millions of yearly produce on its way out upon the high seas. Let them take a map and examine with a view to ascertain what protection is guaranteed to their commerce in time of war. They will find that the Gulf of Mexico, studded with islands on its Eastern borders, is hemmed in on all sides by other nations; that every "pass" is commanded by them. And in time of war the only outlet for their commerce, is round Cape Sable through the Gulf of Florida; that, along this "pass," it must have a strong guard, lest it fall a prey into the enemy's hands. And they will then see, that cost what money it may, the United States should have the command—should hold the keys to this "pass." They will see, too, that no such keys are in the hands of their government, and that they can only be obtained by the establishment of two strongly fortified Naval stations—one on each side of Cape Sable. As one whose pride it is to "hail" from the West, I warn my fellow-citizens there, of the dangers which some day may blight their prosperity; and as one who may be called on to ward off those dangers in the face of death, I beseech them to look to their welfare—and now, while it is peace, to listen to the dictates of prudence and of wisdom, and warn their representatives in Congress not to let their especial interests, and the nation's wealth, be found in this exposed, unprotected, and defenceless state, in the hour of danger.

A few men-of-war steamers built now, and maintained along the coast as a coast-squadron—to

serve as a school for officers—to protect the revenue—to carry assistance to vessels in distress—and to act on the various emergencies that arise from time to time in our own waters or their vicinity, would be found useful and serviceable to a degree, in time of peace. In war, they would be of the utmost importance. Ready to defend our seaport towns from sudden attack, and our harbors from blockade—prompt to bring reinforcements, or to concentrate strength—they would serve as a sort of flying artillery at sea. The usefulness of armed steamers for coöperating with our Navy, in bringing fresh ships into action, and towing out of line the disabled and crippled, cannot be too strongly dwelt upon. The importance of steam, Mr. Editor, in Naval warfare, is so obvious—our necessity for it so urgent, so palpable—that writing of it is like treating of a truism. A law, authorizing the building of a suitable number of steamers now, for the protection of our principal harbors, and the collection of boilers, engines and other materials for more in the event of war, would be well-timed and exceedingly judicious.

We have seen that the Navy, in its present state, is too feeble to protect our commerce in times of peace, much less to defend our seaport towns and coast and our flag in time of war. The seaboard is open to attack without the means of defence, and our borders on the lakes are as defenceless as those on the sea. Shall nothing short of actual war rouse this nation from its lethargy? We sit quietly and behold England at work on the Lakes. She is erecting fortifications, and, *in violation of a solemn treaty*, is strengthening herself there. When tamely asked, why these warlike preparations, and reminded by a high functionary of this government, "that the extensive accommodations prepared and preparing at old and at new stations, the works finished and in the course of construction, *on the land and on the water*, are not in harmony with the assurance, that the only object is the preservation of a few unimportant buildings and store-houses," &c., the British Minister replies: "The fact is, that her Majesty's authorities have not as yet altered their state of *preparation*, or strengthened their military means, with a view to settling the question of the boundary." Would not such language induce you, sir, to ask the question, *for what purpose then are these preparations?* Or is the meaning too obvious to require explanation? To say the least of it, it is an insinuation that, in the eyes of others, we should be very vulnerable from the lakes. It might with great propriety be taken as a hint for putting the lake frontier in order—for sending there a few pieces of ordnance, with other little items on the list of outfits; and since, by treaty, we may not have on the water but one or two guns, it would be prudent to have a good staunch war-steamer or so on the stocks, ready for going into the water at a moment's warning; and to have too, materials prepared

for building and equipping a respectable fresh-water Navy.

I neither advocate a war, Mr. Editor, nor am I one of those who believe a war with England inevitable to the settlement of the question of boundary for Maine. It is not the interest, nor do I believe it is the intention, on either side, to make war. But the peace of the two countries hangs by mere threads, which, by accident, or the malicious intentions of a few, may be overstrained. The acts of one or two hot-heads along the disputed territory, may arouse the angry blood of the opposite party and cause war. Nor is the question of the Maine boundary the only warlike cloud on the horizon, or the only quarter in which a storm may be brewing. The long line of boundary from the waters of the Mississippi to those of the Pacific is unsettled, and is rapidly rising into importance. England is said to have her eye on the two Californias; but the declaration, long since made known to the world, that the United States would not prevent on this continent the future colonization of any European power, remains to be tested. The difficulties in the China trade are well calculated to prove a fruitful source of international disputes between England and America. The present attitude of affairs there renders necessary every measure of precaution, that is consistent with national prudence. Under these clouds lowering upon the horizon, our neighbor on the North, with that head-reaching policy and political forecast for which she is so celebrated, is strengthening her weak points and preparing for the worst. With springs on her cables and matches lighted, she is training her guns upon us, while our decks are lumbered up with politics, and we have neither guns mounted nor magazines in order. And here sir, permit me to drop for a moment the thread of my argument, that I may disabuse the public mind, touching the views and feelings of the Navy with regard to war, and repel an imputation recently cast upon the officers of the Army and Navy. The assertion thrown out in one of our public prints, that the officers of these two services desire war from selfish considerations, is a libel upon their chivalry. The conduct and past history of those services afford no grounds whatever for such an assertion. Ready to risk their lives in defence of their country, and to sustain its honor at all hazards, their whole bearing, in peace and in war, shows that its chief good is at all times their desire;—deeming it an honor and a privilege to do battle for their country, it is their glory to make, not to break its peace. If there be a spirit in either service, not actuated by this principle, its members acknowledge no fellowship whatever with any such, but consider it as an excrescence, and no part of the body proper. Either service may have its parasites, Mr. Editor, but in speaking the sentiments of my brethren in arms, I do not include

as of them, any, who, in their unrighteous aspirations for a little brief authority, can stoop to intrigue and adulation. The peans that we have heard sung to the panders of party, and the hosannas that we have heard shouted before images of wood, tell that there may be festering upon the Army and Navy, loathsome and corrupting masses of ambitious putrefaction. Such, sir, may last after the flesh-pots of war as their chief good, and desire prize money and promotion at the sacrifice of country; but they are disgusting in the sight of all honorable men, and offensive to the public, and should not be considered as a part proper of either service.

But to take up the broken thread. I am by no means, Mr. Editor, in favor of an overgrown and useless Navy; nor do I advocate preparations on a wild and extravagant scale. I simply advocate the policy of maintaining, in time of peace, a Navy with just ships enough in commission properly to support the interests of the nation—holding enough in reserve to meet the probable exigences of war. I only propose that that shall be done for the Navy, which has been done and is doing for the Militia. Have you not your arsenals and magazines filled with the implements and munitions of war? Is it not a settled policy, steadily pursued, that of putting the interior of the country in a state of defence? And, sir, because you have strong arms and brave hearts within, will you throw open the gates of the citadel, break down the outer works, and leave your coast unprotected and defenceless, that the enemy may enter your strong holds, and attack you at once in your high places? I trow not.

But, sir, in advocating the collecting of materials, the building of steamers, and the putting of more ships in commission, I beg to remind you, that these are not the only requisites of the service, or all that the country requires. It takes something more than spars and guns, and walls of wood, to constitute a Navy. These are only the body—the arms and legs, without the thews and sinews. It requires the muscle of the brawny seaman, and the spirit of the well-trained officer, to impart life and motion to such a body, to give vigor and energy to the whole system. Our admirable commercial marine keeps in constant training one hundred thousand of the former, ready, at the report of the first gun, to enlist in the Navy: and it becomes the government to supply the latter. Ships may be built in a month and by the dozens. Sailors may be trained by the thousands in the merchant service, without the appropriation of a dollar out of the public treasury; but a ship without officers, is like a cloud without water. And the officer cannot be disciplined in a day, nor schooled in a year. The Midshipman who enters your service to-day, has a long, tedious term of probation before him; too tedious for his good, and too long for the good of the service. The law requires that he shall

serve not less than five years for his commission as *Lieutenant*, but usage has drawn the term out to twelve years. The Navy Register shows on its list of Passed Midshipmen, fifty of that class of officers who have been in service from twelve to sixteen years, and have not yet attained to the rank of *Lieutenants*. In case then of a war, when every ship would be put in commission, and the keels of more laid down at once, whence would officers be obtained for them?

According to the Navy Register, there are in the Navy sixty-seven vessels of all classes, rated at one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six guns, but pierced for, and calculated to mount something over twenty-five hundred. According to *rate*, the vessels that are in commission—that is, those that have men and officers on board, and wear colors—mount eight hundred and eighteen guns, including two hundred and two on board the receiving ships at the different yards, but which are not fitted for sea. This leaves for active sea service, including those that are bound for, and returning from, their station, an effective force of six hundred and sixteen guns. The same Register shows, that the number of commissioned officers in the Navy, including Captains, Commanders, *Lieutenants*, Surgeons with their assistants, and Purser, amount to five hundred and eighty-one. Of these, three hundred and eighty-one are on duty, one hundred and sixty-one applicants for duty, and forty sick are on leave of absence. Now, if from these five hundred and eighty-one, ten per cent. be deducted for sickness, for contingent duty and special service, and the remaining number, five hundred and twenty-three, be divided into four classes, (and you will find that the wants of the service have very nearly thus divided them,) you will have three of these classes, or three hundred and ninety-two officers, always on duty; and the fourth class, or one hundred and thirty-one officers, waiting orders. This fourth class constitutes a corps of reserve at home, for any sudden emergency calling for the employment of more vessels and officers, and serves as a relief to the other classes—one of which returns home every year, and of course each performs, in routine, its three years round of service. But, observe, that this number of officers, in times of peace, is barely sufficient to meet the exigencies of the Navy, having an effective, *sea-going* force of only six hundred guns. What then, Mr. Editor, would be the condition of the Navy, as it concerns officers, were all the ships, mounting more than four times six hundred guns, to be suddenly fitted out? The Navy is worse off for *personel*—far more so—than it is for *materiel*. The law of 1816, provides every thing necessary to an increase of the Navy, but that part which, equally as important as ships, is the most difficult to obtain, viz. an efficient corps of officers.

True policy—the spirit of our institutions—re-

quire that the Navy, as well as the Army, should be regulated according to the strictest principles of economy; that in times of peace, the two services should be depleted—reduced down to the lowest state—maintained as mere skeletons—barely able to answer the purposes of their creation. But, sir, it is an important part of this same policy, that these skeletons should be endowed with recuperative energies, quick and strong, ready at all times to impart health and vigor, and robust action to the whole frame. This policy has been pursued with regard to the Army, and experience commends it highly. Keeping up the full complement of officers to every regiment, soldiers are maintained, barely enough in each, to preserve its form, and, when filled up with recruits for war, to give it character. But such a policy has been pursued only in part with regard to the Navy. It has been observed in providing the wood and iron, and cordage and canvass, but not in educating officers for our ships. In case of war, every regiment has its officers complete—not so with a ship. In peace, our skeleton regiments are on duty; but our skeleton ships are laid up “in ordinary;” nevertheless, they are in the Navy, and may be wanted for duty, and the Navy should furnish some source from which officers may be obtained for them. And so long as the Navy has ships, for which it affords no officers, so long is its organization incomplete and defective.

The number of officers in the Navy should be regulated by the number of ships in the Navy. But there is actually only a little more than one-fourth of the number of officers required by this rule. And is it not a remarkable piece of incongruity in the system, for the gradual increase of the Navy, to spend thousands in building ships, failing to provide officers for them? When the keel of a ship is laid, it is known where the guns which she is to mount are to come from; and it is but a part of the same system, to cast about beforehand for officers for her, when she goes into the water. I do not intend to convey the idea, that each ship, like a regiment, should have its particular set of officers, but that the Navy should afford officers enough to let each ship have her full complement of officers when put in commission. The Navy, in its present state, has a force in active service of six hundred guns—has a *line* (by which I include only *Lieutenants*, Commanders and Captains,) of four hundred officers, and employs six thousand seamen. But, if every ship belonging to it were fully equipped and manned for service, the Navy would consist of about four times this force; that is, of twenty-five hundred guns and twenty-five thousand seamen. Now, to drill these men at their guns; to put them in an efficient state of discipline, and to train them for battle and manœuvre; to infuse in them a proper spirit; to encourage them in the hour of battle, by precept and example; to rally the faltering, and to inspire confidence in

every breast; we have less than four hundred officers, or less than one for sixty. And this is supposing that *every* officer would be afloat, which could not be the case; for our Navy Yards, our shipping rendezvous, and other stations on shore, must all have their quota from this four hundred. True, there are one hundred and ninety-one Passed Midshipmen, who might immediately be promoted to the rank of Lieutenants. But, even with this accession, the proportion of officers to men and guns, would be far below the ratio that insures discipline and efficiency to a man-of-war.

The number of guns, officers and men now actually in service, will serve as the argument for determining the number of officers which would be required for four times the present number of guns and men. Therefore, if we take from the Register the number of officers of each grade that are actually on duty, and multiply it by four, we shall have the number required for all the ships. Thus we find, with one-fourth of our whole Naval force in service, we have twenty-eight Captains and twenty-three Commanders *on duty*. With the whole in service, there would, at this rate, be a call for one hundred and twelve Captains and Admirals, ninety-two Commanders; and so on with the Lieutenants. Thus, there is obtained the minimum number in each grade of officers that the interests of the country will justify. In this estimate, Mr. Editor, you will observe that I make no allowance for any of the "ills which flesh is heir to," but am acting on the supposition that, in the event of war, every officer would tell; which would not be the case,—for some would be disabled from duty by sickness, and the various casualties incident to a sea life. I do not propose to swell the number of Purser in this ratio, because the duties of this class of officers require of them no previous training in the Navy.

But, sir, it is no part of my present purpose to enter into detail, lest you and your readers lose sight of the main question. And lest some of the latter should say that my proposition to quadruple—no, to about double the number of commissioned officers in the Navy—is at variance with my doctrines of political economy, I beg to remind them, that either the number of officers in the Navy must be regulated by the number of ships, or that the number of ships in the Navy must be regulated by the number of officers: and that, in this matter, I am in a dilemma. I must propose, either, that officers be increased to supply our ships, or that one-half of our beautiful ships—our tremendous Pennsylvania, and other noble specimens of American skill—be sunk, or burnt, or sold; and the Navy reduced until the ships be proportioned to the number of officers. In this case, I think, sir, that it is cheaper to build than to destroy; and more consistent with the principles of political economy to promote a half dozen officers, than to build and

sink a ship of the line. Nor do I think the Navy is one ounce of metal too strong; but on the contrary, I have shown that it is not in a condition of active defence, nor of proper efficiency, nor strong enough. As it regards the proposed increase of officers, the true question is, I think, Mr. Editor, not how many additional dollars and cents will it require to pay these officers; but would the interests of the country be advanced by such increase? Do the dignity and honor of this nation require that her ships should be well commanded and bravely fought!—if yea, money is no part of the argument.

Some, Mr. Editor, may ask, where, or how shall employment be found for those officers in times of peace? I answer—in our ships in times of peace; employed as the officers in our skeleton regiments are in times of peace—serving their country and preparing to fulfil the object of the government in creating them, by keeping themselves in training; by keeping pace with the improvements in their profession; by being constantly in a state of preparation, holding themselves ready and equal at all times to those great and sudden emergencies when they are to prove their value to their country. That all this may be effected, it is only necessary to swell the complement of officers for each ship in commission, and make it a little larger than it would be in time of war. From such an arrangement, much practical good would immediately result to the service; for it would put an end to that system of acting appointments so much in vogue now, and which is so destructive to the good order and discipline of the Navy. We should not then, as now, see that non-descript class of officers styled Passed Midshipmen, and to which, according to the "Rules and Regulations of the Navy," no *particular duty can be assigned*, hacked about, imposed upon, and required to perform duty in every grade in the Navy. On my last cruise, a Passed Midshipman was the first Lieutenant—the Acting Surgeon was a Passed Midshipman—and a Passed Midshipman was the Purser and the Acting Gunner. In other vessels, we see them Acting Captains, Masters, Chaplains and Midshipmen. To-day, "the monarch of the peopled deck," and the dignified occupant of the Captain's cabin—to-morrow, the puling Middy again, without authority, the mere walking echo to a trumpet of tin on the quarter-deck; and this, too, from no fault of his, but owing to the presence of an officer in whose grade he has been acting. This official see-sawing is full of evil tendencies, and is subversive of the first principles of good order and discipline.

But, sir, I leave this matter to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy. He has been called on to submit a plan for the re-organization of the Navy, and I have no disposition to meddle in the matter. To a man of energy and capacity, I know not

where a more enviable reputation may be gained, than that which will be the reward of him, who shall reform and place the Navy on a footing to correspond with the wants of the nation and the dignity of the Republic.

I think, Mr. Editor, that I have said enough to convince you of the necessity of more and higher grades—to convince you that the present Naval force in commission neither comports with the interests nor the dignity of the nation—that there are ships enough laid up and rotting to supply this force—that the seaboard is not in a proper state of defence, nor the Navy in a condition to defend it—and that in war, our ships, for the want of officers, could not be properly disciplined, well managed, or bravely fought. So far, I have purposely omitted all detail. But it shall not be so with the few “scraps” that remain. They relate to one or two subjects that, of themselves, make up in part the detail of the present system. They are of great importance, and require close investigation. The chief of these subjects relates to Education in the Navy.

Now and then a feeble effort has been made, with the view of introducing some system of education in the Navy; but every such effort has proved abortive. The plan of furnishing schoolmasters to ships setting out on a three years cruise, was tried; but no useful result accruing in many years, that plan proved altogether impracticable, and has been condemned by all in the service. Without considering that the defect was in the system, and not in *name*, an attempt was made to improve the education of young officers by changing the title of the teacher. The title of Schoolmaster was exchanged for Professor of Mathematics, but his duties and authority remained the same. To this day there is no work that has been assigned as a text-book for the Navy. The teacher has no authority whatever over the pupil, nor can he claim the attendance or attention of the latter in the school-room, or to any particular study. The whole plan is without order.

The first ship, Mr. Editor, that I sailed in, had a schoolmaster; a young man from Connecticut. He was qualified, and well disposed to teach navigation, but not having a school-room, or authority to assemble the Midshipmen, the cruise passed off without the opportunity of organizing his school. From him, therefore, we learned nothing. On my next cruise, the dominie was a Spaniard; and, being bound to South America, there was a perfect mania in the steerage for the Spanish language. In our youthful impetuosity we bought books, and for a week or so, pursued the study with great eagerness. But our spirits began to flag, and the difficulties of *ser* and *estar*, finally laid the cope-stone for us over the dominie's vernacular. The study was exceedingly dry. We therefore voted both teacher and grammar a bore, and committing

the latter to the deep, with one accord, declared in favor of the Byronical method—

“’Tis pleasant to be taught in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes;”

and concluded to defer our studies till we should arrive in the South American vale of paradise, called Valparaiso. After arriving on that station, the Commander, who had often expressed his wish that we should learn to speak Spanish, sent down “for all the young gentlemen,” as the Middys are called, and commenced to ask us one by one—“Can you speak Spanish?” “No, sir.” “Then you are no gentleman.” “Can you?” But always receiving the same answer, he sent us out of the cabin as a set of blackguards. As he was as ignorant on this subject as any of us, we included him among the number, and thought it an excellent joke. Thus ended our scholastic duties in that ship. I was afterwards transferred to another vessel in which the schoolmaster was a young lawyer, who knew more about *jetsum* and *flotsum*, than about lunars and dead reckoning—at least, I presume so, for he never afforded us an opportunity to judge of his knowledge on the latter subjects. He was not on speaking terms with the reefers—ate up all the plums for the duff, and was finally turned out of the ship as a nuisance.

When I went to sea again, the teacher was an amiable and accomplished young man, from “the land of schoolmasters and leather pumpkin seed.” Poor fellow!—far gone in consumption, had a field of usefulness been open to him, he could not have labored in it. He went to sea for his health, but never returned. There was no schoolmaster in the next ship, and the “young gentlemen” were as expert at lunars, and as *au fait* in the mysteries of latitude and departure, as any I had seen. In my next ship, the dominie was a young man, troubled, like some of your correspondents, Mr. Editor, with *cacoethes scribendi*. He wrote a book. But I never saw him teaching “the young idea,” or instructing the young gentlemen in the art of plain sailing; nor did I think it his fault, for he had neither school-room nor pupil. Such is my experience of the school system in the Navy; and I believe that of every officer will tally with it.

In some ships, the Captain will occasionally lend his forward cabin as a school-room. But a school-room, when all parts of the system are defective, can be of little use. Here, the teacher has none of that power or authority which we find accorded to him elsewhere, and which is indispensable to the faithful performance of his duties. At our universities, in our colleges, academies, and in every school, how humble soever, experience has taught us the necessity of clothing the preceptor with authority to enforce obedience and command attention to his precepts. Not so in the man-of-war. There, the professor is a lubber—a non-mili-

tant—an "idler," to whom the young officer recognizes no principle of obedience, and to whom the law has granted no sign whatever of authority. But were the teacher, under the present system, a sea officer, a Lieutenant or Commander, his opportunities for usefulness would be very little greater than those of the dominie himself. At sea, a Midshipman is actually on duty—that is, on deck keeping watch—eight hours every day. Besides this, he is liable to casual interruptions for duty, such as exercising great guns and small arms—going to quarters—attending to the duties of his division—reefing topsails, &c.; amounting, in the aggregate, to a daily average for duty of two hours more; or amounting in all to constant employment at sea of ten hours a day. In port, he is on duty two days, and off one; and this day is "his liberty day," when he usually claims the privilege of going on shore for exercise, amusement, relaxation and the like. Add to this, the interruptions to which the school-room is liable, even on this third day, by general quarters, the exercises of getting under way, reefing and handing, &c.—take also into the account, the official ceremonies and visits of etiquette to the Captain—all requiring the school-room to be vacated—and you may form some idea of the difficulties and drawbacks which even one, who is *resolved* to study, has to contend with on board of ship. But to the great mass, who are ready to excuse themselves from study upon any pretext, how insuperable are these obstacles.

Among all the officers of the Navy in the *line*, from the youngest Midshipman to the senior Post-Captain, I know of but one, Mr. Editor, who has taken a degree in any college or institution of learning in the United States. As odious as comparisons are said to be, I cannot here refrain from calling your attention to the fact, that while some of the best treatises on the subjects to which they relate, have for their authors officers of the Army, the Navy is remarkably barren in professional works. From the first establishment of the Navy, up to the present time, no scientific or professional work of any kind (if we make one exception only) has been produced by any officer in it. We, in the Navy, have our books of travels, our cruises and our voyages—very respectable it is true; but I speak of the great dearth of works by *sea* officers on professional subjects. The reason is obvious. The officers of the Army have the benefit of a professional education. Their Military Academy at West Point, by the course of instruction pursued there, affords the most useful and practical education to be obtained in the country. Like advantages have not only been denied to the Navy, but Cadets, who have been dismissed for incapacity at West Point, are sometimes palmed off upon the Navy as Midshipmen.

Several years ago, in examining the many beautiful models in the Patent-Office at Washington, I

recollect to have been struck with the number that had been deposited there by officers of the Army. I asked the gentleman who was with me, if Navy officers had deposited no models there of invention by them? "O, yes," said he, and called my attention from a beautiful improvement in a piece of ordnance, and an ingenious contrivance for counteracting the effects of local variation on the mariner's compass, bearing on their labels U. S. A., to examine the model of a washing-machine, invented by a doughty old Commodore. It is among the rights of copy and patent that we must look for the tangible fruits of a scientific education. The piece of ordnance and the washing-machine, exhibited in the Patent-Office, afford a striking and apt illustration of the attention which has been bestowed on the education of officers for one service, and the neglect to afford any such advantages to officers of the other service.

But be not startled, Mr. Editor; I am no advocate for levelling *downwards*, by destroying our only National Seminary; neither do I propose a Naval Academy, or advocate any splendid scheme for founding an institution of learning for the Navy. The Navy will be content with something very simple in design—humble and unpretending in character—merely a school-ship, in which its future Perrys and Hulls and Decatur shall be educated. I think I can show that such a ship properly managed, will be sufficient for the education of all the officers for the Navy; and that, independent of all the advantages of education, it will be an annual saving to the government of more than \$150,000—which is now expended every year in training up officers for the service.

But before we enter into the details of this plan, Mr. Editor, let us understand what is required in a well-regulated system of Naval Education. Let us decide whether the true interests of the service require that its officers should be adepts and proficient in every particular branch of science that has a bearing on their profession, or whether each officer should be a sort of walking encyclopedia, understanding something of all,—not your smatterer, sir—he is an abomination:—but your man of real solid parts, well grounded in mathematics, and sufficiently indoctrinated in the elements and principles of the other leading branches of science, to pursue in after life his favorite department of science, with advantage to himself and the service; and that his attainments be such as to enable him to put into practice, whenever the exigencies of the service shall require it of him, the principles of any other branch of science which may have formed a part of his studies on board the school-ship. The latter, I think, is clearly the style of education best suited to your Navy officer.

Thus, let him whose tastes delight most in some of the departments of natural science, come out of the school-ship sufficiently indoctrinated in

geodesy, astronomy, and the principles of navigation, to enable him to conduct surveys, to read the stars, and translate at pleasure longitude from the moon, or time from the sun. Nor should he who delights to grapple with the subtilities of steam, or to describe the laws of motion by the composition and resolution of forces, be wholly unacquainted with the doctrines of the parabola, or be ignorant of the principles of trajectories. The sport of the winds, and the plaything of the ocean, there is no science, nor learning, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, that is profitless to the Navy officer. The laws which regulate the flowing of a tide, or the trembling of the needle—the causes which govern the set of a current—the direction of the wind—or the course of a meteor—are to him subjects of deep concern. To him the floating particles in the water, and trifles to others light as air, are sometimes the elements of important calculation. According to the recollection of the "oldest inhabitants," confirmed by the rich meadows of made land, the harbor of Liverpool was filling up; but whether from the land or the sea it was not known. By an ingenious system of experiments, an officer of the Royal Navy ascertained that the quantity of *silt*, brought in and left by each tide, was greater than that which was carried out. He persuaded the authorities to construct a *jettee*—after which, he found that the quantity of silt carried out by the ebb greatly exceeded that brought in by the flood—a sure proof that the process of gradual filling up, which had been going on for years, was suddenly converted into one of deepening that important harbor.

As the representative abroad of his country, the Navy officer is not unfrequently called on to act under the most perplexing questions of the international code; or to expound, for the guidance of fellow-mariners, the quirks and quibbles of maritime jurisprudence. Pneumatics, hydraulics and dynamics constitute both the lever and the power which enable him to turn his ship on the ocean. They are the railway, the steam and the traction; and he, trimming his sails, throws his ship into gear, and balancing her, his locomotive, with contending elements, traverses sea and ocean, nor dreads their fury. Is it idle, Mr. Editor, for the conductor on your railway to be indoctrinated into the mysteries of steam, or to be taught the nature of traction, and the effects of resistance? If it be profitable for him to analyze the elements whence the power which draws his train is derived, equally important is it that the conductor of your marine locomotive should understand whence and how the forces are derived which send his ship through the water. By sound, your Navy officer measures the range of his shot, or tells his distance from the land; and the velocity of light is an argument by which he is made to know the true places of the stars—therefore, let him have *light* too.

For reasons such as these, Mr. Editor, I would

lay the foundations of a school for the Navy officer on the most substantial basis, broad, solid and comprehensive—not too deep, lest the means defeat the end; proficiency in any branch of learning or study, is more than the work of a life-time—but let the course of his instruction include enough only of first principles to enlighten the mind, and to enable the student to look over into the field of science, with just understanding enough to select for cultivation any particular flower which most should please the judgment—taking care, as I said before, to qualify each one well for the ordinary routine of duty peculiar to the Navy. I would not have the Midshipman to delve over the theories of gravitation, until he could describe me the orbit of a planet as though it had never been determined; nor would I forbid him to rate his chronometer by a well-regulated clock, because he had not measured the semi-diameter of the earth, calculated the length of pendulum to vibrate seconds in his latitude, and compared this length with that of the actual pendulum. But I would teach him enough of mathematics, and of the laws of gravitation, to enable him, if his mind delighted in abstruse calculations, to study at his leisure his favorite authors.

The art of drawing is highly useful to the Navy officer;—views of headlands—delineations of forts and castles, with sketches of their topography—drawings of every improvement seen abroad, whether in the outfits and fixtures on board ship, or in implements of husbandry and manufactures, would not only be interesting in themselves, but exceedingly valuable to the country at large; yet drawing is no part of the present course of education in the Navy. The officer who is sent to survey a coast or harbor in a foreign country, or even in his own, and who brings home correct information of the soil, flora, and minerals of that region, certainly performs his duty in a more satisfactory manner than he whose ignorance of botany, mineralogy and geology, enables him to collect no such information. These branches, therefore, ought not to be considered foreign to his profession; for they serve greatly to enrich his labors. Enlarge his field of usefulness, by including other departments of natural history in the course of instruction, and you enable him to fill up with useful occupation, the odd ends of time which hang so heavily upon the hands of the officer on a three years cruise. Valuable contributions from pen and pencil to our institutions of learning and science—to our societies for the diffusion of knowledge and useful information—would be some of the most obvious results of such an arrangement. But the introduction of rare plants and flowers—specimens and drawings of subjects in natural history—descriptions of new genera and species, and of unknown varieties—would constitute but a small portion of the useful results incidental to a liberal system of education for the Navy. With the minds

Pneumatics - Hydraulics and Dynamics.

of officers properly directed, the American Navy may gather laurels in peace, as green and as unfading as those which it has won in war.

A ship is to be cut out, or a fort stormed, under cover of the dark; but, before either can be done, a plan of the harbor is wanted—but the enemy will not knowingly permit a survey. In this case, the officer of resources—and a sailor should never be without resources, as long as there is a plank between him and the ocean—may accomplish that by night which he may not do by day; and after a few hours' (or nights at most) work in the dark, he will have his chart constructed and spread out before him, with his plan of attack all arranged. Your Army officer, Mr. Editor, plans his fort, designs mote and circumvallation, parapet and glacis, and superintends the construction of the most stupendous works. And why may not Midshipmen learn in their school-ship the principles of Naval architecture? Why should not the Navy officer be taught to plan the model of your ship; and, submitting his plan and drawings, have the privilege also of superintending the construction of his castle—the fort in which he is to sink or swim?

Naval gunnery and pyrotechny, hollow shot, tactics and discipline, should all have their allotted time in the course of instruction, and receive each its due quota of attention in the school-ship. Languages too, though last, yet not least, Mr. Editor, should be included in the system. Though in my own case, you recollect, I gave the preference to the voluntary plan of learning "strange tongues;" yet that was in the days of giddy youth, and subsequent experience has satisfied me of the propriety of teaching them "by compulsion" if necessary. For the Navy officer, whose calling takes him to all countries and among all people, no plan of education can be complete unless it contain at least one of three languages, either French, Spanish or German. I say the last, because of the richness both of the literature and science of that language.

But, sir, why "paint the lily?" or dwell on the advantages of education to any particular class? Their value to sailor and soldier, to farmer and mechanic; and even to that human machine, the operative of manufacturing establishments, is universally admitted. Therefore, like true philosophers, let us cast about to see if the cause of education may be advanced in the Navy, without prejudice in other respects to the interests of the State. If it may be, then it becomes us to consider in what manner and upon what principles a plan of education shall be organized, and how the greatest good may be effected with the smallest means. If the plan and course of instruction proposed be in conformity with these principles and adequate to such results, the system will carry with it its own recommendation, requiring from us neither credentials nor argument to commend it to the favorable consideration of the public. But before I go into de-

tail of the school-ship plan, I must again invite your attention to the Navy Register; for statistics and figures are worth more than argument and opinion.

At page 38 et seq. is a list of the Passed Midshipmen in the Navy. This is a class of officers, to whom, according to the Rules and Regulations of the Navy, you recollect, "no particular duty can be assigned." To say the least of it, the policy of maintaining in the Navy a grade of officers to whom "no duty can be assigned," is of doubtful expediency. The existence of such a class is no proof of perfection in the organization of our present Naval system. Indeed, the retaining of such a grade in the service, is but a device for creating a *retired list* of Lieutenants; and at that unfortunate period too for the Navy, when the officers to be placed upon it are in the prime of life, enjoying all the freshness and energies of youth, with the vigor of manhood. Passed Midshipmen are Midshipmen, who, after having been a certain number of years in service, are examined by a board of Captains, and found qualified for the duties of a Lieutenant. Instead of being then promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, they are put upon half the pay of that grade, and kept there for six years before they are regularly promoted. The number of these at present is one hundred and ninety-one—of whom six are waiting orders; eleven sick and on temporary leave from duty; and one hundred and seventy-four are on duty. The pay of those on duty, including rations, amounts to \$143,028 a year; and, of those off duty, the pay is \$10,200—or, in round numbers, the government is at the yearly charge of \$153,000 for the support of a non-descript class of officers, to whom "Regulations" can assign "no particular duties." Page 55 contains a list of Teachers and Professors of Mathematics, (fifteen of the former, and two of the latter,) whose pay and subsistence amounts annually to \$20,380. The same Register exhibits a list of two hundred and thirty-one Midshipmen, at a yearly charge upon the public Treasury of \$105,714. All of which, in round numbers, give \$278,000, as the sum which it costs the government yearly to obtain an annual supply of only sixteen Lieutenants for the Navy.

Now, sir, if we consider that the number of Lieutenants admitted into the Navy for the last ten years, gives an average of sixteen a year—that these are supplied from the list of Passed Midshipmen, which is again recruited from the Midshipmen; and that to support these and their teachers it takes \$278,000 yearly, you will be led to the startling result, that, under the system as it now exists, of training up officers for the service, it costs upwards of \$18,000 to fit and qualify a Midshipman for the grade and duties of a Lieutenant. Observe that I take the ground that Midshipmen and Passed Midshipmen are maintained in service, not on account of their *present* usefulness, but on account of their *prospective* value to their country;

for I consider that the true object of the government in supporting Midshipmen in the Navy, is the same for which Cadets are supported at West Point, viz. to prepare them, by a particular course of training, for the duties of their profession, and to fit them for the important trusts hereafter to be conferred upon them. And I think this the true light in which both Midshipmen and Cadets ought to be considered. It is not until a Midshipman becomes a Lieutenant that he begins to be useful as an officer. But this \$18,000 does not include the whole expense of bringing him to this state. It is exclusive of mileage, pay for servants, cost of apartments, &c., which, if taken into the estimate, would swell the cost at which a Lieutenant is at present obtained for the Navy, to at least \$20,000. I emphasize that word "present," because the operations of the system, as now organized, are such as greatly to increase the expense every year.

The Register of 1830 shows that there were then no Passed Midshipmen. I date the practical operation of the present system from that time. The first fifty, that head the list of Passed Midshipmen, have been in service from twelve to sixteen years. But taking twelve years as the present term of probation, and the statistics furnished by the last ten years for data, we find that every year forty-two Midshipmen are appointed—that thirty-eight are examined and found qualified for promotion, but that only sixteen are promoted; which gives twenty-two as the constant yearly addition to the list of Passed Midshipmen. Now, according to this rate of increase and promotion, if the present system be persevered in, the Midshipman who received his appointment in the Navy in 1839, will not be promoted before 1870. Thus he has before him a probationary term of thirty-one years of service; and, to bring him to the condition of a Lieutenant, will cost the government not less than \$51,000. Here are the elements of the calculation, sir; make it for yourself. There are now in service one hundred and ninety-one Passed Midshipmen, seventeen Teachers and Professors, and two hundred and thirty-one Midshipmen, at the annual charge of \$278,000. The list of Midshipmen and Professors is supposed to remain as it now is, while that of the Passed Midshipmen is increased twenty-two every year—which, in thirty-one years, will give six hundred and eighty-two Passed Midshipmen, at a pay of \$546,000; to which, add \$278,000 = \$824,000, and divide by 16, the number promoted, and you have \$51,000 as the cost at which the government is preparing to raise the Midshipman who now enters the service to the condition of Lieutenant.

And now, sir, what think you is the course of study to be pursued—or the plan of instruction laid down in this expensive system of procuring Lieutenants for the Navy? A practical knowledge of seamanship—for which three years at sea is con-

sidered sufficient by the "Regulations"—the manipulation of the Sextant—a few rules by rote in Bowditch's Epitome of Navigation—and a knowledge of right-angled plane trigonometry (for the "sailings" are nothing more than this.) A knowledge of any thing more than these, counts as nothing before the Board of Examiners. Such, sir, is the course of instruction, and such the price of tuition under the present system.

But there is another feature in this system far more hideous than this. By the time the Midshipman of to-day is promoted, and is put in a situation in which he can serve his country, and render a *quid pro quo*, he has passed the age of usefulness, and has become too old to do good service. But not looking into the dark future, and confining our views to things present, many of the Passed Midshipmen now in service, are older than several of our Captains were when they commanded ships in the last war, and gallantly won laurels for their country. The average age at which Midshipmen are appointed is seventeen, (the mean between the limits fourteen and twenty, at which they can be admitted into the service.) The first fifty to be promoted have been in the Navy more than twelve years—so that they are now two years older than our gallant Perry was when he gained his victory. What, sir, can be said of a system which trains up old men for young officers?

If, by any means, a plan were devised, by which, at the saving of time and expense in the building of ships, their construction should be so altered, as not only to render the ships more serviceable, but to increase their durability one-third or one-fourth over the present rates, would not such a plan be immediately adopted, and considered one of the greatest improvements of the day? In a national point of view, the *building* of officers, or, which is the same thing, the fitting them for the duties of their profession, is quite of as much importance as the building of ships. Under present arrangements, we have seen that it requires twelve years of preparation, at a cost of \$18,000, with a prospective increase to thirty-one years, and a cost of \$51,000, to bring an officer to that condition when he is first in a situation to render useful service to his country. And then after he obtains this position, if we estimate the average life of a sailor at fifty years—and statistics will show that this is a large estimate—we shall see that after so long a term of preparation, only twenty-one years of useful service remain to the country. Now if the probationary term be shortened, from twelve to six years, the term of useful and efficient service will be lengthened from twenty to twenty-seven years. If then, without detracting in the interim from the efficiency of the service, a system may be introduced, by which, in half the time, and with an actual saving of nine-tenths, or nineteen-twentieths of the expense, officers may be better qualified to

render their country service; and if their period for usefulness may be lengthened nearly one-third—does not patriotism require it, as a public duty of those who have the power, to adopt such a system? And that it may be put in practice forthwith, we have only to put the Navy on a proper footing, by creating officers enough for our ships, and thenceforth make it a rule to regulate the supply by the demand for officers—that is, appoint Midshipmen enough each year to fill up, after allowing for casualties, the vacancies that annually occur in the list of Lieutenants. This being done, convert one of your ships that are now rotting in Norfolk, into a school-ship; give her in command of an officer of the Navy to act as tactician and be at the head of the school; lay down the course of instruction, and send there your Teachers and Midshipmen. I should prefer, too, Navy officers for the former. The latter, after two or three years, will come forth well grounded in all the branches of the profession, except practical seamanship; for which a three years' cruise at sea will be sufficient. When the Midshipman who has passed out of the school-ship returns from this cruise, let him be examined in seamanship by a board of Post-Captains, according to the present plan: if found qualified, let him be promoted immediately; and then the Navy will have for junior Lieutenants, officers of the age of 20 or 21, instead of men between 30 and 35 years of age.

I would recommend that this school-ship be kept regularly fitted for sea; and that she, or a smaller vessel, manned by the Midshipmen, take a cruise to sea of two or three months in the year, as well for exercise and relaxation as for the purpose of putting in practice what they had been taught while in port—firing at targets, and the like. Though I am in favor of a *liberal* education for the Navy officer, I should still be in favor of a school-ship under the direction of Navy officers, as an improvement upon the present system, were mathematics alone to comprise the whole course of study. I advocate, Mr. Editor, any change; for whatever that change be, it must necessarily serve as the entering wedge to improvement.

But, sir, mounted on my hobby, I have been riding at full tilt, forgetting that your patience may be exhausted; therefore, I forbear any further detail of the school-ship plan for the present. For many valuable suggestions on this subject, I am indebted to one of those gallant officers, who won our Naval victories. He is one of those, Mr. Editor, whose sound views and practical mind originated the idea in 1819, of defending our coast and harbors with steam batteries, and memorialized Congress on the subject. I have other scraps in the bag. I may send you them at another time; and, if you request it, enter fully into the detail of the school-ship plan. For the present, adieu.

Yours,

H. B—,
United States Navy.

MICHAL, SAUL'S DAUGHTER.*

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a bridal chamber, garnish'd forth
With gems, and gold, and purple, and rich wreaths;
Where the clear lily breath'd upon the breast
Of Sharon's velvet rose, and their perfume
Was mingling with the incense that stole forth
From humbler blossoms, sweet as childhood's pray'r.

Oh! what enchanting scenes

Of rich and varied beauty lay outspread
Beneath the windows, where the crimson folds
Of the rich tapestry were drawn aside
By chains of wreathen gold. The lovely vales,
With peaceful herds, and highly cultur'd fields;
The rich corn waving on the gentle slope;
The dark leav'd graceful olive, bending slow,
In adoration, as the breezes pass'd
Bearing its voice to heaven. The hill-side crown'd
With rich green vineyards, where a blessing dwelt:
The streamlets lying on the mountain's breast,
Like chains of sparkling diamonds, falling low
Into earth's lap the vallies, resting there
In glittering clusters, 'mid her robes of green.
The far-off Libanus with cedar plumes,
Nodding in heaven's blue mirror with the pride
Of a stanch warrior; while the smiling heaven
Look'd down complacently, like the blue eye
Of yielding beauty. The dim misty hills,
Where every crevic'd rock was wreath'd with bloom,
Inhabited, and stor'd with honeycombs;
While from the sycamore that bow'd and smil'd
To its own image in the mirror'd fount,
Gush'd swells of living bird-songs floating soft
Upon the living breeze, which came by fits,
Coquetting with the heavy tapestry
Of that fair marriage chamber.

Can it be

That there are aching hearts, and tearful eyes,
In such a chamber, 'mid such glorious scenes?
Alas, for all earth's grandeur, pomp, and pow'r,
Magnificence, and beauty! Seated there,
Enfolded fondly in each others arms,
Are Saul's two princely daughters. Ne'er did eye
Rest on a brighter pair. So fair, so young—
So form'd of beauty, grace, and majesty.
The one a bride deck'd out most gloriously
In regal splendor, while her dark clear eyes,
Though overflowing like a troubled spring,
Dwelt on her fair young sister with a look
Full of deep happiness, and joyful love;
As 'neath the ripples of the ruffled fount
Lies the reflection of the brilliant heaven.
Sister, she whispered, since the hour is come
That severs our communion, which has been
So perfect, and so sweet, wilt thou not now
Confide to me the sorrow which of late
Has liv'd amongst thy roses, eating still

* We call the attention of our readers to the above article, founded upon Scriptural incident, from the pen of a lady, who has heretofore contributed to the pages of the Messenger. The introductory lines, and other portions of the piece, indicate, we think, the possession of true poetic genius by the fair authoress, from whose pen we solicit a continuance of favors.—Ed. Mess.

The crimson beauties from thy downcast face?
Sister! My only one! My heart has griev'd
To see how thine was aching; and mine eyes
Have wept to see the salt-spring well from thine—
Nay, hide not thus thine eyes within my vest,
What should a pure young heart like thine conceal?

Michal. Love, sister! I should hide it from myself—
From thee, and Israel's God. I have not been
The artless innocent which thy fond love
Has deem'd me in its doting. Couldst thou know
How I have envied thee; how I have long'd
To snatch the cup of joy from thy red lip
Though its last smile went with it! Sister, dear!
Loose not thy fond embrace, 'tis over now—
And even then, when I had felt to smile
Beside thine early death-bed, sure I am
That death has nothing keener than the pangs
That wrung and scorch'd my spirit.

Merab. Lov'st thou Adriel?

Michal. Sister, no!

If I lov'd him, I would not now tell thee.
My heart is his to whom thou wast betroth'd
Ere any knew to whom thy heart was given.

Merab. Poor child! Thy lack of confidence in me
Has cost thee dear indeed. One little word
Had sav'd thee all thy pain and bitterness.
David is form'd to win a heart like thine,
Which only loves the great and beautiful:
But I prefer the vi'let to the rose,
And love Adriel better far than him.

Michal. Better! As if there were degrees in love!
My passion is exclusive. I can see
No excellence—no love-exciting worth
In any man but David. I am not
Temper'd as thou, who couldst have meekly stood
With one beside the altar, while thy heart
Was throbbing for another. No command,
Even from our royal father, ever shall
Force me to give my hand without love in it.

Merab. God wrought for me, my sister. While I bow'd
With womanly submission to the will
Of him whom God has made my sire and king,
I pray'd with fervor for support from heaven;
And he in whom I trusted brought about
Without my aid, this happy change for me.
Look up to him, my sister.

Michal. Merab cease.
I cannot feel as thou dost. I will strive
With mortals like myself; and leave to God
The issue of the combat. I would wed
The man I love, if his heart was with mine,
Though earth and heaven forbade it. Thou saidst well,
That I can only love the excellent,
And eminently great. And what I love,
I love to adoration. From the day
On which we went with all the maiden train
To hail our conquering father, when I saw
David, the Bethlehemite, in shepherd's garb,
Bearing in his fair hand the ghastly head
Of dread Goliath, dripping blood the while,
Ah, from that day I loved him! Beautiful
He is, as aught that ever fancy dream'd,
And great he look'd even then, despite his dress
And cheeks of maiden roses. When our band
Struck the full chorus, and ascrib'd to him
A tenfold honor, though our father's brow
Grew dark with fear and anger, my heart glow'd
With exultation; and I still believe
That he will reign, in our fall'n father's stead.
Nay, sister, wherefore tremble, and turn pale?
Has not the Seer pronounc'd our father's doom—

That God will rend the kingdom from his hand,
And give it to another? In that day
When Saul's proud head bows down, and the crown falls
From his pale brow; amongst whose wavy curls
Shall its bright circlet glitter? I can see
Its light e'en now amidst the golden locks
O'er David's forehead clustering.

Merab. Oh, forbear!
What horrid visions of death, shame, and woe,
Do thy words conjure up. My spirit faints
With very horror, as my fancy shows
My noble father low amongst the dead—
Weltering in streams of putrid, clotted gore;
And my young brothers, beautiful and brave,
Ghastly and cold around him; while the foe
Shout forth their savage triumphs.

Michal. Yet that day
Will surely come, my sister. I have seen
A soul-benumbing vision. Even now
My eyes and brain are reeling, and my heart
Grows faint and cold with its remember'd dread.

Merab. Sister, what hast thou done?

Michal. A deed from which
The sternest soul might shrink. But it was love—
Omnipotent, and all-subduing love,
With its tormenting doubts and demon fears—
That urg'd me to explore the dreadful depths
Of the forbidden future. So I went
To Endor—to a witch, who still eludes
Our father's vigilance, and with her spells
Enchants the living, and commands the dead.
The awe with which I sought her was increas'd
By her majestic presence. And her eye—
Oh, what a pow'r was in it! I have seen
Hundreds of lovely women and fair girls,
But she is strangely beautiful beyond
Aught that my eyes have seen, or fancy feign'd.
I trembled in her presence, ere her spells
Disturb'd the world of spirits, and brought forth
Her own familiar genii, who unbarr'd
Futurity's dark gate, and bade me look
Upon her sacred treasures. I beheld
Sights that engrav'd themselves upon my soul
As drawn by living lightning. I grow sick—
I will not sketch the picture unto thee:
It is enough that I must agonize
With dire anticipation. But I saw
David enthron'd, and crowned, in august state,
Obey'd, and honored; and I was his wife.
But, sister, the bright eyes which mine adore
Turn'd on me full of scorn, and bitterness,
And I beheld no more.

Merab. Oh, Michal! Michal!
Thou hast sinn'd fearfully, yet I will pray
That God may have compassion on thy youth,
And so avert the punishment, which else
Will darken all the future upon which
Thou hast profanely gaz'd. Nay, wave not thus
Thy beautiful proud head, and curl thy lip;
Be not offended at poor Merab now,
Nor let us longer mar with bitter words
This day of bridal gladness. Hark! How sweet
The tones of David's harp blend with the breeze
That plays so freshly with thy rose-wreath'd curls.
My sister, be composed. I will require
A royal boon on this my bridal morn.
The king, our father, will not say me nay;
And I will ask that thou shalt be bestow'd
Upon the minstrel warrior. Oh! what sounds
Of spirit-soothing melody gush forth,
As he unlocks the mystic spells that sleep

Within the magic harp-strings; while his voice,
 Richer and sweeter still, in rapturous hymns,
 Like holy incense mingling with the air,
 Floats gratefully to heaven. And David's eyes,
 And voice, and heart, are heavenward. I am sure
 He cannot worship woman, for his soul
 Adores the God. He will but love his wife
 As a rich gift from Him; and prize her love
 Only as it is holy and subdu'd
 To the pure laws of heaven. Will such a love
 Suffice a heart like thine?—a glowing heart
 On fire with passion? Much I fear that thou
 Wouldst claim the worship which his pious soul
 Will ever pay to God. The bridegroom comes!
 Go thou to meet him, sister, while I strive
 To chase these crimson joys back to the deep
 And silent sanctuary of the heart,
 Where none may read them.

CHAPTER II.

Who sits within the bridal chamber now,
 Adorn'd with broider'd robes, and blazing gems,
 And wreaths of snowy blossoms? She is fair—
 Beauty's perfection looks, and moves, and speaks,
 Throughout her sumptuous person. All too fair
 She seems for this dark earth—too glorious
 To be a creature of the race which bows
 To death, to pain, and sorrow. Dark-eyed maids
 Are smiling round her—each with busy hand
 Adding some ornaments, some gem, some grace;
 Till art is quite exhausted. Bending now
 With looks of adoration at her feet,
 They kiss her robe's bright border, and withdraw.
 And she is left alone. And there she stands,
 Amongst the garner'd treasures of the earth,
 Peerless in radiant beauty.
 But wherefore does the brooch of opal stone
 That clasps the ærial drapery o'er her breast,
 Glitter so like a dew-drop in the sun?
 It trembles with the quick convulsive throbs
 That heave the breast beneath it. The white hands
 Are clasp'd in the strong language of despair,
 Despite the glittering bracelets and bright rings,
 Which give and borrow beauty. Big bright tears
 Fall down and mingle with the diamond chains
 That sparkle on her bosom; while the pearl
 Contests the ruby's place upon her cheeks
 And beautiful curv'd lips. The sweet breath comes
 In deep quick sobs, and goes in plaintive moans,
 Like melancholy music.

Michal!—Love!

Her bridegroom's arm is round her graceful form.
 She shudders, shrinks, and droops across his arm,
 Like a rich blossom wounded at the heart
 And wilted in its glory. Her dark curls
 Sweep the rich pavement, and the bridal wreath
 Falls from amongst their clusters. Omen dire
 To the glad-hearted bridegroom. Even his cheeks
 Grow pale as water-lilies, as he lifts
 And lays that marble face against his breast
 Which throbs with love and terror. He has lov'd
 Long, well, and warily; and with a love
 Which has so bent the spirit of the man,
 That he is fain to rest his dearest hopes
 Upon a bosom where the heart within
 Is aching for another;—while he knows,
 That it has been a throbbing pillow for
 That other's glowing cheek. And he believes,
 Such is the simple waywardness of man,

That by devotion, and untiring zeal,
 And smiles, like summer sunshine, seen and felt,
 He can win back that heart from its first love,
 And teach its pulse to vibrate to the touch
 Of his well-tried affection. He should pray
 For wisdom from above, and school his heart
 To patience and forbearance, who attempts
 A task so tedious—so nigh lorn of hope.
 Now to his heart Phaltiel clasps the form
 Of his unconscious bride, and on her lips,
 Never resigned till now to his caress,
 Presses fond kisses. David, my lov'd lord!
 She murmurs forth, as she revives, and clasps
 Her alabaster arms around his neck.
 His spirit writhes; but he retains her form
 Until her opening eyes meet his, and then
 Her clasp unlooses, and her eyes fill fast,
 While her frame totters. Yet with strong resolve
 She conquers her emotion, and sits down
 Calmly beside her lord. Oh, woman's heart!
 How mightily it struggles with its pangs,
 And locks up agonies that would burst through
 The iron breast of man. Her cheek is pale,
 But in the arm he holds, the telltale pulse
 Is throbbing wildly, and he feels how great—
 How bitter is her trial. Soft he speaks,
 And strives to win her mind back from the maze
 Of agonizing memories. How can she,
 David's adoring wife—she for whose sake
 He gave himself to danger, and perform'd
 High feats of valor; which provok'd the fear
 And envious hatred of the royal Saul,
 Till she was forc'd by stratagem to save
 Her husband from the vengeance of her sire.
 His blessing rested on her, as he went
 Forth to the wilderness, an exil'd man,
 To pass his days in hunting the wild game,
 In danger, and privation, and his nights
 In some lone cavern. How could she bestow
 Her hand unto another, and receive
 The nuptial benediction? Yet the will
 Of man decreed, and woman must submit.
 The years that pass along with equal pace,
 Spite of the myriad voices that cry out—
 Speed on! Speed on! Spite of the frenzied shrieks,
 And pray'rs, and wailings, of the throngs that plead—
 A little longer! and lie down and die,
 Or weep in the dark madness of despair,
 Bewailing the sweet buds, the tender flow'rs,
 The worship'd baubles—that lie crush'd, or bent,
 Upon the solemn pathway. Years have pass'd:
 The slender-blossom'd twig has now become
 A full-leaf'd bough, adorn'd with tender fruit.
 How beautiful within her husband's house
 She seems amongst her children. While the love,
 Which, like a river from its numerous springs,
 Flows on forever, with a ceaseless song,
 Mingling with the sweet chorus of heaven's hosts,
 Which smile to see their shadows trembling deep
 Within its liquid mirror—that pure love,
 Which laves no other bosom under heaven,
 Than that on which its own dear babe has lain—
 Was flowing sweetly now through Michal's heart,
 As her young cherub smil'd upon her knee;
 And little, laughing fellows, gamboll'd round—
 Now skipping up to kiss the idol babe,
 Or climbing to embrace, with round white arms,
 The mother's pearly neck.
 Phaltiel gazes on the group with pride,
 Feeling that all its beauty, innocence,
 And promise, is his own. With lingering gaze

Of blissful love he pauses at the door,
As he obeys a summons to attend
A messenger on business from his king.
Michal who met that fond triumphant look
Felt her cheek crimson. Years of placid life
With every blessing crown'd, and her fair babes,
Had bound her to Phaltiel with a tie
Of calm and grateful friendship. Yet, when fame
Proclaim'd the deeds, the glories, and the power,
Of her young heart's ador'd and loving lord,
Keen pangs shot through her bosom. Yet the pride
That made her long to share his glorious throne,
Came ever to her aid; for she believ'd
That he had ceas'd to love her—that he thought
Of Michal as the daughter of a house,
Denounc'd of God, and fallen. And she felt
The cold and withering glance which she beheld
At Endor, in her vision, in her soul;
While her fond husband's deep and generous love
Seem'd to reproach her, that her heart was still
The captive of a man who lov'd her not.

* * * * *

Oh, God of mercy! was the bitter cry
That fell in thrilling accents on her ear,
As he who left her late, so full of joy,
Reënter'd, pale and trembling. Quick she springs
And clasps her arms around him; while the babe,
With one hand round her neck, grasps his bright curls
And put its little laughing face to his.
Dear father, what has happened? was the cry
With which his little sons came clustering round
With looks of wild alarm.

Michal. My honored lord,
What can distress you thus? May I not share
The grief that tortures you?

Phaltiel. No, Michal, no!
You will not share my sorrows; yet I hope
That you will pity me. Oh, selfish love,
That I should wish to mar thy happiness
With memories of me! Yet so to part!
Oh, Michal—Michal! Canst thou bear to go
From thine adoring husband? Canst thou part
Forever from thy children? Canst thou lay
That little nestling cherub from thy breast,
And turn from it forever? That caress—
That close and fond embrace will be the last
Which that poor infant will receive from thee.
David hath claim'd thee; and my king hath sent
His veteran general, Abner, to demand
And bear thee strait to Hebron. Thou wilt go
To thy first love—to all the glittering state
And pride of royalty. But I shall be
Bereft and sorrowful—a widow'd man.
And thy poor babes will cling about my knees
And ask for thee with tears; and sorrow's blight
Shall mildew their young spirits, while they see
Their father ever mourning for the light
Of their lost mother's face. But Abner waits:
Alas! that I should say it—dearest, haste;
He waits thee in the hall.

Her trembling heart
Is well nigh bursting with the counter tides
Of joy and sorrow, and her flushing cheek
Betrays the alternate sway. Phaltiel's heart
Grows cold and heavy, as she seems to shrink
Away from his embrace. With one long sigh
He drops his trembling hands, and turns away
A crush'd and stricken man. One tender kiss
She presses on her infant's smiling lips,
Then lays it gently in its little couch;
Then glancing on her hush'd and wondering boys

Till the big tears come gushing from their fount
And overflow her eyelids—turns away
And hastens from the chamber, and is soon
With Abner at the gate. Phaltiel's soul
Is crush'd to infant weakness; and he sobs
Like a forsaken girl. His wife—his love—
The mother of his children;—she to whom
His young fresh heart was wedded, and around
Whose angel presence every tender string
And fibre of his being has entwin'd
Till life and she are blended—she must go
To love and bless another; and his heart,
And house, and children, must be desolate.
His grief is so intense that manhood's pride
Falls down before it, as the lofty pine
Yields to the hurricane. Lost in the night
And wilderment of woe, he follows on,
Weeping along behind her, till at length
Abner, with stern command, bids him return.
Then with one lingering look—one silent pray'r—
He turns toward his desolated home,
A broken-hearted man. And Michal feels
Relief that he is gone, and in her ear
The voice of his lamenting died away.

CHAPTER III.

Why are the valleys sere, and the brown hills
So bare and joyless? Wherefore stand the herds
Lowing beside the wells? Why are the flocks
Roaming along the beds of the dry brooks,
And bleating piteously? Why are the vines
So light of clusters? Wherefore are the trees
Leafless and void of fruit? Why are the birds
Silent among the boughs with drooping wings?
Why is the husbandman so woe-begone?
And wherefore does he sow with bitter tears
His bare and burning fields?
There's blood upon the land; the guiltless blood
That Saul pour'd out in Gibeah, when he sought
(Regardless of the solemn covenant
Sworn in Jehovah's name by Israel's lords)
To root the remnant of the Amorites
From their possession in their father-land.
That blood now cries for vengeance; and the land
In its pollution, cries to heaven in vain
For show'rs, and vernal dews. Heaven will not hear,
Until these fatal stains are wash'd away
With streams of the offender's lineal blood.
Who shall atone for Gibeah? Whose warm heart
Shall pour the dread oblation? Who shall go
From the glad sun-light—from the hymning earth;
From all the ties of fond entwining love
To the dire place of death, to give his blood
In expiation?
Hark! there is mourning in the palace-halls—
The voice of bitter weeping gushes forth
From arch'd and rich-wreath'd casement. Michal, Queen!
Wife of King David—daughter to King Saul—
What wrings thy bosom now? See where she kneels—
All pale and negligent; with head bow'd down
Upon her broider'd cushions. Gold and gems
Lie strewn around her, disregarded now.
Her haughty soul is humbled; for she prays
And weeps before Jehovah.

Who is this
Stealing into the chamber, spirit-like?
Her perfect face is wasted, and so pale,
That one might deem it marble; and the hand
That grasps her mourning drapery is so thin—

So like a snow-flake in the moon's cold light:
And then her eyes—those large dark lustrous eyes—
With such expression as if they had seen
The last of all they lov'd to look upon
Wither'd away before them! Yet there dwells
A meek expression on her parted lips,
And in the bend of her majestic form,
That seems to say amen.

"Tis done! she said—

The expiatory sacrifice is now
Accepted of Jehovah. Cease your moans
And bid your tears cease flowing. God has heard
Our pray'rs, and seen the sorrows of our hearts;
And our submission, and deep penitence,
Have risen like sweet incense to his throne,
And he has pitied us. Look up to heaven—
See how his swift wing'd messengers of peace
Are gathering above us. Even now
They shake from their soft plumes the cooling drops
Brighter than diamonds, and more precious far.
Let us adore his name, and humbly own
That he is just—that he is merciful,
Although our hearts are bleeding. Have we not
Been proud, profanely, proudly proud, and insolent,
Although we are but frail and worthless weeds
Upon his pathway!

Michal! I have felt

The very bitterness of sin and woe,
As all alone I sat upon the rock
Watching by day and night, to keep away
The hateful beasts and birds that came around
Glaring with gloating eyes, and screaming forth
Their horrid longing for the blackening flesh
Of our unconscious children. Oh! what hours
Of agony I past, as the cold shades
Of night lay heavily round me, where I sat
With dry and quivering eye-balls glancing round
In extreme terror—as the fox, the dog,
And fierce hyena, crouch'd with flaming eyes,
And low and sullen growlings; while the gleam
Of the dead faces, with their livid light,
Added to terror all the pangs of grief.
Oh! it was dreadful—past the power of speech
To picture to the mind. Yet still I kept
My watch unshrinking, for the fervent love
Which my heart cherish'd for the beautiful,
The brave, but erring Saul. A love which since
Its chosen sanctuary in his breast
Was cold and broken, has dwelt tremblingly
Amongst his children, and which hover'd still
Around the ruin'd fabrics of its hopes—
Keeping its joyless watch. But yesternight,
About the midnight hour, my weary frame
Sunk under its exhaustion. Yet the pray'r
Still linger'd on my lips, and still my soul
Was wakeful on the watch. And, lo! there came
A rushing breeze, sweet as the richest breath
Of holy incense on the altar-stone
Before the mercy seat; and with it blent
A wreathen melody, which fill'd my soul
With peace and consolation. Mortal lips
Ne'er breathed so rich a strain; and nought of earth
Could ever penetrate and soothe the mind
With such a flood of sweetness. I arose,
And, lo! amid a halo of soft light,
Stood seven refulgent beings. Oh! what bliss
Thrill'd through my spirit, as their glorious eyes
Beam'd lovingly upon me, and I knew
Our disembodied children.

Oh! how vain

Poor Nature's joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,

And loves, appear'd that moment, as I look'd
Upon the spiritual, eternal world,
Where God is all in all, and where his will
Is understood;—where these dark walls of clay
No more can cast their shadows on the page
Of his wise purposes. I am content;
My children are at peace; beyond the reach
Of envy or ambition, strife or death.
Could'st thou have seen the light of blessedness
Which play'd about their faces; could'st thou see
The smiles with which they beckon'd me; the bliss
Which was apparent as they look'd to heaven,
And vanish'd from my sight; thou would'st bow down
And pour thy ardent gratitude to God.
Day broke upon the earth, and I arose;
But, oh! how different were my feelings now,
As once again I look'd upon the clay
That had enshrin'd my angels—that was mine:
Alas! how weak and vile—how worthless grown.
To God belong the spirits, bright, and strong,
And perfect, as I saw them. I have thought
That you and I were cruelly bereft
Of our own treasures, for I could not feel
That God is Lord of all. And yet we know
That he who rears a bullock for himself
Will put it to his use, despite the moans
Of the poor dam that nurs'd it, and we feel
That he has done no wrong. Then should not God
The Merciful, the Perfect, use his own
At his good pleasure? Though to you or me,
His creatures also, was assigned the task
Of watching fondly for a little while
The beings of his will.

Michal. Amen! Amen!

His righteous will be done. He is all wise.
Michal is childless, and the house of Saul
Is now well nigh extinct. No son of mine,
As once I fondly hop'd, shall blend the blood
Of Saul and David and reign peacefully,
Combining every rival interest
In one broad flood of glory. But the Lord
Had otherwise determined; and his will
Is holiness. Oh, Rizpah! I have prov'd
The vanity of all earth's glorious things,
Her beauty, and her loves. All have been mine
In their perfection, yet behold me now,
Michal, Saul's daughter, reft and desolate,
Joyless, and hopeless; bending to the place
Of darkness and oblivion. Pride has wrought
The downfall of my house. Pride has destroy'd
My earthly happiness, and might have been
My everlasting ruin. But the Lord
Has follow'd me in mercy; and my heart
Is humbled now and contrite, and I feel,
Despite these tears, a peace so deep and sweet,
That I would not exchange it for the bloom
Of all my perish'd hopes. Hark! to the dirge,
The sweetly solemn anthem of the train
Sent by my royal husband to convey
The gather'd relics of Saul's family
To holy sepulture beside their sires.
The mournful melody breathes to my soul
King David's sorrow for the royal house
Which sinn'd itself away. I know he mourns
Deeply for me and mine; though on him rest
The blessings we rejected. May the Lord
Bless him forever, when the name of Saul
Is utterly forgotten.

LYDIA JANE.

Liberty, Penn., April 1840.

REFLECTIONS OF A REFORMED DRUNKARD.

It was a pleasant world, with its green fields, and sunny skies, and broad majestic mountains, before the advent of this iron age. But, alas! ten years have done the work of a century. The world is changed, and we are changed with it. No more are our sorrows lightened by that ethereal sprite—"doing his spiriting gently" as Ariel—ALCOHOL. The very name sounds huge and monster-like now, but a child may remember the day when the weak, and the timid, and the fainting were not afraid of his presence. Let me not indulge in reminiscences! "The butt is out," and we must drink water. Public opinion is a god. Let us submit as we may.

Think not, reader, that I was a drunkard. No unbecoming levity—no want of self-respect did I betray, in the brightest days of the golden age. A quiet gentleman and a comely, of an uncertain age, I was to be seen daily perambulating the shady streets of W—, my countenance, perchance, a trifle flushed—a shade more I fear than the gentle exercise I had taken would warrant—and my step, at times, loftier than beseemed me. I was a dreamer then.

But I was injuring my constitution.

Not at all! I but drank for amusement. I saw plainly the absurdity of purchasing present pleasure at the price of future pain. Therefore did I practice the most rigid self-denial. I flatter myself my judgment is a sufficient guide.

"*Est modus in rebus*," with one exception—the temperance society. Like space, it has no limits. Its advocates will never be satisfied, till they bring the world to sign a pledge of entire abstinence from every thing eatable and drinkable—even bread and water. I expect to see the day when to eat an apple will be an indelible disgrace, and milk and water will be sold by the druggists as a medicine. Champaign will soon rank in point of acidity with nitric acid.

I count myself a martyr. I have joined the society! I had lived a year in solitude, though in the midst of my friends, and could bear it no longer. For twelve long months, my neighbors shunned me like a viper, merely because—listen, posterity!—I occasionally indulged to excess in my favorite beverage—*Whiskey punch*! But it is all over now. I have signed the pledge, and since it is done I will make a virtue of necessity. For the good of my country, is it, ye persecutors! that ye have required me to "join"? Because my neighbor is a drunkard I must taste no more wine! Admirable logic! Suppose he were a glutton—must I forego my dinner?

Yes, I *am* a martyr—the prince of martyrs. The Decii should not be named in the same breath. They *died* for their country; I *live*!

Too true alas! it is,

"*Sicis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit.*"

Do you doubt it! Why then, when upon earth, did our Saviour turn your boasted water into wine? I thank Heaven for that miracle.

To what will not the world come! I know men who really believe wine to be a deadly poison. Let me tell them that a Toper's stomach is stronger than they imagine. We are not killed so easily,

"*Ferter Prometheus . . . insani leonis*

Vino stomacho apposuisse nostro;"

and we can yet endure another draught.

Nobody thinks, now a days, of drinking brandy: a very few aspire to rum—but most of the old veterans of my acquaintance have taken refuge in wine. "*Fortiter occupa Portum*," is their motto. But even here they are not secure! Quaff while ye may, my masters! I foresee the time when you will be glad to drink water.

What a quiet, delightful, dream-infested village, was W— before the broaching of this new doctrine. There, of a summer afternoon, beneath that huge elm, might you see the patriarchs of the town, with their sons and grandsons, and great grandsons forsooth, stretched on the green grass, or sitting at ease on the smooth pine benches, smoking perchance, or discussing gingerly and calmly some piece of village gossip—whilst ever and anon the antique punch-bowl, long since departed, passed cheerfully around the circle. And were not those good men and true! Let me not insult their memory by the question.

I have a fondness for antiquity. These old customs, mellowed as they seem by time—their sharp corners worn off by its silent and invisible flow—how it goes to my heart to see them vanishing like a ghost by candlelight! The fashions of the day, like wine, want age.

Ugh!—this dry cough!—Boy, bring me a pitcher and the bottle of ——— Lackaday—my pledge! Hold—we will not drink.

Mine, alas! is a thirst that many *waters* cannot quench. I will chew a little cammomile!

Three weeks! It seems an age. I did not believe when I signed, that I should be able to abstain so long. What would I not give for a *bona fide* attack of "bodily infirmity." Then could I drink with a clear conscience—but I have signed the pledge, and my word is my bond. Such has always been my fortune!—since I stopped drinking, I have not seen a sick moment. It is intolerable. I would not have joined the society so readily, had I not thought I could be most conveniently ill, at least six times a day. Let me be patient. Tomorrow, I may have a glorious cholic. Ah! I have it! I will watch with my friend L— to-night. Losing my sleep will give me a superb headache in the morning, and gin has always been my medicine. * * *

The deuce take it! I have watched with my friend—broad awake all night—drank a glass of cold water at midnight—hoping to induce the

cholic—another at sunrise—and feel this morning as if I had slept in Paradise. It is too insufferable. The fates are against me. I fear I shall never see another sick day. If I had continued to drink, I warrant me I should have had the headache daily, as usual. But now that I want an excuse for taking the least drop in the world, I feel as light as a swallow. Well, some people are born to fortune. I was always a luckless dog!

If I detest any thing, it is water. Horace speaks of a fountain whose waters were better than *the glass*.

"Fons Bundusiæ splendor *vitro*."

We have no such springs here—though it is true a slight dash of water in your wine, of a hot day, is not out of place—a mere trifle; it gives it a dewy freshness, which—but why should I dwell on this! I am without hope. "My pulse beats like an eight-day-clock." I despair of the headache, and will bethink me of some other excuse. If I could but find an apology for one glass, I would lay up a stock of "bodily infirmity" for a year.

After all, can I deny that they are in the right? Think of the wives lonely and desolate—the children starving—the wretched victims of drunkenness themselves, bound in these woven and strong-linked chains which it is so hard for me to break. Think of these! I do not regret—struggle as thou wilt—thou almost invincible habit, that I have disappointed thee! I remember now that men wagged their heads as I passed them, and said—*what they shall not say again*. No! I am no drunkard! My hand is firmer. It trembles not as before. My step is lighter—my sleep is sweeter—and *that thirst* burning like a fire within me, is less agonizing. My tortures are dying away with the flame—and now, O God! as I look back, I see—I feel—I know that I was almost (*was I not quite?*) A DRUNKARD!

Yet one glass! It would still my heart's throbbing—*only one*—I shall desire no more. It *shall* be the last—the farewell glass. It is at my lips—the liquor has a celestial fragrance. I can imagine no deeper bliss than such a draught inspires—and *it is at my lips!* I taste its sparkling foam. Once—once only! Shall I drink? One moment to decide!

No! Again I am a man. Drop by drop, I pour it out upon the ground, like water. God! I **THANK THEE, I AM SAFE!** * *

EPIGRAM.

ON THE PUBLICATION OF A FALSE MARRIAGE-NOTICE.

"Matches in Heaven have their birth,"—
So the old Proverb's given;
But *this* methinks was publish'd here
Before 'twas made in Heaven:
Yet not to shew the proverb false,
Young friends, to both of you
The best advice that I can give,
Is—make the *notice* true!

C.

IMRI:

OR, THE BRIDE OF A STAR.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO GEORGE D. PRENTICE, ESQ.

PART II.

Eve came again, as lovely as when first
She threw her mantle over earth and sea,
And one by one the pale star-wanderers burst
Thro' the blue veil, as glad that they were free
To scan the beauty of each flower and tree.
How much of loveliness above us lies—
How much of beauty which we may not see!
In vain, in vain we strain our eager eyes
To see what chains our hearts with such mysterious ties.

Leora, the Egyptian, sat alone
Within her orange-bower, while some strange thought
Seem'd busy at her heart; the moon-beams shone
And struggled thro' the flowers, as if they sought
To look on one with Eden-beauty fraught:
Tho' thro' the leaves they hung like crystal bars,
And on the twinkling flowers such beauty wrought,
She saw them not—her heart was with the stars,
Those isles of loveliness which time ne'er mars.

A gentle being she had ever been,
Whose hopes were all in fancy's wide domain;
So pure in spirit, the foul demon sin
Had round her never dared to cast his chain,
Nor leave upon her heart one sable stain.
But she had freighted life's too fragile bark
With hopes which must like all things human wane,
And, like the dove, she left the sheltering ark
And found a dreary waste, a pathway lone and dark!

Oh! Fancy, bright-wing'd fairy of the heart,
When thou dost spread thy many-color'd wings,
We follow to a realm which has no part
Of earth in its foundation. Lovely things
Ye are, oh, Love and Hope!—the gentle springs
From which Life's dark and varied rivers flow;—
But fancy leads us on, perchance, where clings
Some bright-hued leaf and flower of gaudy show,
And we forget the stream down which we wish'd to go.

And so it was—Leora left the stream
From which she might have gather'd many a joy,
Lured on by many a wild delicious dream—
By many a seeming bright, yet tinsell'd toy
With which the fairy fancy doth decoy—
Seeking for love which life may never own;
And, spurning that as free from earth's alloy
As any which on human hearts has shone,
Sighing for that which but in Paradise is known!

Imagination had worn out her frame,
And stolen from her cheek its native bloom;
So, at a glance, the trembling color came
Up from her heart-depths, leaving in its room
A crimson spot which told a fearful doom—
The silent herald of a sure decay—
The sad precursor of an early tomb—
Telling that rosy health had passed away,
That youth, nor love, nor hope, stern death could stay.

The orange trees with bridal-flowers were starred—
With buds, which, pearl-like, on the branches hung—
Save some, perchance, by passing breezes marr'd,
Whose snowy petals upon earth were flung—
And even *there* their fragrance to them clung;
As one stole softly to Leora's side,

Whose darkly flashing eye and merry tongue,
Told of a heart in which the swelling tide
Of hope had never ebb'd—whose soul had ne'er been tried!

And, as she gazed upon Leora's face,
Her heart seem'd by some secret impulse stirr'd;
She seem'd as striving earnestly to trace
The hidden meaning of some mystic word—
Her voice like that of some sweet merry bird.
"My sister! still thy dreams around thee rise,
Still, wild delusions thou dost round thee gird—
The things which seem so lovely in thy eyes,
Are but the shades of flowers that grow in Paradise!"

"My bright-eyed Io! come and rest thy head
Upon my bosom, as thou did'st of yore;
For every bitter tear which I may shed
Will find an answer in thy young heart's core:
Thou know'st, ere childhood's rosy reign was o'er,
That I had drunk of many a fabled spring,
And fill'd my heart with Egypt's classic lore—
How can I now away my bright dreams fling?
How shall I fold for aye sweet fancy's radiant wing?"

"Did I not learn to look upon the skies
Ere reason dawned upon my infant mind?
To think the stars were some bright spirit-eyes
Which look'd in pity on our erring kind?
As I grew older, thought grew more refined—
Still my first fancy clung around my heart,
More beautiful, perchance, but firmly twined
Around its breathing core, till human art
Could not destroy that which of life was part!"

"My dear Leora! life will be to thee
A weary pilgrimage of grief and pain:
Thou'st launch'd thy bark on speculation's sea,
And sad will be the guerdon thou wilt gain—
For even now thy health begins to wane;
Thou canst not win the stars, a Master hand
Each one upon its pearly car doth chain;
Tho' thou wast gifted with great Hermes' wand,
Thou couldst not win them from their far-off native land!"

"Oh! would that I might win one from its sphere—
'Twere sweet to know a soul so fond as mine,
When it had fled its mortal frame of fear,
Should in that far-off azure mansion shine,
Mated with one which e'er had been divine:
Lo! there are two, the least is pale and dim,
The other glowing with a gorgeous line
Of glittering light set round it as a rim—
Close, side by side, singing their grateful hymn!"

"I've watch'd them many an eve, till I have thought
That pale star once had worn a mortal frame—
Some fair-brow'd girl perchance, who fondly sought
A mate among the stars. It is not fame—
'Tis not the pining for a brilliant name
That leads the heart thro' such a dream as this;
No! 'tis the spring which wells in heaven, the same
As in pure hearts—the one we ever miss—
The fount of pure, etherial love—of changeless bliss!"

She did not know dark eyes were gazing thro'
The softly parted jasmine—that a heart
Which beat to all love's dearest feelings true,
Was near her own. Imri had stood apart,
Admiring the fair Io's gentle art,
With which she strove to win her sister's love;
And in his breast he felt the pulses start,
Lest she, the beautiful and timid dove,
Might weary in her dreams of things which laid above.

"Leora! let me win thee back to earth,
And round thee weave affection's gentle chain;
Surely, thou wilt not barter love's sweet worth
For things which have their home within the brain—
Thy books and flowers have long neglected lain—
Would I had power such fancies to uproot!
Alas! that love should strive so long in vain!
And see, where hangs thy fondly treasur'd lute—
Thou art its mistress still, and yet its chords are mute."

She ceas'd, and round Leora's form she twined
Her snowy arms, and look'd into her eyes
As if to see the workings of her mind:
She did not know the mighty spell which lies
Upon a heart link'd by such mystic ties!
Sadly she took the lute from where it hung,
And woke its slumbers with fond mem'ry's sighs—
And, as her fingers forth the rich tones flung,
A song of memory and blue-eyed hope she sung.

IO'S SONG.

Oh! hast thou forgotten the beautiful hours
When we roved by the redolent banks of the Nile—
When we gather'd the bright and the delicate flowers,
And revell'd in nature's luxuriant smile?

And when o'er some fable thy young heart was dreaming,
I've woven sweet garlands to place on thy brow:
Then come, for the banks of the sweet Nile are gleaming
With flowers as bright and as beautiful now.

Oh! come, ere each radiant night-flower closes
Its leaves 'neath the waters that sparkle below;
I will weave thee a garland of fresh-blooming roses
Which in the pale star-light so brilliantly glow.

Oh! hast thou forgotten the bright fountain springing
Up thro' the sweet buds which repose on its breast,
And the beautiful Nile-birds so gracefully winging
Their way to each quiet and leaf-cover'd nest?

The lute was laid aside, and hush'd the song—
Leora's heart was touch'd by music's might,
And gentle memories, a bright-eyed throng,
Came bearing back the past unstain'd and bright,
Tinging the future with soft hues of light.
To Io's brow Leora's lips were prest,
And softly whispering—"Let us go to night
And look upon the dark Nile's peaceful breast—
The happy birds and flowers that on it sweetly rest!"

* * * * *

The moon had waned thrice in the far blue sky,
Since Imri and Leora first begun
To feel that to be parted were to die—
That they the goal of happiness had won—
That nothing could obscure life's radiant sun.
Alas! that life, Mokanna-like, should throw
Aside the veil and show that we would shun—
That life's fresh stream, its pure and sparkling flow,
Should darken as towards the heaving sea we go!

Oh, Love! what art thou in a world like this?
The bright creation of some yearning heart—
The lovely shadow of a perfect bliss
From which we're doom'd in misery to part!
Love! in this crowded and unquiet mart,
The Eden of thy beauty quickly flies!
If yearning spirits, or weak human art,
Could lure thee downwards from thy native skies,
Thy presence would on earth make many a paradise.

Yet there are hearts which keep their sacred trust
 Unsullied by this world's foul spreading stain,
 Till in the tomb they go down "dust to dust"—
 Who never weary of love's silken chain,
 Nor think his gentle yoke is worn in vain!
 Yes! there is many a pure untainted breast—
 Brows which have never worn the brand of Cain—
 Spirits which look not to the world for rest—
 That there are such, mine own heart can attest!

Love grows more sweetly e'er in solitude—
 And so Leora and her lover thought;
 The high and star-born Imri was subdued—
 Earth seemed to him with loveliness o'erfraught,
 And all his dreams of happiness were naught
 To that which now was his. For hours he hung
 Entranced o'er visions which Leora wrought—
 Round every sweet word falling from her tongue
 Love's purple halo of delight was fondly flung!

He thought not of the Eden he had left,
 Or if, perchance, he ever gazed at even,
 Upon the azure sky which was bereft
 Of one fair star that erst had shone in heaven,
 It was not that he wish'd the sweet bond riven;
 He would not have recall'd the gentle vow
 Of sweet fidelity which he had given,
 To fix the sparkling gem upon his brow
 Which fame or bright-eyed glory might allow!

Ambition! thou art strong—but stronger still
 Art thou, oh! meek-eyed Love! Soul-stirring Fame
 Her charmed chalice to the brim may fill,
 Sending her subtle fire throughout the frame—
 And red-brow'd glory striving for a name;
 But stronger, stronger still than ye are strong,
 Is gentle love, tho' seemingly so tame;
 And ah! how often do ye toil along,
 And never hear Love's sweet and lulling song.

Clark's Mills, Ohio, March 1840.

EGERIA.

CHARLOTTESVILLE ADVOCATE.

LUCIAN MINOR, Esq., whose connexion with this paper we noticed in our March No., has recently abdicated the editorial chair. It was Mr. M's aim to preserve a neutrality in politics—to present under their several heads, articles in favor of the Administration party, and articles in favor of the Opposition, or Whig party. This attempt he has abandoned at present, but—it is but justice to him to say—not from any conviction of its impracticability. We are assured by him, that his "convictions of the practicability and boundless advantages of this plan are heightened, by his experiment, to absolute intensity." We hope to receive from him, for the Messenger, a sketch of his plan, with the arguments that go to support it. In the meantime we copy from the Advocate, the following article from his pen.

MODEL OF A LAWYER.

When consulted about the bringing of a suit, he rigidly cross-examines his client touching the grounds of his claim, and dissuades him from proceeding, when it appears ill-supported; nay, if the client insists on going to law, the lawyer refuses to aid him: so that of him it may be said, as of Sir Arthur Somers in the story, that "he loses more cases out of court, and fewer in it," than any other lawyer in all the country-side.

He ever leans against litigation; throwing all his weight into the scale of peace, whenever justice does not forbid. In public and in private, he exerts the influence that belongs to him as a member of an exalted profession, to uphold those good principles and habits, which are essential to the well being of society.

He never electioneers for employment. If his manners are affable, they are so by nature, or from conviction that courtesy to all men is a duty: and not through mercenary motives.

He "makes not" (as Fuller says) "a Trojan siege of a suit; but seeks to bring it to a set battle in a speedy trial."

He disdains pedantic display, appeals to prejudice, untimely pomp of language, and every other form of charlatanry. He does not wrap up the sense of legal instruments which he writes, in a multitude of useless words, to make them seem mysterious and difficult, so that the merit of his work and the amount of his fee may be enhanced: but uses the simplest and briefest language that the subject admits of; omitting no clause or word that may be proper to give due strength and undoubted clearness.

At the Bar, he strives never to misrepresent the facts on either side, or the arguments of his adversary: and is careful to lay down as law, to court or jury, nothing but what he knows or believes to be law. Equally careful is he, never to deny that *that* is law, which he knows or believes to be so. He never tries by laughing, or grimace, or interruption, to weaken what his opponent is saying.

Instead of attempting to brow-beat or abash younger lawyers, he does all that he can to help and encourage them; knowing, that the embarrassment of rising to speak in court is apt enough to overpower them, without being hectored over by their more brazen elders.

He serves his clients just as ably and faithfully when they can pay him no fee, as if they paid him hundreds: and such as do pay him, much oftener wonder at the lowness of his charges, than complain of their exorbitancy. Yet he is always anxious rather to exceed, than to fall below the charges of his brethren—not wishing to supplant them by any means but superior attention and ability.

In fine, he feeds no employer's ill-nature, by wounding the feelings of an adverse witness or party: nor can be deterred by any personal danger, from lashing fraud, perjury, or impertinence.

TO A LADY CONVALESCENT.

Mary, when sickness paled thy brow,
 And dimmed the lustre of thine eye,
 The loveliest angels left the sky
 To visit mortal fair as thou;
 And when they saw thee pale and weak—
 Thy bloodless lip—thy hueless cheek—
 Yet felt that thou even then wast fair
 As the young morning's sunbeams are;
 They thought all trembling with alarm
 Of such a rival in the sky,
 And vowed by thine each peerless charm,
 Thou shouldest not die!

EPIGRAM.

(FROM MOLIERE.)

In all debates I've had with woman-kind,
 (And I assure you I've had not a few;)
 Two Maxims I have ever borne in mind,
 And, friend, can recommend them well to you:
 Expect to hear assertions most absurd,
 And, always let her have the latest word.

C.

THE WANDERER'S MEMENTOS.

WRITTEN DURING ABSENCE FROM HOME, AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MY WIFE,

BY PROFESSOR WM. H. FONERDEN.

'Mid the snows of the North and the suns of the South,
The halls of the East and the wilds of the West;
In my day-dreams of bliss and my visions by night,
Thine image, my Sweet One, still lives in my breast.

Where the tall, snowy plumes of the Green Mountain wave,
While Boreas sweeps unimpeded o'er earth,
I think of the purity, hallowed and bright,
Which circling my Mary, hath shone from her birth.

Where Florida's sun, like Italia's soft sky,
The orange-grove tints, the magnolia perfumes,
Eve's zephyrs, with fragrance of India fraught,
Still whisper of beauty that on thy cheek blooms.

The music that swells in the halls of the East,
Where reason may feast, souls, commingling, may meet,
But echoes the silvery tones of thy voice,
That thrills o'er my bosom in melody sweet,

'Mid the billowy verdure of prairies unpath'd
The Father of waters, outspreading his arms,
Untinged by the turbid Missouri, portrays
The depth of thy love and thy freshness of charms.

And lo! 'neath the pine of Vermont springs a twig,
A bud may be found on the bright orange-tree,
Mississippi a miniature views in the rill,—
So in Ada a transcript of Mary, I see.

Dost wonder then, dearest, I ne'er can forget,
Though far from my loved ones I dearly roam?—
That surrounded by objects that image them both,
I often should sigh for the pleasures of home?
Forsyth, Georgia, April 1, 1840.

CANOVA.

[Translated from the Italian, by M. Morgan, M. D. Surgeon
U. S. Navy, for the Southern Literary Messenger.]

CANOVA'S DEFENCE OF SOME OF HIS WORKS AND HIS
CRITICISMS AND OPINIONS OF THEM.

When the Academy of Archæology was established at Rome, many learned men, both in letters and antiquities, with generous emulation, produced their writings, discoveries and opinions, and much discussion arose on the subject of the ancient Greek and Roman statues as compared with the modern, among those most conversant with the subject. As envy has always contaminated the world, some were found base enough to commit an outrage even on the liberal arts, not openly in the Academy, but in private circles—slandering Canova, by attacking him on two points. First, for having taken charge of the Museum at Rome, while the place was subject to the French; and secondly, for having usurped a fame superior to his merit, by being a plagiarist. He remained silent for a good while, but at length could no longer restrain himself, in justice to his art, as well as to the magnanimity and purity of his motives. On the first accusation, he directed his defence to the high personages of the Roman court, in the following words:

"I am conscious of my zeal for the Arts, for Rome, and for the adorable Prince the Pope, who governs it. Who dare contend with me or equal me, in my sentiments in this re-

spect? Perhaps it is a demerit in me, to have instituted public premiums to the young artists? To have spent a thousand crowns from my private purse of late years, to save the medals of the Pope? To have given pensions to some of the Roman Alumni, who have shown talent and promise in the Arts? It will be a great sin, to have undertaken the statue of Religion, larger than any statue in Rome, and which could not be finished by any body else for less than forty thousand crowns? I do not say this vauntingly, or to attempt to exalt myself; as it flowed from a mind naturally disposed to do good to others, and from a conscience unstained with the shadow of suspicion or falsehood."

The Sculptor used to descant on his various works, with the same apparent impartiality that he did on the works of others. Some of his excellent criticisms are still preserved, and are too valuable to be withheld, as they show with what an impartial eye he viewed his own works. He has the following on the statue of Madame Bonaparte.

"It appears to some a crime, that I have recorded in this statue the action of Agrippina, but the author of Agrippina would not have pronounced it so,—as his likeness so much resembles that of Menander. If you put these statues side by side, you see the difference. My Persene likewise, without the Apollo along side of it, would be taken for the same action; but confronting them, dissipates this imaginary likeness in the whole and in the parts. It will appear also easy, to find among medals an action or attitude resembling that of Napoleon, but I do aver, that I never saw one previous to having modelled it, and that it is neither an imitation nor a copy, and if I have followed the example of the ancients in it, I felicitate myself on the circumstance.

"The statues of the ancient divinities, as Apollo, Pallas, Diana and others, record nearly the same action and position, especially that of Venus when sitting or standing. There is always a conformity of attitude or movement, observed, from which may be inferred the perfection of simple and natural action, and chiefly in the marked and standing figures, where we find but few which possess too animated or violent attitudes. Of these, one could easily invent enough without ever being accused of plagiarism. Thus the ancients seldom indulged in exaggerated and violent action, but they always kept in view the simple and noble, and yet the difference in their works was always essential and of first importance. The Mercury and Antinous of Belvidere, have much of Meleager, but have no likeness either in character or style.

"It would seem very improbable that an artist, without a certain presentiment, should fall naturally on the attitude of the Gladiator Borghese, it being difficult to arrive at an action imposed by a particular theme, much less by one of so great difficulty. And here, I wish to observe, said the artist, that our art in this aspect is not so rich, as is generally supposed. It is not permitted to expatiate or indulge the fancy in actions of repose, where every little liberty taken with the art leads to affectation and mannerism. My kneeling Magdalen has been praised by some to the skies; I smile at these encomiums, and know that I have done many—very many—things much better.

"Artists have reason to condemn the bending—inclining—of my group of Love and Psyche reclining; but, it is improper to judge from this alone of my other labors and works. They should be examined separately to judge of them impartially. Some, without knowing what they say, talk of a quadrated style, and with so much minuteness that I confess I cannot understand them. I wish to understand nature well, which seems to me not to quadrate with these opinions, nor did the ancients view it differently, for they have truly finished their works, and not left them in rough models, that they may serve for occasional effect in one point of view suited to the situation in which they are

placed. These are mysteries which I cannot penetrate, and are open only to scholars.

"Some have found my Group of Theseus, as well as that of Hercules, too animated. But what would they have said if I had composed any thing like the ancient Group of the Wrestlers at Florence?—and the Laocoon? and the Fighting Gladiator?—and the Group of Aria and Pætus?—I say composed—and I would also add the Group of the Faun with the Hermaphrodite, and the Farnesian Bull, and those subjects where the eyes are put out and the arms are bitten. A new severity now is required, and they would be in every thing austere. But for mercy sake preserve Venus—the Torso—the Satyr of Praxiteles—and the Cupid with the Bow. They are still, surely, miracles of sculpture in the softness, delicacy and perfection of the design and execution.

"I confess my Pugilists are not my best works, but I wish to see some of our artists finish the extremities in this manner, and I am pleased that the Academy have taken them for an example.

"The head of the Genius of Rezzonico, I think does me honor, and not many heads do this for their authors. I am very far from being a Cicerone, but yet I should again be tempted to imitate this, without making my apology for doing so. But I am persuaded that an Artist ought not to boast of the number of his works, but of the perfection of a few.

"I have been blamed for undertaking too much, and before finishing one thing beginning another, running, as is supposed, the risk of not completing all well in the end. It is true that it is necessary to put limits to our labors, and to lay aside the chissel and rasp sometimes, for fear of losing all in the desire to do too much; but often things are not contemplated in their true light. The riches of genius are a great gift. I think that certain free and skilful strokes of the hand, are worth more than a scrupulous and timid diligence which is injurious generally to every art, and which never produces a work of spirit. Whatever is under the eyes and in the hands for years, becomes a distraction of enthusiasm, which languishes with time. The modest graces delight to wander and to be gathered by the Artist privately, and by surprise, and the public approves more of those works which show light and easy faults in the Artist, than of others which cost the sweat of death. This I see in my own works, for I know those generally please most, which came from my hand spontaneously, and it seems to me for this reason, that I studied them more profoundly, before executing them under the most favorable aspect.

"When one knows well, and has a clear perception of what he wishes to do, the execution should not cost much effort, and I say this, because I am hasty at work and inclined to be impetuous; and it appears to me that to execute well, an Artist should not lose himself in subtleties and pedantry. The same holds of literary productions. The touching and pathetic scenes which excite most applause, are those which flow spontaneously from the muse, with an inspired eloquence. I know that Zeuxis, according to Plutarch, boasted of a certain decision, by which his pictures were pronounced more perfect and to acquire by age greater beauty, when opposed to the frankness and celerity of Agatarcus; but I also know, that the same judicious writer made a contrary decision, when he exalted the facility of works of art and letters, by which the Painter Necomachus, and the Poet Homer so much superior, so greatly surpassed in merit and fame, Dionysius and Antimachus.

"Nor can one think differently who is acquainted with the wonderful fecundity of almost all the celebrated Greek masters. Phidias for example, the father of the grand style, among the innumerable works he finished with his own hand, made the most famous colossal statue of Olympian Jove in ivory and gold, sixty cubits high, sitting on a throne set round with so many statues and bas reliefs, that Pausanias

has given us a history of them. There were twenty-four Victories, in the act of dancing, distributed at the foot of the chair. Then as many Sphynxes, who carry away the Theban children. Then the family of Niobe, punished by Apollo. Then eight statues set round from one foot to the other, all works from the same hand, and which had to be larger than life, to be in adaptation and agreement with the Colossus.

"What shall I say of the Pallas, of twenty-six cubits, with grand and beautiful accessories—a Victory of four cubits in the hand,—the shield finished within and without, representing a battle with the Amazons—of the gods and the giants,—of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, and of the generation of Pandora, with thirty divinities on the base? And what shall we say of the still more numerous works of Lysippus?—Among these may be enumerated models of vases, cups of sacrifice, and urns. It seems most extraordinary to think of the number given by Pliny, as six hundred and ten of one, and fifteen hundred of the other. Among these were many colossal statues—that of Tarantus, forty cubits high, which alone would have been sufficient to have employed the studies during life of one of our modern artists.

"The painters also referred to in history, are as famous for their facility and their numerous works. Witness Michael Angelo and Raphael among the moderns—these sublime geniuses were as ready with their hands, as with their minds. The first, so great in the Arts, finished in two years the vast vault of the chapel of Sistina, such was the power of that incomparable and brilliant genius. At the number, extent and perfection of the works of Raphael, we are still more surprised when we consider his short life. A single head only, or the mere outlines of a single work of either, would afford matter for long study to one of our greatest geniuses, and excite the noble emulation of modern artists. We can scarcely conceive, how these great men could unite such unexampled facility, to such profound perfection, which are still attempted in vain to be equalled.

"But these considerations lead me from my road, and I must confess that I am not so tenacious of my own judgment and opinion, as to deter me from expressing eternal obligations and gratitude to those who give me good counsel and advice."

HIS THOUGHTS ON THE ARTS.

After a view of some of his remarks on his works, we regret that we cannot give all his observations and reflections on the ancient works of Art; but we shall here present some of his opinions, which have been carefully collected. To give principles in a science, or art, it is not sufficient to have a vast store of various erudition, nor the ornament of flowery rhetoric; as these are the result of experience, and acquirement, in their peculiar province. Hence, none can know an Art profoundly unless he has practised it with success. Without this high merit, he cannot be master of it. Thus we constantly see good critics, respectable for the immensity of their venerable learning, committing errors in the application of precepts and maxims, in those Arts which they have not learned by practical experience, but the knowledge of which they have acquired entirely by speculative study. Lucian says in his book on baths, that if a patient is wise he will often consult those who are employed in preparing them, for they are mostly best qualified to give advice concerning them. And that he who sings and plays on musical instruments, is a better musician than he who merely distinguishes numbers and harmony; not to mention generals, who are always thought to be best when they defeat and conquer their enemies by their own hands, instead of showing how it is to be done, by words alone.

There was good reason therefore, for confiding in the

judgment of Canova—having long sedulously practised his art, and having a thorough knowledge of its principles, from perfected experience. Pliny said long ago, that the true masters in the Arts, were those who execute best:

"Soli artifices possunt artem acri exploratoque judicio perscrutari."

Having therefore, daily opportunities of conversing with the great sculptor; and being in his perfect confidence, in matters relating to his art, of which he delighted to speak; and being present at discussions in which he was often engaged; his sayings were committed to writing, and treasured up in order to aid these reminiscences. Often I tried to prevail on him to present his ideas to the public, but he constantly objected, saying, "that advice,—precepts and rules were all well, but they were not enough,—example was better than the most definite rules would be without it." He added, I "execute my best,—I am not a lecturer, nor would I for any treasure ever become exposed to the vexation and chagrin of contending or disputing with a parcel of irritable pedants." He said, besides, "he did not trust too much to his own discernment and observation, but they were such as were elicited by feeling and meditation on the Arts, and experience the great master; but he gave his opinions without wishing to force their adoption upon others, as they were the result of his private judgement.

In order not to suffer his maxims to be lost, I have here collected them into a little code; as they abound in wisdom and much that goes to advance the good of the fine arts. They flowed from the author's conversation only, were given without arrogance, and were not attempted to be imposed as infallible rules.

1. As Canova was an ardent promoter of the Arts, he lamented to see an immense number of young men, daily dedicating themselves to their pursuit, and observed:

"It cannot but happen, that most of these must become poor and unhappy. For how can Italy, and the world, already full even to satiety of works of Art, give support to so many Alumni? The worst of it is, they can only arrive at obscure and humble mediocrity; for excellence cannot be reached by the many, though all labor to attain it. The Academy therefore, ought carefully to note the genius of each, and where no extraordinary talent for the Arts appears, they should be advised to apply their time and talents to some civil occupation, in a line where they can succeed in becoming useful; for the majority must fail, and produce works of little merit and bad style, by which the Arts are injured and the youths ruined."

2. Formerly, he said, a work was not thought beautiful if it had any defects. The most sublime works are not free from faults, and are still beautiful; besides the beauty which strikes the mere intellect, they have the beauty of inspiration, which captivates the senses and triumphs over the heart. They possess the sentiment—the passion—within themselves—they have life in them, and cause tears, joy or emotion at the sight of them, and this is true beauty.

3. It is my study, he used to say, to obtain my end by the most short and simple ways, as the blow which comes straightest does most execution. Hence, I do not wish to employ vain ornaments and amusing distractions.

4. He taught that we must imitate nature, and not any particular master, although that master should have succeeded in imitating nature.

Study with your own eyes, and especially study the ancients. The Greeks, more than any other people, saw and imitated nature with the greatest perfection.

If it become necessary to imitate a master, as in painting, judge of what is best in him as you would of nature—that is, choose the most beautiful parts, and leave those which are not so perfect. Take care not to imitate the faults of his works, however great the author may have been.

5. Who searches for beauty in nature and does not find it? Do not be discouraged—study, and it will be found. It is every thing to know how to search for it.

6. Would you avoid the fatigue of great research, and always proceed in a sure way, I will tell you how to do—Try first to become skilful in the principles of your art. That is, learn design—Anatomy, and Dignity; feel the graces—acquire an understanding and taste for true beauty. Let it move your passions. You must obtain all these attitudes of your art in an eminent degree, and then you will have the short road which you are in search of. When at first view, you find a part, superlatively beautiful and graceful, that is enough,—for you can form the other parts in agreement and correspondence, with that subtility, and make all harmonize, and thus have a whole, beautiful and perfect. But this you tell me is difficult. It is indeed difficult, and therefore the profit of study; and when you become distinguished in your art, it will not appear difficult, but seem easy.

7. In civil society, he observed, I have always seen the graceful man preferred to the severe and austere. Grace has an omnipotent charm, and attraction, which overcomes all hearts. Recollect, the same happens in the Arts. Acquire grace, and you will please. But mind, that as in society, he who affects grace much, and does not possess it, becomes awkward and ridiculous;—so the artist who studies grace too much, instead of pleasing, is sure to disgust. Keep to the just and discreet measure;—and this I tell you—you must feel in your soul the innate principles of gracefulness, and beauty. If you are cold in this essential particular, cease your efforts to acquire it—I take you for lost,—and give you up in despair. You must follow the austerity of your art, for even in this, there is glory to be won.

8. And the temper which I advise you to obtain, in regard to gracefulness, I would also inculcate with respect to expression. The whole contour, always properly adjusted, and composed, shows proof of your temperance of feeling, and the subdued repose of your breast. If you manifest great effort, it will be improper, and not succeed. It was this rule which gave to Raphael the palm over all other imitators of beauty.

9. Sculpture, I heard him say one morning, in conversation with some eminent artists, is only the language [among the many languages,] by which the eloquence of artists expresses nature, and this is a heroic language, as the tragic is the language of the poets. And as the terrible is the first element of the tragic language, so, nudity is that of the language of the statuary. And as the terrible in the *Epipœa* tragical, expresses gods, in their most sublime manner, so nakedness in that of the statuary, represents gods in their most chosen and beautiful forms. This is the convention which exists in Arts and in letters, in order to effect sublime execution.

While invention and disposition, seek to unite strictly nature and reason, both in elocution and execution, it is agreed to lay aside all vulgar ways, and to find out and employ a sublime eloquence, composed of the most beautiful which exists in nature, embellished by the most perfect in the ideal conceptions.

10. Wealth, he said, could not be more fairly acquired, than by the fine Arts; as every one could exist without purchasing such works—they are merely luxuries, and are bought voluntarily and spontaneously by those who have the means to expend in this way, and no price put on a work can be called excessive, because, nobody is compelled to buy.

11. Rule and measure, he observed, are immutable, when they are just; and so they should be for an artist who is not very confident of himself; but an eminent artist sometimes departs from rules; which shows the highest sagacity. In this the artist only follows the maxim of Aristotle, in which he

says, that in some cases, it is better to prefer a false similitude that is agreeable, to one that is true, if it should be disgusting. The Niobe for example, has on a bathing chemise, and so have many other ancient statues. This is not truth—but if the artist had followed the truth, he would have abandoned his art. He by this conceals defects, or what would not be so agreeable to the sight; he therefore avails himself of a falsehood, to present a beautiful likeness—as under that bathing dress, which adheres to the person, the artist can make the forms appear, and display at the same time the excellence of his art.

Thus, to express the strength of Hercules, Glicon gave him a bull neck—thus, to make Apollo Belvidere appear more quick and active,—the Greek artist gave him one shoulder a little more elevated, than when relieved by drapery, and made his thighs and legs somewhat longer than his body.

This boldness, however, is not an infraction of rules which results from ignorance, but is the science of the Arts, in knowing the right point of view, and the proper effect; from this flows the philosophy and judgment of the artist.

12. He used to say, that the principal element in sculpture, was the beauty of the most perfect design and excellence of form. The remark applied to painting might not comprehend—coloring—the free and liberal touching invention—effect—the scene—but take away design and form from sculpture, and what have you left? The marble only.

13. He said, we could see how important it was that sculpture should be eminently beautiful, from the fact, that a single figure triumphs forever, as a single word convinces and moves. Alas! then, if that figure, or that word be wanting.

14. Learn anatomy well, was his advice to his pupils, but be not too much devoted to it. It is true that the arts ought to imitate nature: here, also, we follow nature, not making the parts too evident, but concealing them by an ingenious veil of fat and skin, presenting a pleasing outside, which is gently modulated, and which falls, and winds along without projecting.

15. He advised young painters to take the pencil early in their hands, which practice made so many eminent men in the Venetian school; and in the Academy of naked figures, he wished the pupils to imagine when painting, that the bodies were alive, as this, he said, would give life to their paintings. This, he said, would make the works more like the select chief works, from which they were taken. Then they would try to see nature, with the same eyes and the same pleasure that she was seen by the ancient masters who executed the incomparable works. This advice was always given to the young pupils who had just begun their studies in the Arts.

16. "It is a fault that this Nymph does not speak," said an Englishman—and "of that Hebe, that she does not ascend in the air. Where is the prodigy or miracle of Pygmalion, that we may be fully satisfied?" "You deceive yourself," said he, "you would then have no satisfaction or surprise. I do not presume in my works to deceive any one. It is known that they are marble, but they are mute and motionless: but it is enough, that I have overcome in part my material with art, and to have approximated the truth. If my works were truth, what praise would I have for my labor? I am glad they know it is marble, since the difficulty makes them excuse its defects I only aspire to an illusion."

17. He used often to repeat that fortunately, but few artists knew how to explain with dignity and propriety, their ideas by writing; otherwise, what great wars we should have among the votaries of the Arts, and how much time would be employed in decapitation of works!

Those artists who have written much, have always been men of mediocrity.

"*Bisogna operare e non iscrivere*"—"It is necessary to

work and not to write;" and how absurd that mere literary amateurs should set up for judges in the Arts. The weakness and folly of such people, create a market for what is badly executed, by artists who have neither genius nor talents.

18. When my works are attacked, said he, even by envy, I attend to the criticisms and examine their correctness, not with anger or disdain. The fault-finding which prevails, is inseparable from the human condition. I distrust myself too, and know the great difficulty of producing a work without great defects. Yet I am perfectly convinced, that if an arm, a body, a leg, or a head of one of my statues, were dug up, and were thought an antique, many would sing its praises as a miracle. Antiquity has its privileges. How unjust men are! They only open their eyes to the beauty of the ancients and spy out only the defects of the moderns, and I remember also to have read this complaint in Tacitus.

19. When he had finished a work, he still continued to doat on it—to caress it—and when asked why he did not leave it alone, he replied, there is nothing more precious to me than time, and every body knows how economical I am of it; yet, when I am about finishing a work, and after it is done, I wish to bring it often before me if possible; as fame is not derived from the number of works, but from a few done well. I try to find in my material a something, I know not what, of spirituality which gives it soul. It is necessary I should add to it intellect and passion, and ennoble the form with inspiration. I could wish to come as near as possible to life, but I do not succeed.

20. When I apply myself to the study of the great Greek exemplars, it appears to me, said he, that to obtain the manner they had in execution, it is indispensable that we should examine their maxims, discern the ends they propound, their means and their principles, and in fine to feel and be as much as possible, as they were—nothing short of this can make us so select, and at the same time so true.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC.

"της μουσικῆς δέδωκεν κλέος ἔστιν ὁυδὲις ἀχνοῦ."
e' Longini fragmentis.

I.

I seem to lie with drooping eyes,
Dreaming sweet dreams,
Half longings and half memories,
In woods where streams
With trembling shades and whirling gleams,
Many and bright,
In song and light,
Are ever, ever flowing;
While the wind, if we list to the rustling grass
Which numbers its footsteps as they pass,
Seems scarcely to be blowing;
And the far-heard voice of Spring,
From sunny slopes comes wandering,
Calling the violets from the sleep
That bound them under the snow-drifts deep,
To open their blue and child-like eyes
On the new Summer's paradise.
And mingled with the gurgling waters—
As the dreamy witchery
Of Acheloüs' silver-voiced daughters,
Rose and fell with the heaving sea,
Whose great heart thrilled with ecstasy—
The song of many a floating bird,
Winding through the rifted trees,

Is dreamily half heard—
A sister stream of melodies,
Rippled by the flutterings
Of rapture-quivered wings.

II.

And now beside a cataract
I lie, and through my soul,
From over me and under
The never-ceasing thunder
Arousingly doth roll.
Through the darkness all compact,
Through the trackless sea of gloom,
Sad and deep I hear it boom;
Suddenly the cloud is crack'd,
And a livid flash doth hiss
Downward from its floating home,
Lighting up the precipice,
And the never-resting foam,
With a dim and ghastly glare,
Which, for a heart-beat, in the air,
Shows the sweeping shrouds
Of the midnight clouds,
And their wildly scattered hair.

III.

Now listening to a woman's tone,
In a wood I sit alone—
Alone, because our souls are one—
All around my heart it flows,
Lulling me to deep repose;
I fear to speak, I fear to move,
Lest I should break the spell I love—
Low and gentle, calm and clear,
Into my deepest soul it goes,
As if my brother dear,
Who is no longer here,
Had bended from the sky,
And murmured in my ear
A strain of that high harmony,
Which they may sing alone
Who worship round the Throne.

IV.

Now in a faëry boat,
On the bright waves of song,
Full merrily I float,
Merrily float along;
My helm is veered, I care not how,
My white sail bellies over me,
And bright as gold the ripples be
That plash beneath the bow;
Before, behind,
They feel the wind,
And they are dancing joyously—
While faintly heard along the far-off shore,
The surf goes plunging with a lingering roar.

V.

Now softly dashing,
Bubbling, plashing,
Mazy, dreamy,
Faint and streamy,
Ripples into ripples melt—
Not so strongly heard as felt;
Now rapid and quick,
While the heart beats thick,
The music's silver wavelets crowd,
Distinct and clear, but never loud;
And now all solemnly and slow,
In mild, deep tones they warble low,
Like the glad song of angels, when
They sang good will and peace to men;

Now faintly heard and far,
As if the spirit's ears
Had caught the anthem of a star
Chanting with his brother-spheres
In the midnight dark and deep,
When the body is asleep,
And wondrous shadows pour in streams
From the twofold gate of dreams;
Now onward roll the billows swelling,
With a tempest-sound of might,
As of voices doom foretelling
To the silent ear of night;
And now a mingled ecstasy
Of all sweet sounds it is—
Oh! who may tell the agony
Of rapture such as this?

VI.

I have drunk of the drink of immortals,
I have drunk of the life-giving wine,
And now I may pass the bright portals
That open into a realm divine!
I have drunk it through mine ears
In the ecstasy of song,
When my eyes would fill with tears
That its life were not more long;
I have drunk it through mine eyes,
In beauty's every shape,
And now around my soul it lies
No juice of earthly grape!
Wings, wings are given to me—
I can flutter, I can rise;
Like a new life gushing thro' me,
Sweep the Heavenly harmonies.

H. P.

DESULTORY SPECULATOR.

NO. VI.

AMERICAN INDIANS.

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind."

This wild, but noble and unhappy race, is rapidly becoming extinct. At the discovery of America, the Indian tribes were numerous and powerful. They occupied the country from north to south, from east to west—living in a state of nature and supporting themselves by hunting and fishing. Their wigwams were extended along the banks of the noblest streams, or enveloped in the gloom of primeval forests. Their origin is buried in fable, and their traditions are obscure, fabulous and unsatisfactory. They are evidently, however, of Tartar stock—but how or when they came, is involved in inextricable darkness. Their vices are those of all savages. They are ferocious, blood-thirsty and vindictive, but their virtues are equally prominent; they are hospitable, brave and true to their word. Of the numerous and warlike tribes that formerly owned and peopled this extensive continent, but few now exist. They are rapidly passing away into the stream of oblivion, and soon nothing will remain of them, but the simple record of their past existence and glory. Where are the descendants of Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas? Alas! they

are blotted from the face of the earth, or swallowed up in the remnants of other tribes. What a noble and generous action was that of Pocahontas! Where, in the history of civilization, can you find a more disinterested act of generosity and sympathy? Of the Indian posterity of Powhatan, not a trace remains—but Pocahontas, the amiable, courageous and noble child of nature, mingled her blood with that of a European, and her posterity still live to boast of and glory in the virtues of her whose story, it is feared, will be regarded as a romance. The late John Randolph, one of the most eminent parliamentary orators of this country, is said to be a lineal descendant of that Princess in the sixth degree. The act to which I have alluded has been attempted to be preserved and perpetuated by the genius of the sculptor, in a groupe in *basso relievo*, occupying a parcel of stone over the western door of the Rotundo of the Capitol at Washington. The artist, Capillano, has, however, in pursuit of the antique, failed to give the features and costume of the Indian, and made a figure resembling more a Grecian Venus than an Indian Princess. The baptism of Pocahontas has been chosen as a subject for the pencil of Chapman, which is to fill one of the panels in the Rotundo. Of the Iroquoise or Five Nations, once a formidable and warlike confederacy, consisting of the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas and Senecas, but a meagre and scanty remnant remains. These Romans of the west occupied, in 1603, a portion of Canada, and resided where Montreal now stands. From an agricultural they became a warlike people, extended their conquests like the ancient Romans, and spread terror wherever they appeared, until they possessed themselves of all the territory not sold to the English, estimated at about 1200 miles in length and 800 miles in breadth. Their warriors in 1677 numbered 2150, and their whole population amounted to about 7000. The following is the language of one of the warriors of this confederacy—Garangula—addressed to the Governor of Canada: "We are born free. We neither depend on Yonondio, nor Corlear.* We may go where we please, and carry with us whom we please, and buy and sell what we please. If your allies be your slaves, use them as such—command them to receive no other but your people," &c. This is the language of a fearless and independent mind, and characteristic of these bold and high-souled natives of the forest. With another distinguished chieftain of this confederacy—Logan, we have been made acquainted through the "Notes" of Mr. Jefferson. He was a Cayuga chief of fine talents and great bravery. Though the friend of white men, his friendship and devotion were rewarded with the destruction of his whole family.

"There runs not a drop of my blood," he said,

* The names they gave to the French and English Governors.

"in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have fully glutted my vengeance. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

The poet Campbell, has made his Oneida chief utter the same affecting sentiment:

"——— He left of all my tribe
Nor man nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth,
Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains.
All perished! I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!"

Poor Logan fulfilled his melancholy destiny by sharing the fate of his family and kindred. He is said to have been murdered by a party of whites, not long after he had delivered the eloquent and affecting speech from which I have made the extract above. But ninety now remain of his once powerful tribe.

The Delawares, another numerous and warlike nation, whose settlements extended from the Hudson to the Potomac, are now also nearly extinct. It is reduced to a few hundred souls, living in Ohio, Louisiana and Missouri. These men called themselves Lenni Lenape, or, the Original People. They came at first, according to tradition, with the Five Nations from beyond the Mississippi, to which they have been gradually returning since the arrival of the Europeans in this country. They were finally divided into forty tribes and were very numerous. They occupied Pennsylvania when Penn arrived, and their descendants still cherish his memory. The Delawares held in high estimation the character of one of their ancient warriors, whom they called *Tamenend*. He was alike distinguished for his private virtues and superior talents—and was believed to have direct communications with the Great Spirit. This chief, the whites during the revolution converted into a *saint*, and celebrated his festival yearly on the 1st of May, by walking in procession, their hats decorated with bucks' tails, and dining in a sylvan retreat, called the *Wigwam*. This subsequently gave rise to associations called Tammany societies, which are now however falling into discredit: though, I believe, one is still kept up nominally in New York. A fine history of this nation has been written by Heckewelder.

But, the most warlike and savage of the Indian nations were the Shawanees, who were originally settled in Georgia and Florida, but afterwards spread along the Ohio and the forks of the Delaware and Pennsylvania. They were engaged in almost perpetual wars, either with the neighboring tribes or the whites. It was this tribe that had the honor of producing the famous *TECUMSEH*—a man of extraordinary powers and great ambition. He was born near Chillicothe. His father was Shawanee, and his mother a Cherokee, who had been made prisoner in a war between these nations. "He

was distinguished," says Mr. Thatcher, "for a steady adherence to principle, and generally to that of the best kind. He prided himself upon his temperance and his truth, maintaining an uncommon reputation for integrity, and never indulging in the excessive use of food or liquor. He would not marry until long after the customary period; and then as a matter of necessity, in consequence of the solicitations of his friends he connected himself with an elderly female who was perhaps not the handsomest or most agreeable lady in the world, but nevertheless bore him one child, his only offspring." Like Hannibal against the Romans, he seems to have sworn vengeance against the Americans, while yet a boy, amidst the ruins and desolation of his native land. Before he was twenty-five, he was reputed the greatest of the Indian warriors, and the most implacable enemy of the whites, upon whose settlements his incursions were repeated and terrible. He appears to have been stimulated not only by hatred, but by a much finer impulse—the love of glory and of country. The spoils which he acquired in his various warlike expeditions, were always freely distributed among his followers—as if he scorned the thought of being influenced by the sordid love of plunder. His views were as grand as they were patriotic. Like Napoleon, he could command armies better than detachments. He appeared, however, too late to render the cause successful in which he had so bravely embarked. Against such a leader, Cortes and Pizarro would have been but rushes before the tempest. His object seems to have been to form a great confederacy of the Indian tribes, for the purpose of preserving their independence and keeping the whites in check. For this purpose he united with him his brother, the famous Prophet, Elskatawa, who was to proclaim his commission from the Great Spirit—reform the manners of the Indians, and raise proselytes by the miracles he performed and the great benefits he promised to confer upon his countrymen. The efforts of these two singular men were, as far as could be expected, successful in uniting the Indians against the Americans—but the confederacy which Tecumseh wished to form, was not so extensive and powerful as it would have been, if his brother had not permanently and imprudently suffered himself to be led into a battle at Tippecanoe, during the absence of the former. The Prophet sustained a defeat, which caused some of the confederate tribes to withdraw, some to remain neutral, and others to appear in open hostility. But Tecumseh's spirit was not broken. He endeavored to make an honorable peace with the Americans, but in vain. Nothing now remained but to strike a deadly blow. He became the ally of Great Britain, during the last war between that nation and this. His "pride, revenge and ambition were roused," says Thatcher. "Repeatedly before this, he had visited all the

tribes on the west banks of the Mississippi, and upon Lakes Huron, Superior and Michigan. He now travelled over the route once more. From north to south, and from east to west, he ranged the continent—threatening, flattering, rousing resentment, alarming superstition, provoking curiosity. No labor fatigued, no disappointment discouraged, no danger alarmed, no emergency surprised him." He became the head of the Anglo-Indian forces, which were more numerous and powerful than had ever before been collected. He commanded the right wing of the allied army at the battle of the Moravian towns. The battle was sanguinary. The British and Indian army were, however, defeated by the Americans; but Tecumseh scorned to fly, while all were flying around him. He was seen in the hottest of the conflict, dealing death wherever he moved. He fell at last on the battle field, and yielded up his noble spirit in the midst of a scene in which he gloried. His dead body was afterwards found, surrounded by thirty of his men, and buried near the spot where he had fallen. He has been properly called the "INDIAN BONAPARTE," and the history of the civilized world does not furnish many instances of greater magnanimity, perseverance, or native intellectual power. To show the loftiness and independence of his mind, a single example will suffice.

At a conference held at Vincennes, after delivering a long and energetic speech, he perceived that he had not been provided with a seat. Governor Harrison ordered one to be placed for him. "Your father," said the interpreter, "requests you to take a chair." "My father!" replied Tecumseh, with a look of scorn—"The sun is my father and the earth is my mother, and on her bosom I will repose." And he threw himself on the ground. When he understood that General Proctor meant to retreat from Malden, he demanded an interview, and in the name of the allied Indians addressed him in a speech of great eloquence, of which the following is a part. "Father, you have got the arms and ammunition which our great father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome for us. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be His will, we wish to leave our bones upon them." The portrait of this distinguished Indian warrior, statesman and orator, has been sketched with great truth by the writer to whom I have been indebted for most of the particulars of his history. "His appearance," says Mr. Thatcher, "was always noble—his form symmetrical—his carriage erect and lofty—his motions commanding; but under the excitement of his favorite theme, he became a new being. His fine countenance lighted up with a fiery and haughty pride. His frame swelled with emotion. Every posture and every gesture had its eloquent mean-

ing. And then language, indeed—the irrepressible outbreking of nature—flowed glowing from the passionate fountains of the soul.” As a politician, he was a Philip—as an orator, a Demosthenes—as a warrior, a Napoleon;—without their intellectual cultivation. He died like a patriot and a hero, in what he supposed to be the cause of his country, and the history of this noble being will, as it deserves, be transmitted to posterity and regarded with esteem and admiration by future generations.

Another Indian chief, whose object seemed to be like that of Tecumseh, I must not omit to mention. Pontiac was prior in time to the celebrated individual just named, but inferior in the qualities which formed the greatness of the Shawaneese chieftain. He belonged to the Ottawa tribe, and existed in the middle of the eighteenth century. He united with the French against the Anglo-Americans, and formed a confederacy of all the northern tribes for the purpose of wholly extirpating the English. It is said that his military plans, to accomplish this object, evinced great genius and courage. His design was to make a sudden and simultaneous attack on all the British fortifications on the lakes. Success in these operations would make him once more master and king of the country of his ancestors. This combination was the more easily effected, from the circumstance that Pontiac, according to Rogers, had the largest empire and greatest authority of any Indian chief that has appeared on the continent since our acquaintance with it.”* The simultaneous movement was made, and on the same day the work of extermination commenced. Nine of the British forts were captured and their garrisons massacred. The war was prosecuted with great energy, skill and courage by the Indian chief; but some of the confederate tribes, finding the British force too powerful, becoming tired of the war sued for peace. Pontiac would not stoop to mingle in the negotiation, abandoned the country and retired to Illinois. There, it is said, he attempted to form among the southern Indians, a new combination against the possessors of his country. “His exertions,” says Thatcher, “grew only the more daring as his prospects became more desperate.” But he was not permitted to succeed in his bold undertaking, and he fell under the blow of an assassin supposed to be employed by the English as a spy, and thus terminated the fears of his enemies and the hopes of his tribe. “His memory,” says Thatcher, “is still cherished among the tribes of the north, and tradition still looks upon him as it looked upon the Hercules of the Greeks.”

Several other combinations were formed at different times by distinguished Indian chiefs and patriots, to rescue their country from the hands of those whom they regarded as usurpers and intruders. They saw their once unbounded possessions gradually receding from them—their numerous

tribes dwindling away—the graves of their fathers overturned by the ploughshare, and their hunting grounds converted into fields of grain, and occupied by men whom they had every reason to look upon as the enemies of their race. Their native courage and a deep sense of the injury and wrongs under which they groaned, roused them to action, and their vengeance became sometimes terrible—but their vengeance was unavailing. They gradually retired before the wave of the white population, yielded up their valuable lands, either by compulsion or persuasion, and buried themselves, from time to time, among the primeval forests of the country, to enjoy their freedom and be uncontaminated by the vices of civilization. But even here they found no security—the arm of the pale-face and his arts and liquid fire reached them. “As the tide of our population rolled on,” says an eloquent American senator,* “we have added purchase to purchase—the confiding Indian listened to our professions of friendship—we called him brother and he believed us—millions after millions he has yielded to our importunity, until we have acquired more than can be cultivated in centuries; and yet we crave more. We have crowded the tribes upon a few miserable acres on our southern frontier—it is all that is left to them of their once boundless forests, and still like the horse leech, our insatiate cupidity cries give—give.” This is a true picture of the treatment the aboriginal proprietors of the soil of America have received from their white brethren since they arrived in this country.

Congress, a few years ago, passed an act for the removal of all the Indian tribes beyond the Mississippi, where they are to be protected by the government, and have been furnished with lands in lieu of those they have abandoned—and almost all these tribes have consented to retire, either voluntarily or by compulsion. The Sacs and Foxes made some resistance to this measure, and under the command of a famous chief, named Black Hawk, held out gallantly for some time, until they were finally defeated by superior numbers and discipline. Of this chief, it was stated at the time of his capture, that he had seen and fixed his affections upon a respectable white lady, to whose friends he made repeated proposals for her hand, and offered droves of valuable Indian ponies, and other plunder—but to his disappointment and chagrin his proposals were rejected. One of his sons, too, fell in love with a young woman named Hall, whom he captured, but whose family he nevertheless murdered—such is the nature of the Indian.

The Seminoles yet hold out against the whole military power of the nation. They will not voluntarily consent to abandon their native fortresses, their hunting grounds and the graves of their fathers—and almost the entire force of the nation

* Rogers’ account.

* Mr. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, in 1830.

has been employed, at an immense expense, for some years in vain, to compel them. They are fighting, if not *pro aris et focis*, at least for their natal soil—and whatever may be their cruelty and treachery, the sympathies of mankind seem to have been so far, in a great degree, with them in their struggles. Of Oseola, the former leader of this tribe, I shall not speak. He was captured by the American troops, and is said to have died of a broken heart, in consequence of the loss of his freedom and the sudden extinction of his prospects of future glory. What is to be the destiny of these remnants of a once powerful and warlike people, in the region beyond the Mississippi, to which they have emigrated, I shall not pretend to predict. The future historian will have the melancholy task of recording their bloody conflicts with each other, and weeping over the final extinction of the aboriginal natives of America.

W—N.

Washington, April, 1840.

OH! LIFE HAS NOUGHT.

I saw him in the morn of life,
A noble, gen'rous one;
Floating his barque on Pleasure's sea,
As Honor steered it on—
The breath of Hope had swelled the sails,
And sunshine o'er it hung;
Away, it sped its dazzling course—
While joyously he sung,
Oh! Life has nought but happiness,
Whate'er the wise may say;
Its freshness and its bloom from me
Can never pass away.

I saw him then at summer eve—
He bent his head to hear
The scarcely uttered words that fell
Like music on his ear—
A lovely girl had murmured them,
As on his arm she hung;
And radiant was the lover's face,
As once again he sung,
Oh! Life has nought, &c.

I saw them both again—and she
Was trembling at his side,
And solemn were the words by which
He claimed her for his bride,
A crowd of friends were gathered round—
But to his ear there sprung
A strain his lips had often breathed,
As joyously he sung,
Oh! Life has nought, &c.

I saw his happy home—his wife
Was o'er an infant bent,
Who to her matchless smile, a look
Of answering beauty sent;
He gazed upon the scene, as if
His earthly hopes were flung
Upon these frail and gentle ones—
And then once more he sung,
Oh! Life has nought, &c.

I saw a mourner stand alone,
Beside a marble tomb;
One flower was taken in the bud—
The other in its bloom—
And to this cherish'd spot he brought
A heart by sorrow wrung;
But a watch was kept by Angels there,
And thus the Spirits sung—
Oh! Life has many a bitter cup,
Whate'er the young may say;
But the glory and the peace of Heaven
Will never pass away.

S. H. S.

THE PRISONER ON PAROLE.

PART SECOND.

St. Leger's health was now restored, and a peremptory order from the American commandant at Charlottesville rendered it necessary for him to return to that post. Until now, when he was about to leave her, he had not realized the depth of the impression made upon him by the charms of the daughter of Ringwood. The afternoon of the day before his departure in a stroll along the tree-fringed bank of the river, he took occasion to mention to her that negotiations for his exchange were in progress, and added, that this event which he had ever since his capture ardently longed for as the best piece of good fortune that destiny could bestow, he now looked forward to, with a certain feeling of dread, because he feared it would be the instrument of a speedy and final separation from her.

On the morning of the ensuing day, the prisoner of war bade adieu to the hospitable halls of Ringwood, with a gay countenance and reluctant heart. His host, Col. Littlepage, accompanied him for a part of the journey. Fleecy clouds in folded pomp deepened by contrast the blue of the sky. In the portico, stood Anne Littlepage following with her eyes the two horsemen, in their course along a lane leading to the outer gate of the plantation. The lane on either hand was bordered with cedars, with here and there, a stray peach or plum tree in full bloom, scattering its dewy blossoms of pink or snowy-white. An extensive wheat-field spread a sea of green,—fanned by the gales of spring, light cloud-shadows like waves chasing one another in quick evanescent succession. Beyond, primitive woods as yet ignorant of the axe, stood wrapped in gloomy shadows beneath, relieved by the splendor above which the sun cast, by an exact line of demarcation, on the vivid green foliage of the tops. Reaching the gate, St. Leger paused to look back at Ringwood house, with its high roof, dormant windows, tall chimnies, the store-houses and offices, and the long row of erect lofty majestic Italian poplars. The form of the lovely maiden

there, was still visible, and as he saw her lily handkerchief waving a last adieu,—the scene was shut out from his view, by an intervening forest into which they entered.

The next morning at Richmond, parting from his generous host, with many kindly valedictions on both sides, St. Leger pursued his journey, and about sunset arrived at Charlottesville. Here in view before him he saw the familiar scenes of his captivity;—the camp of the convention troops,—long rows of log-house barracks lining the declivities of a hill that rose above the town: in front of the barracks an open area, in which the scattered stumps of newly felled trees, manifested that the ground had been recently cleared for the purpose. In another direction, were extensive gardens, in which soldiers were at work, having exchanged the musket and sword, for the spade and weeding-hoe. The scarlet-coated men were either seated indolent, at the threshold of their huts, or sauntering listless over the green; a wagon heavy laden with barrels of flour was slowly toiling up towards the camp, drawn by a long team of yoked oxen. Here a British captain was trying the mettle of a blooded bay, newly purchased;—there a group of officers seated on a log, were solacing their ennui, with the aromatic fumes of long-stemmed tobacco-pipes, recounting their various adventures, cracking jests over each others heads, or caricaturing with high glee, the pomp and circumstance of the American commandant of the post, as he rode slowly by, stately and erect, in buff and blue, with a well-powdered cue of extreme longitude depending from underneath the brim of his cocked hat, two tatterdemalion dragoons in front with drawn swords, and two of the same sort behind him, and a most obstreperous bugler in flank.

The scene there is changed! Captor and captive repose in the dust on either side of the Atlantic; the reveille and countersign are unheard, and the ensigns of war have yielded to the arts of peace. In the place of block-houses and barracks, a learned university, the Salamanca of Virginia, has expanded her classic portals to the flower of the commonwealth, on a spot consecrated by the genius of an illustrious man!

The curtains of evening were now folded in the western sky. Of the British officers, some contrived to kill time in fencing, others at billiards, while of others grouped together one described a quarter-race of mules he had that day witnessed in the neighborhood, and another, a rabbit hunt, in which he had participated, or the charms of some Albemarle beauty. St. Leger in his turn, narrated some of his adventures in his late excursion to the lower country, and tried to affect an interest which he did not feel in the usual recital of rencontres with the semi-barbarians of the country, duels, bad-fare, rats and their enormities, money lost at play, qualities of horses, and the like.

He retired to repose on his humble camp-bed;—where wearied with the fatigues of the day, amid thoughts of the lovely young Virginian, whose image had been ever present before him, since he had parted from her, whether in the solitariness of his journey or in the motley microcosm of the barracks. Dreaming—he stood in the field of battle: a hail-storm of fire whistling in his ears. Through the opening clouds of gunpowder smoke, wavering columns are visible, squadrons of horse with the noise of the trumpet, dash by like a tornado, the horse whose rider is fallen, flies frantic over the plain; the wheeled cannon mingles its bellowing roar with the clangor of arms, and the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying: half awaking with the thunder of the artillery still resounding in his ears, he turns in his bed;—still tossed in a dreamy sea, he now stands in the shade of his own accustomed oaks in England; the sweet haunts of his childhood smile upon him, and he is once more saluted in his paternal halls, by the familiar voices of those he loved. Anon afar from land, in the untracked deserts of the sea, by gleams of lurid lightning that fitfully disclose the horrors of the storm, he sees the seamen like toys clinging to the fluttering shadows, amid creaking masts, and shrieking cordage, and feels the bark that bears him, tossed like the plaything of destruction, and as she sinks into the yawning chasm of the deep,—he starts from his pillow; the next moment a lovely apparition, a form of unearthly beauty is at his side: with her he wanders through the gardens of Ringwood, and ‘gathers fresh dewy flowers to grace her braided hair,’ and in a summer-house latticed with jasmine and myrtle and honey-suckle, where the hum of the bee is heard, and the humming-bird flits with inconstant celerity from flower to flower; together seated they entwine a wreath; the eye of the maiden beams benignantly upon him, and he listens enchanted to the low murmur of her accents, when all at once—suddenly he is startled from his slumber by the loud clattering footsteps of two huge rats recreating themselves by a mal-a-propos, midnight foot-race through the interstices of his log hut. It would be indiscreet to set any particular limits to the extent of the noise, which these curious little animals can make, when they set themselves seriously to work.

PART THIRD.

Virginia until the year 1781, had in a great measure escaped the direct ravages of war; but during this year, it was her destiny, to suffer them in an intense degree. Arnold, at the head of a motley band of traitors and brigands, penetrated into the heart of the state, with impunity plundered the metropolis; and retiring with the same rapidity, with which he had advanced, like a West Indian hurricane distinguished his course everywhere, with the inglorious trophies of outrage and destruc-

tion. Ensconced within the fortifications of Portsmouth, like an ill-omened vulture, his attention was for a time diverted from new projects of havoc and revenge, by the lively apprehensions which he now began to entertain for his own safety. These apprehensions were dispelled by the arrival of a reinforcement, under the command of Gen. Phillips. This officer, after a long captivity, having at length been exchanged, had been selected as a suitable instrument to lay waste a state, in which he had been so long confined a prisoner of war. The force of Arnold being united with his own, Phillips in the spring, proceeded for the second time, to ravage the borders of the James river.

Among the officers who accompanied Phillips, upon this occasion, chanced to be Lieut. St. Leger, who had also recently been exchanged; and it was during this second invasion, that the little occurrences took place which will now be narrated.

While the British troops were quartered at Petersburg, St. Leger on returning from a foraging expedition, learned with inexpressible concern, that a detachment of the army had that day, set out in the direction of Ringwood. The wealth of the Littlepage family, and their patriotism rendered Ringwood a conspicuous object of plunder. A place so endeared to his recollection, St. Leger at once resolved, if possible, to shield from destruction. He therefore requested Gen. Phillips to grant a 'Protection' for Ringwood. To the name of Littlepage, Phillips was reluctant to yield any favor; but overcome by the earnest solicitations of the young officer, he at length ordered an aid to prepare the Protection. It ran thus: "Major General Phillips, commander in chief of his Majesty's forces, in this province, hereby orders, that the property of Colonel Edward Littlepage, shall not in any manner be molested or injured by his Majesty's troops. Any violation of this order will be forthwith followed by condign punishment."

"General Phillips is happy to extend this favor to Colonel Littlepage, in return for the courtesy shown by that gentleman, to certain of his Majesty's officers while prisoners of war in Virginia."

Gen. Phillips inquired of St. Leger, how he meant to convey the paper to Col. Littlepage? he replied, that he desired to deliver it in person; "then," said the general, "you must have either an escort, or a flag." St. Leger however declined both, and expressed an entire willingness to encounter every risk. 'Well,' said Phillips, 'be assured if these Buckskins catch you, they will tuck you up on the nearest tree;' and as the lieutenant retired, he remarked to his aid, 'Noble, I will bet you a thousand pounds to a penny, that there is some girl in this case;—nothing else will account for such an absurd manoeuvre.'

The sun had crossed the meridian of the sky, when St. Leger in a plain dress, equipped with a brace of pistols, mounted his horse at the gate of

Bollingbrook-house, and proceeded in the direction of Ringwood; which he hoped to reach in time to anticipate the arrival of the marauders, whose route was more circuitous. His road lay chiefly through forests, in whose awful gloom was heard no sound, save the occasional vivacious staccato tap of the crimson-crested woodpecker, or the mournful note of some sequestered solitary dove. The plantations seemed deserted of their inhabitants,—except here and there a straggling negro apparently skulking from the horseman's approach. While absorbed in reflections on the circumstances of the errand in which he was engaged, St. Leger was suddenly confronted by a party of mounted men, the leader of whom, after some interrogation, the replies to which seemed suspicious, made him a prisoner; and placed in the centre of the party he was conducted by an obscure road, to a house in the interior. The party were in the ordinary dress of the country—with no uniform distinction, except green twigs inserted in their hat-bands,—and they were variously armed with swords, carbines and muskets. Arrived at the house, the leader of the guerilla party instituted a more particular investigation into the case of the prisoner. St. Leger, frankly disclosed his character, and the circumstances of his errand. His statement produced a diversity of opinions among the party; some of them were disposed to release him at once from confinement, while others and with them the leader, seemed to think it more judicious to retain him until the morning, and submit the circumstances to squire Page, a man of note in that part of the country, and a justice of the quorum. This sentiment prevailed, and the young Briton found himself obliged to remain in their hands. The evening passed off in noisy talk, and frequent potations of rum from their canteens. At length overcome by liquor and the fatigues of an active day, the militia men fell asleep; not however without the precaution of placing the prisoner on a straw pallet on the floor between two of the party. St. Leger found no sleep; but wrapping himself in his cloak, lay perfectly still. At length about midnight, one of the inebriated militia men began to snore; commencing, like the Roman empire from small beginnings, his sternutatory thorough-bass increased by a regular series of cumulative gradations, until the prisoner was satisfied that all minor disturbances would pass unnoticed under cover of so inordinate an uproar;—'Omne majus minus infra se continet.' Extricating himself from his cloak,—he softly arose, and leaving his boots and cloak stole gently out at the door, and in a few moments mounted his horse, and made the best of his way towards the main-road—this he at length found, not without difficulty, and turning again towards Ringwood, he dashed through the woods at a swinging gallop. The moon had been casting a dim fitful superstitious light on the earth beneath, her disk occa-

sionally obscured; now dark masses of cloud banked up to the west were swept over the sky in successive battalions; the leaves of the forest rustled fluttering in mimic whirlwinds;—a prelude of deep, unnatural stillness ensued, when sudden burst upon the ear a peal of thunder;—the rain poured down in a flood,—the thunder bellowed, and the lightning flashed from every quarter of the heavens. The roads were deluged with water,—and could only be distinguished by the fitful aid of the lightning as it gleamed through the horror of the surrounding forest. The whole heavens blazed in a liquid sheet of fire,—a lofty pine fell crashing athwart the road, its gnarled trunk shivered into a thousand splinters; St. Leger was stunned;—his horse reared up violently, and with an unearthly scream of terror, fell prostrate with his rider.

Dewy morn was streaking the rosy west with gold-tipped clouds, when St. Leger reached the precincts of Ringwood. Every leaf of the forest, every blade of grass, and flower of the field came out from the recent storm refreshed,—in renovated beauty; and the singing birds of spring were chanting their matin hymns of gladness. St. Leger entered the outer gate of the plantation, and as he rode down the lane quickened his pace, from an eager solicitude to discover whether the apprehended catastrophe had occurred. The eagles which had surmounted the massive pillars of the arched gate-way were gone; he reached the yard; the work of destruction was done! the Protection had come too late! The yard was strewn with monuments of recent pillage. He passed on into the house; there the floor was covered with fragments of glass, china and mirrors broken up; the windows were smashed, the inside shutters distorted from their hinges; the walls naked, blackened with smoke, and disfigured with gross expressions written in charcoal by the soldiery. The family portraits were partly lying on the floor, or in the yard where they had been fired at as targets, and riddled with bullet-holes, or pierced with vindictive bayonets; the rest had been cut into strips, and the canvass converted into knapsacks. The books of an extensive and curious library had been thrown in a heap from a window, and burnt. Stray half-charred tattered leaves, that had survived the conflagration, fluttered in the zephyr; among these, the lieutenant had the curiosity to pick up one, marked with the notes of music;—the air was a simple one and the words written in the hand of the daughter of Ringwood—which he recognized as one which he had heard her sing so touchingly to the harpsichord.

And where now was that drooping form, in what shelter was that sweet ill-starred flower cowering from the elements? She on whom,

"The freshness of the heart did fall like dew,
Which out of all the lovely things we see,
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in the bosom."

Fled from her sanctuary of peace and innocence, exposed to the extremities of want, and tortured perhaps by a thousand apprehensions of danger! What a return!

"Freeze, freeze thou wintry sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot."

St. Leger proceeded to reconnoitre the garden; he found it trodden down by the footsteps of men and horses; the fences burnt; the summer-house of his dream demolished, and near the spot where it stood, the carcasses of cattle slain by the plunderers. In the entire garden, he found nothing to remind of its identity, but the initials A. L. on the smooth bark of a fruit tree, which he recollected carving there. At this instant he heard the distant clattering of horses feet;—quickly mounting his charger he galloped rapidly away by a private road in another direction.

Here our story terminates—too abruptly. To glean the farther particulars of the history of St. Leger and the Littlepages, the writer has used every possible means within his power, yet with but little success. Time is continually dissolving the traditions of that day, and from the shipwreck of the past, only a few disjointed fragments are tossed upon the shore.

Ringwood is yet standing,—dilapidated and ruinous. Out of numerous rooms only one or two are now habitable. Those, on a visit the writer made there some years ago, were occupied by an obscure old lady, from whom no satisfactory antiquarian information could be gleaned,—except that 'she had heard say that some of the quality used to live there.'

In one corner of the parlor was a heap of loose unpicked cotton, and the only furniture one old chair with three legs. The saloon was festooned with cobwebs,—the blue room was desolate; and the nursery no longer echoed the voices of childhood; the doors are rotting from their hinges, and the vacant windows are open to all the winds of heaven. The oaken pannels and curious cornice speak of a former day; and the walls on the outside are tinged with the dusky yellow hue of antiquity. All is empty, silent and cheerless. As you tread the unaccustomed stairway, echo disturbed in her long sleep, repeats the noise of your footsteps through the vacant corridors, and deserted halls,—mingling with the winds as they moan the requiem of Ringwood!

Not far from Ringwood, stands still more ruinous, St. Mary's church. There, on the bank of the river, is a grave-yard,—surrounded by an antique wall, in part fallen down;—there, the wild grape, myrtle and Indian honey-suckle have come like friendship in adversity, and fastened their tendrils in the crumbling monuments of decay,—as if desirous with their mantling foliage, to conceal the

ravages of time, and decorate the scenery of death. Here, under a clump of patriarchal oaks,—I found half buried in the earth, side by side, two tombstones. Clearing away the grass and earth, and with the blade of a pen-knife scooping out the letters, not without difficulty, I decyphered the following inscriptions :

Here lyeth the body of
Lieutenant HENRY ST. LEGER.

Born at Graystock-park, in the county of Suffolk, England, A. D. 1757. He married, A. D. 1784, Anne, daughter of Colonel Edward Littlepage, of Ringwood, in this county. Died, 1792.

Here lyeth the body of
ANNE LITTLEPAGE ST. LEGER,
only daughter of Colonel Edward Littlepage, of Ringwood, in this county. She was born A. D. 1765. Died, A. D. 1793.

Petersburg, Va.

C. C.

VERSIFICATION OF EIGHTH PSALM.*

O Lord ! how excellent thy name,
Thy glory heaven and earth proclaim,
And with thy love are fill'd ;
Thy strength, from infant's mouths ordain'd,
Thy foes in silence has enchain'd,
And the avenger still'd.

When to my view the heavens arise,
When I behold thy work, the skies,
With moon and stars o'erspread ;
Oh ! what is man, or his vile race,
That thou should'st deign one ray of grace
To save his guilty head ?

But little lower than angels plac'd,
With glory and with honor grac'd,
Thou mad'st him king of all ;
To him supreme, creation yields,
The flocks and herds that range the fields
Obey his powerful call.

The fowls that high on pinions ride,
The fish that cleave the azure tide,
Confess his potent sway ;
O Lord ! how good is then thy name,
Thy glory heaven and earth proclaim,
And both thy voice obey.

*The late Caleb B. Upshur, of Northampton, was a gentleman of fine literary taste, and of more than ordinary literary attainments. He was a frequent contributor, both in prose and poetry, to the literary periodicals of his day, and particularly to the *Port Folio*, then holding decidedly the first rank among them. During the latter years of his life, which was a very short one, other pursuits demanded his attention, and he withdrew himself almost entirely, from the cultivation of letters. Nevertheless, he left behind him a few "poetic remains," among which is the above versification of the 8th Psalm, written at the request of a pious female friend.

J. L. U.

THE SEQUEL

TO THE HISTORY OF AN ADVENTURER.

Does calm philosophy proclaim the fact,
That self incites each seeming virtuous act ?
That, ere we act, we calculate the cost,
And balance nicely what is gain'd or lost ?
No ! 'tis the offspring of some worldling's brain,
Who feels no passion but the lust of gain ;
Or steep'd in vice, enslav'd by habits base,
Becomes a living libel on our race.
If this were true, then why should we admire
The patriot's firmness, or the hero's fire ?
Why shed o'er Howard the unbidden tear,
And greet with unbought praise his bright career ?
The gushing flow of heav'n-born sympathy,
The throb of love, and friendship's sacred tie,
And all the social charities that bind,
With links of adamant, the world of mind,
If this were true, are nought but vain deceit,
And virtue but another name for cheat.

Lines from an Unpublished Fragment.

The series of events, recorded in this sequel, date their commencement about six or seven years after the return of our adventurer from New Orleans to Georgia. At that epoch causes were in operation, which, in a short time, wrought a thorough revolution in his fortunes, and reduced him from the summit of worldly prosperity, to a state of destitution, the more miserable, because embittered by the reproaches of the world, and uncheered by the retrospect of a virtuous life. The foregoing sketch of his biography, it may be conjectured, was completed prior to that eventful period ; for, in the close of his memoirs, he describes his prospects as unclouded by the slightest token of adversity. He does not seem to have designed this account of himself for publication, at least in his lifetime ; and no motive can be assigned, why, in a narrative designed only for his own eye, he should have disguised or perverted the truth. A breach of candor in a matter of such subordinate importance can scarcely be imputed to a man, who, on all occasions, manifests the utmost insensibility to public censure ; who reveals, without excuse or palliation, his most dishonorable transactions ; and has not scrupled to advocate a system, which, though practised by many, is universally condemned by the moral sense of mankind. When, therefore, he depicts in such flattering and brilliant colors the condition of his affairs, he must have been unconscious of that cloud of disaster, as yet "no bigger than a man's hand," which was soon to burst upon him, and overthrow the splendid superstructure of his fortunes. Had he heard even the indistinct mutterings of the storm, or seen disgrace and poverty, like fearful meteors, lowering on his horizon, he would scarcely have exulted in the possession of that, "which should accompany old age—honor, respect, obedience, troops of friends," or dwelt with such satisfaction on the tranquil serenity and elegance of his retirement. And, yet, while he rioted in the enjoyment of these multiplied blessings, and defied in his heart the utmost malice of fortune, a reverse, the most appalling and calamitous, though announced by no handwriting on the wall, was silently approaching.

The class from which he sprung, and to whose favor he was principally indebted for his political preferment, had begun to view his sudden elevation with wonder, not unmixed with envy and suspicion. When they saw a man, their equal in degree, and, as they deemed, not superior to them in natural endowments, transplanted, as it were by enchantment, to the dizzy heights of opulence and power, and clutching the richest rewards of ambition, their self-love was wounded, and they were prone to believe, that the means by which he succeeded were sinister and unwar-

rantable. "The engineer is sometimes hoist by his own petard," and the deepest dissemblers are frequently outwitted by their supposed dupes. Though shrewd in detecting the designs and weaknesses of others, these double-refined hypocrites imagine their own to be hid under an impenetrable veil, unconscious of the piercing sagacity, sometimes evinced by the most ignorant, in unravelling the wiles of those who seek to build their fortunes on the credulity of the multitude. Professing to confide in none, they yet suppose that their own craft and duplicity have secured them unlimited confidence, and, with a refinement of self-love scarcely credible, conceive that their associates and dependants are knit to them by the ties of sincere affection. Strange infatuation! that those whose vocation it is to impose on others, should vainly fancy that they are impassive to the arts of dissimulation. The populace had been flattered by Newman's assiduous courtship; yet they suspected the selfish views that lurked beneath his feigned democracy and superserviceable zeal for their interests, and were not indisposed to credit, on slender surmises, charges prejudicial to his reputation.

The wealthier classes, with whom he was now associated by education, property, and connexions, regarded him as an upstart and intruder. His treachery to Lamar, his insidious artifices in the canvass with Morton, his rancorous hatred of that amiable and talented young man, his vindictive ferocity in their last fatal rencontre, his habitual indifference to every tie of honor or gratitude that interfered with his interest or ambition, had inflamed their instinctive jealousy of this aspiring plebeian into a bitter and deep-rooted antipathy. In the intercourse of society, his dissolute habits and occasional breach of the decencies of life, were disgusting to all who made pretensions to refinement. Though his conversation was various and entertaining, and few could better play, for the nonce, the courteous and polite gentleman, yet no ductility of manner could disguise the essential taint of vulgarity imparted to his characters by the scenes and associations through which he had passed. To those who revered the sanctity of moral and religious obligation, there was something still more offensive in his open avowal of the most licentious and impious opinions. The external semblance of cordiality, therefore, with which he was received in the more polished circles, arose from no sentiment of real respect, but from a sordid deference for wealth, or a dastardly fear of his resentment. Few have the firmness, and still fewer the disposition to measure their deportment to men by the strict standard of moral justice. Deterred from active resistance by policy, or prudence, or timidity, the bulk of even good men permit audacious depravity to usurp that station in the world, which should be conceded only to tried integrity and honor. But let not the prosperous knave reckon too largely on this forbearance. In the vicissitudes of this chequered scene, reverses await us all, and when the fortunes of a bad man are on the wane, when his power and influence have "declined into the sere, the yellow leaf," the sense of moral justice, suspended, not extinguished, will deaden sympathy, give keener pungency to the sting of reproach, and exact a sure, though tardy retribution for past enormities.

Among the more intelligent of his political associates, there existed a settled conviction, founded on a close observation of his public conduct, that Newman had espoused the cause of his party from a single eye to his own advancement. They were satisfied, that a league formed exclusively on such views, would be renounced without scruple, whenever his interest demanded its dissolution; nor could they expect implicit fidelity to his party engagements from a man, who was actuated by such narrow and sordid considerations. His suspected embezzlements while a public officer at Savannah, his connection with the infamous Yazoo speculation, his unfair and disingenuous mode of electioneer-

ing, his undisguised laxity of principle in all matters which concerned the gratification of his passions, had with the more honorable and respectable portion of that party, destroyed all faith in his personal and political integrity. I say personal and political integrity, because these qualities though in their nature inseparable, it is now fashionable to believe, are capable of an independent existence. There were others of the party, and those among its most prominent and influential members, who had formerly patronized him as an useful and efficient subaltern, but who, viewing him now as a formidable rival in the pursuit of official power and emolument, were not unwilling to blast his reputation by blazoning these imputations to the world. No one ever seriously thought of electing him to the federal senate, though the glittering lure of a seat in that august body was sometimes held out to him by his flatterers, or by those who wished to confirm the stability of his party allegiance.

The conspicuous position occupied by our adventurer, the singular events of his public and private life, his share in the military and civil transactions of his country, his bold and resolute temper, his acknowledged abilities and his immense wealth, had made his character the subject of general speculation, and excited an unusual curiosity as to the particulars of his early history. Vague surmises, undefined and ambiguous rumors, impeaching the probity of his conduct in Virginia and Baltimore, were circulated; aspersions the more fatal to his reputation, that they were propagated in corroding whispers. The dim outlines of evil deeds, buried, as he thought, in the fathomless depths of oblivion, were evoked by the restless spirit of defamation, and, magnified in their dimensions through the shadowy medium of the past, rose up, like the ghosts of the murdered, to haunt and to upbraid him.

On our adventurer's own principles, a hold on the confidence of men is an indispensable preliminary to the successful practice of fraud and deception, and that confidence will never be reposed but on the faith of an ample fund of real or supposed good character. When he has exhausted that fund, the dissembler is disarmed forever of his capacity for mischief. The time had now arrived, when his repeated experiments on the credulity of mankind had so weakened their reliance on the sincerity of our adventurer, that his skill and address had lost their virtue, and simplicity itself was a match for his most ingenious machinations. But, like a gamester, who, bankrupt in credit, has risked his last stake, he must stand the hazard of the die, though failure should involve inevitable ruin. Yet, amidst this growing distrust, public sentiment had evinced towards him no decided indications of hostility. His supposed wealth and influence, and, still more, the stern determination and inflexible firmness of his character had, as yet, imposed silence on the tongue of censure, or suppressed, at least, its audible expression. The odium thus accumulating in secret, became the more irresistible when, by the impulse of some fortuitous excitement, the force which confined it should be suddenly overcome.

Whilst even-handed justice was thus hoarding up for Newman's future discomfiture a magazine of wrath and reproach, which the slightest indiscretion on his part would cause to explode, the elements of discord were at work in the bosom of his own family. His son, whom, in his pretended zeal for popular principles, he had dignified with the venerable name of Hambden, had now attained the first dawn of manhood. Gifted with no inconsiderable share of his father's capacity, Hambden Newman inherited, in their full vigor, the impatience of control, the imperturbable audacity, the undaunted courage, the vindictive sense of injury and the selfish spirit, for which our adventurer had been always distinguished. It is not surprising, that, with such qualities, this young reprobate should be still more remarkable for his precocity in wickedness than for the early development of

his mental and physical powers. With no fixed principles, and rebelling against every moral restraint, he followed the impulse of his undisciplined passions wherever pleasure beckoned to enjoyment, and plunged, with reckless vehemence, into every species of debauchery. The influence of paternal example, and the belief that he was born to the sole inheritance of an opulent fortune, combined to augment his innate proclivity to these dissolute courses.

When Newman returned from New Orleans accompanied by Letitia, and acknowledged her as his legitimate daughter by Miss Langdon, Hambden was by no means delighted with the recognition. The unexpected discovery of a sister awakened no fraternal emotions in his bosom, nor could the sex, beauty, and infantile innocence of this interesting child produce the slightest impression on his obdurate selfishness. He looked upon her as a rival, and could not brook the idea of sharing his splendid expectations with this unwelcome intruder. So great was his chagrin, that, young as he was, he could not forbear risking his father's displeasure by the insinuation, that our adventurer, to rob him of his birthright, had produced a supposititious child, and was endeavoring to palm her on the world as the daughter of Miss Langdon. Justly incensed by this impudent and groundless charge, Newman threatened to discard his son should he ever venture to insult him by its repetition. The young man was silenced for the present by this stern prohibition; but resolved, nevertheless, to resume the controversy at some future period, when it might be more beneficial to his interests.

There were other subjects of debate and contention between this exemplary father and his hopeful son. Our adventurer had always furnished Hambden with a liberal allowance; and yet his extravagant expenditure at the brothel, the race-course, the gaming-table, and every other haunt of vice, had not only exhausted this generous supply, but had involved him in enormous debts. To maintain his influence with his dissolute associates, it was essential that he should liquidate these growing arrearages, and his demands upon paternal munificence became, therefore, the more frequent and importunate. Indulgence seemed only to swell the magnitude of his exactions; till, finding that no liberality could glut his profusion, his father refused, at length, to make any further advances. The truth was, that notwithstanding Newman's great income, his luxurious and expensive habits, combined with his splendid and prodigal hospitality, had absorbed not merely his annual resources, but had forced him to incumber his estate with the burthen of some heavy mortgages. While the extravagance of his son subjected him to no personal sacrifice, he was content, from a vain-glorious pride, to lavish on that profligate young man, without remonstrance or inquiry, an amount which could serve no purpose but to foster and invigorate his evil propensities; yet, when filial improvidence encroached on the peculium appropriated to his own pleasures, his self-love took the alarm, and the applications of his son for pecuniary aid were sternly and inflexibly repelled. To restrain the prodigality of this young man with a view to his moral reformation had never entered into his scheme of paternal discipline; but now, when it narrowed the sources of his own enjoyment, and trenched on the sacred province of self, his mind became suddenly enlightened as to the turpitude of such conduct, and the imperative obligations of duty which enjoined its correction and punishment. He despatched eloquently on the pernicious consequences of dissipation, and rebuked, in strong and emphatic terms, the habitual immorality of the youthful offender.

No rogue e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law,

and these reproaches were equally distasteful to the object of this parental objurgation. Irritated by disappointment

and reproof, this graceless youth threw aside all reverence for his father, all respect even for decency. The incongruity of such a moral homily from a man of his father's habits, did not escape him, and he marked his sense of the absurdity by alluding, with a sneer, to the old adage of satan reproving sin. He insolently complained of the niggard and selfish parsimony evinced by his father to the offspring of Miss Langdon, whom, when a needy and obscure adventurer, he had inveigled into an imprudent marriage by the falsest and most insidious pretences. He insisted, that his father was bound, in point of justice, to allow the son of Miss Langdon a liberal portion of that splendid inheritance, so surreptitiously obtained by practising on her weakness and credulity. Instead of fulfilling this sacred duty, imposed alike by the dictates of honor and the impulses of natural affection, he alleged, that our adventurer had not only restricted that son to a paltry and miserable stipend, while he squandered thousands on his own pleasures, but had actually produced, in the character of Miss Langdon's lost daughter, the spawn of some of his infamous connections to participate in the division of that patrimony, which, by every law human and divine, should be transmitted to her posterity. Such were the insolent taunts and bitter invectives, which this unnatural son, in the fury of ungoverned passion, had the hardihood to address to his father. Our adventurer was now made to feel,

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!

and, if his mind were not dead to the perception of truth, might have derived from that cutting lesson a practical refutation of his fallacious reasonings on the obligations of gratitude. Such an outrage could not fail to produce a rupture between the father and son, and the embers of family discord, so long smouldering in secret, now burst forth in an inextinguishable flame. Newman was not of a temper to brook such language as this from any person, much less from one, bound, as he conceived, to treat him with every observance of reverence and respect. Habituated to self-command, he seldom permitted his rage, however deadly, to break out into violent and threatening language; but this apparent coolness only bespoke its depth and vehemence, like the ominous stillness that preludes the hurricane. Without a word of comment or recrimination, he listened to this intemperate tirade, and, when Hambden had exhausted his stock of insolent abuse, scornfully commanded him to leave the house, and vent his ribaldry to the congenial ears of the blackguards and bullies with whom he associated. The young man was not in a mood of obedience, and stubbornly contemned his father's authority. When he perceived that Hambden still confronted him with an air of bold defiance, Newman no longer restrained his just resentment, and, with his usual decision, proceeded to expel the rebellious youth by force from his presence. A scuffle ensued, and this scene of unnatural violence and altercation would, probably, have terminated in a homicide still more unnatural, but for the interference of some casual visitors, who separated the infuriated combatants, and, with some difficulty, persuaded Hambden to withdraw. Such is the just retribution prepared for those parents who, by precept and example, foster in their children the selfish propensities of human nature, unchecked by the counterpoise of moral and religious principle.

Renouncing forever all intercourse with a son so depraved and so devoid of every sentiment of filial duty, our adventurer resolved to cherish with redoubled care the helpless girl whom his penitent wife had, in her last moments, so affectingly recommended to his protection. Whatever property was subject to his absolute disposal, he destined at his decease for this interesting girl; and as her brother manifestly intended to controvert her claim to an interest in

the estate of her mother, he took measures to substantiate her identity as the daughter of Miss Langdon. Though animosity to his son was the proximate cause of such laudable resolutions, yet these vindictive impulses, so congenial to his nature, were not unmingled with softer emotions. The fountains of tenderness, which a long career of selfish and brutal indulgence had sealed up in his bosom, had been opened by the playful innocence and infantile endearments of his daughter. For the first time, that stubborn and stony heart melted under the benignant influence of the kindly affections, and the attachment felt by him for this engaging child, was the more intense and ardent that it was confined to a single object. As she grew up, this feeling became every day more predominant, and he contemplated, with mingled pride and pleasure, the early development of those mental and bodily perfections with which she was so eminently endowed. At the time of this breach between her father and brother, she was in her fifteenth year, and truly never did a child promise to reward parental culture with a richer harvest of beauty, talent, and virtue. To a face of the most betwicing loveliness, she united a form light and graceful as a fairy's and of the most perfect symmetry. Though the lily predominated in her complexion, yet was it enriched with a lively glow of health, and, ever and anon, the eloquent blood played like summer lightning on her cheek with every throb of sensibility. But lovely as was the blush of maiden bashfulness that mantled her countenance, it was scarcely so enchanting as the playful and innocent vivacity, as remote from levity as from coarseness, which marked her deportment. Her conversation was embellished by an unaffected softness and a fascinating simplicity, which bespoke at once the elegance of her mind, as well as the innate purity and delicacy of her character. Yet these uncommon attractions of person and manners, were but the outward garniture, the faint reflection, of that moral beauty which shone within. Untainted by the slightest infusion of vanity or affectation, she seemed wholly unconscious of her personal charms, and insensible to the blandishments of flattery or admiration. She had no taste for the frivolous pursuits and idle gratifications, which engross the thoughts of the votaries of fashionable dissipation. It was only in the sphere of domestic duty and usefulness, and in the exercise of beneficence, that her spirit found its congenial element. Attuned to the kindest and most generous affections, her heart melted with compassion at the spectacle of human wretchedness, and glowed with admiration of all that was great and noble. Envy was wholly foreign to her disposition, and she derived positive enjoyment from the contemplation of whatever was excellent or beautiful in the moral or natural world. All that was admirable in her female friends and companions commanded the ready tribute of her applause, and nothing afforded her more exquisite delight than to minister to their happiness. The golden chord of sympathy, on which hang the moral destinies of mankind, was interwoven with every fibre of her nature, nor could she view with indifference the misery of the humblest of the human family. Her sensibilities, when awakened by the wail of distress, did not, like those of a sentimental belle, expend themselves in barren and fruitless lamentation. Her benevolence was an active principle, and could not rest satisfied until effectual relief was administered to the objects of her commiseration. Young as she was, she had learned that generosity does not consist in lavishing, with careless and unfeeling indifference, upon the indigent, the superfluous which we neither need nor value; but that its true essence is to be found in sacrificing for the relief or happiness of others our own cherished desires and gratifications. The circumstances of her childhood had taught her the useful habit of self-denial, and the awe inspired by the stern inflexible spirit of her father, kept alive the practice of that important lesson. It

was, in this way, that her naturally fine dispositions had not yet been perverted by that injudicious indulgence which had been the bane of her mother.

It may seem strange, that a character so consummate should have been formed under the moral tuition of our adventurer. But there is a perverse obliquity in some natures, which no education can correct, while in others the moral constitution is so finely harmonized, that it ripens into spontaneous excellence, untainted by bad example and almost unaided by culture. For all these admirable traits, Letitia was, perhaps, more indebted to the neglect than to the instruction of her father. Absorbed in his own worldly projects, he gave himself but little concern about the dispositions of a child, and willingly delegated to others the irksome task of training her infant mind. Luckily he selected for this office a decayed gentlewoman, whose misfortunes had driven her to seek, in the occupation of a governess, a meagre subsistence for her declining years. This good woman's name was Evans, and, during the six years that she remained at Mr. Newman's, she applied herself with conscientious diligence to the moral improvement of her charge. The good seed took root and flourished, and finally expanded into that maturity of virtue which I have feebly attempted to delineate. Yet this lovely and amiable creature was not altogether exempt from human weakness and infirmity. Though, for any purpose of her own, nothing could induce her to offend her sense of propriety or rectitude, yet might she be persuaded, by an appeal to her affections from those she loved, to deviate into actions repugnant to her feelings and condemned by her understanding. Wilful transgression, to one of her temper, must always be succeeded by remorse, and it was to be feared, that connected as she was with a man so selfish and unprincipled, this foible in her character might be made the source to her of much future misery.

The mind of Letitia was not unworthy of these extraordinary moral and physical endowments. To an ardent thirst for improvement, she united a quickness of apprehension, which mastered with intuitive readiness whatever she wished to acquire. Her imagination was lively and brilliant; her judgment prompt and discriminating: and such was her patient sweetness of disposition and perfect docility, that the task of instructing her was a pleasure, rather than a burthen. With this capacity for the acquisition of general knowledge, she was not tempted to neglect the cultivation of feminine accomplishments. Her own good sense impressed her with the conviction that the domestic circle is the appropriate sphere of woman, where her virtues shine with the purest and brightest lustre, and that to qualify herself for that station should be the first object of her exertions. It is not surprising, that a creature so gifted and lovely should have excited a deep interest even in the hard unfeeling nature of our adventurer. His cold and self-possessed manner, induced by the long practice of dissimulation, seldom permitted any outward expression of his feelings; yet the depth of his tenderness towards this favorite child would occasionally vanquish his habitual self-command, and break out into acts of endearment, the more touching that they were rare and involuntary. These striking indications of parental love from a man usually so stern and reserved, joined to his uniform kindness, had inspired the affectionate heart of this amiable girl with the most devoted and dutiful attachment; and she was prepared to make any sacrifice for the promotion of his comfort and happiness.

Proud of the fine capacity of his daughter, Newman determined to give her the advantages of a finished education, and, for that purpose, engaged the services of William Goodwin, a young man from Virginia, to act in the capacity of her tutor. It was a singular coincidence, that Goodwin should have been the grandson of Mr. Thompson, our ad-

venturer's first and greatest benefactor. Why he should have sought an instructor in Virginia, or why, among the multitudes that offered themselves to his choice, more fit in point of age, and not inferior in point of attainments, he should have selected a genteel, handsome, and talented youth for the responsible office of directing the studies of a beautiful girl, are circumstances that seem difficult of solution. Yet, to account for such an oversight in a man usually so shrewd and sagacious, it may be presumed, that he was apprised of Goodwin's relationship to Mr. Thompson; that, though he disclaims such a sentiment in his memoirs, he felt some remains of gratitude towards that excellent man, and some compunctious visitings for his treatment of the unfortunate Alice; and that, by the patronage of one of its descendants, he thought to make a tardy, though inadequate atonement to the family he had so deeply injured. Bad men often lay this "flattering unction to their souls," that by such acts of imperfect retribution, they expiate crimes, the fruits of which they are unwilling to relinquish.

Whatever motive may have operated on our adventurer in the adoption of a plan so hazardous to the peace of his daughter, he could not have confided this important charge to a man of more scrupulous integrity, or greater accomplishments, than William Goodwin. This young man was the son of Mr. Thompson's third daughter, and, with the blood, inherited all the excellent qualities of his grandfather. His parents had prospered more in the increase of their family, than in the improvement of their pecuniary circumstances. They were rich in the possession of a numerous and promising offspring, whom they managed to support in comfort and independence upon a limited income. Happy in the affectionate harmony and dutiful conduct of their children, the fireside of these worthy people presented a spectacle of cheerful content, and homebred enjoyment, which monarchs might have envied; and they would have had nothing to desire, had their resources been adequate to the education of their growing family. In moral training, in the inculcation of sound religious principles, no parents could be more diligent and exemplary than Mr. Goodwin and his wife; but they were grieved to think, that the minds of this amiable and gifted progeny would be suffered, from the narrowness of their means, to lie waste and uncultivated. From this source of disquietude, the only drawback on their felicity, they were relieved by the voluntary efforts of their children, who, with very little aid from their parents, contrived, from the fruits of their own labor, to defray the expenses of a liberal education. This early struggle with difficulties, which imparted nerve and muscle to their characters, confirmed and invigorated the excellent habits and principles imbibed under the parental roof, and prepared them to act their parts on the theatre of life with far more dignity and usefulness, than those weak, effeminate creatures, who are nursed and dandled in the lap of opulence. The consciousness of having subdued by their own energies, obstacles before which weaker spirits would have quailed, inspired them with a modest and manly confidence in their own powers, while the proofs afforded by their conduct, of stability, industry, and perseverance, laid a broad and solid foundation for future success in the universal esteem of their acquaintance. It was a familiar prediction, in the country where they were known, that the sons of Mr. Goodwin were destined to attain the highest distinctions of the republic. To discharge the debts incurred in the progress of their education, and to provide resources wherewith to qualify themselves for the various professions they intended to embrace, these young men had recourse to the honorable and useful calling of instruction; an occupation, which, if it lead not to wealth and distinction, furnishes a certain assurance of pecuniary independence, and is exempt from those cares, temptations and vicissitudes, which beset more aspiring pursuits.

From the influence of inducements such as these, William Goodwin accepted the overtures of our adventurer, some faint tradition of whose former connection with his family had reached them. The genius of this young gentleman was of the first order, and his attainments in science and literature various and extensive. Ardent and persevering, he had pushed his researches into every department of knowledge, nor had he neglected the cultivation of the elegant accomplishments. He had never been contaminated by mingling in that dirty scuffle for place and power so commonly dignified with the name of politics; but, like every intelligent and enlightened freeman in this country, he had investigated deeply and thought much on the structure of our complex political system, and the true principles on which our government should be administered. From conviction, he had embraced the tenets of the party, to which our adventurer was attached; and, though not much addicted to political discussion, it was, with pleasure, that he found himself connected with a man of congenial views and opinions. Of the personal character of our adventurer, or of the accidents of his past life, he knew comparatively nothing, and had merely heard him represented as a man of talents, and an opulent planter. Had he been thoroughly informed in these particulars, it is certain, that he would have declined all intercourse with a man so unprincipled; for he had the most delicate sense of honor, and the deepest abhorrence of selfishness and treachery. To have associated intimately with one so depraved and abandoned, would, in his estimation, have been to dishonor his own character, and to give the sanction of his countenance to principles and actions at which every feeling of his nature revolted. His temper was mild and amiable; but when his resolution was fixed on a question of principle or duty, he could neither be seduced or terrified from the execution of his purpose. The good principles implanted in his mind by early culture, had taken deep root in that congenial soil, and had been strengthened by the reflections of his maturer age; nor was it possible to confound or perplex the rectitude of his judgment on moral questions by metaphysical quibbles and refinements. In general society, his manners, though always distinguished by the ease and grace which mark the deportment of a polished gentleman, were modest and retiring. It was only among his intimate friends, or in the domestic circle, that he unlocked the stores of his understanding, and permitted his conversation to flow in a copious stream, at once playful and instructive, sparkling with wit, and instinct with eloquence. A strain of enthusiasm, the characteristic of all ardent and imaginative minds, broke from him occasionally, and rendered him the more fascinating to those who know what great actions and lofty purposes are the offspring of such a temperament. When, to these eminent qualities, he united a face beaming with intelligence, and a figure dignified and commanding, it is easy to conceive what impression he was likely to produce on a young and susceptible female.

In compliance with his engagement to Mr. Newman, Goodwin set out for Georgia, and arrived at Augusta in the fall of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six. Instead of betaking himself immediately to the abode of his patron, he took lodgings for the night at the nearest hotel, intending to get some insight into the manners and customs of the inhabitants before he ventured to explore this *terra incognita*. As you approach the southern boundary of the United States, the fervor of a vertical sun seems to have thawed the ice of reserve and ceremony with which the people of more northern latitudes are usually incrustated; and at taverns, men of all classes indulge a freedom in their approaches to travellers bordering upon rudeness and impudence. This obtrusive familiarity, though sometimes troublesome and offensive, has, at least, the advantage of relieving the stranger from that sense of loneliness and des-

pondency which always weighs down the spirits on our first entrance into an unknown country. Amidst the miscellaneous throng of gamblers, loafers, toppers, and planters, who frequented this hotel, many accosted Goodwin without ceremony, and, while they conversed familiarly on general subjects, strove, sometimes by oblique hints, sometimes by direct interrogation, to ascertain the place and purpose of his destination. In some moods, Goodwin would have repelled this curiosity as impertinent; but, having nothing to conceal, and desirous to extract some information from these inquisitive gentlemen that might be useful to him in his new situation, he stifled every indication of displeasure, and responded to their inquiries with courtesy and frankness. Having satisfied them so readily on the subject of his private affairs, he thought he might venture to reverse the tables, and assume in turn the attitude of examination. Addressing himself to a well-dressed man, whose portentous whiskers and mustachios declared his affinity to the class of exquisites, he said, pray, sir, can you give me any information in relation to Mr. Newman and his family?

Removing the cigar with which he was regaling himself, and whose burning extremity scarcely protruded beyond his mustachios, he replied civilly, indeed, sir, I cannot; I have not the honor to know the gentleman. But there is a man, who knows every body, and can tell you every thing that ever happened, and a great deal more. Baron, he continued, speaking to a square-built, weather-beaten, hook-nosed man, who sat on the other side of the room, come here, and give this gentleman an account of the sayings and doings of Mr. Newman from the beginning of the world down to the present day.

The person he addressed, was named Ryburn, and, from his propensity to the marvellous, had been christened by his associates Baron Munchausen, in honor of his great prototype. He was one of those busy-bodies, who, by dint of prying into every thing, had amassed a prodigious fund of private anecdote and scandal, and had, indeed, an extraordinary acquaintance with individuals and their concerns. Yet but little reliance was placed on his statements, as he had the obvious weakness of pretending to know every thing and every body alluded to in his presence. His credit was still further impaired by his practice of embellishing his conversation with marvellous narratives, particularly when he undertook to recount his own warlike exploits. To judge by his physiognomy, you would have fancied him a fire-eater, a desperado, compared to whom "the hook-nosed fellow of Rome" was a mere boaster and poltroon; when, in truth, he was a chicken-hearted fellow, that shrunk from the slightest appearance of danger. Withal, he was a harmless, friendly, kind-hearted creature, though one would have pronounced, from the scandalous tales he was in the habit of repeating, that he was the prince of calumniators. Nothing loath, he advanced towards Goodwin, exclaiming, what? my old friend Anthony Newman? If you want to know about him, I'm your man. I've known him intimately, in peace and war, these thirty years. He's a scrounger, I can tell you. For a stump speech, or a bush fight, he has'nt his match. But I'm sorry to say, that my old acquaintance is getting into bad odor nowadays; and this outbreak in his family is an ugly affair.

How is that, sir? inquired Goodwin.

Why, sir, answered Ryburn; Newman was once amazingly popular with tag, rag, and bobtail; and, to have his influence, the chiefs of the party courted, and made much of him. He was cheek by jowl with all the great folks—who but he? and, as he was a clever fellow, and had once been in Congress, some talked of him for the Senate. But now, somehow or other, the wind has taken another tack, and the people blow cold upon him. Ugly stories, I don't know whether true or not, are told about him, and his great friends, since he can't help them any longer, seem disposed to cut

his acquaintance. Yet Newman's certainly a smart fellow, brave as Caesar, mighty rich, keeps a fine house, and entertains a vast deal of company.

But you said, interposed Goodwin, that there had been something unpleasant in his family. Will you be so good as to explain?

No objection in the world, said the communicative Ryburn; his son and he have quarrelled, and fought. If I, and some others, who happened to be in the house at the time, hadn't interfered, blood might have been spilt for what I know; for they are both true game and the devil when up?

Is the son such a monster? said Goodwin, indignantly.

Yes, said Ryburn, you're right. He is a monster for fighting his own father, and I told him so at the time. He was disposed to bully at first; but when I said I was willing to meet him in any way, he changed his note. But hush, continued he, pointing to a handsome raking-looking young fellow who just then entered the room, and sinking his voice to a whisper—there he is. Better stop till he is gone. He has the temper of the devil, and I hate a tavern-brawl.

Goodwin smiled disdainfully at the cowardice of his interlocutor, and turned to view the subject of their conversation. He was a young man of about one and twenty, with handsome features, and a well-formed person; yet, there was something sinister and repulsive in his appearance. His mien was haughty and overbearing, and the traces of stormy and dissolute passions were visible in his countenance. He drank freely of intoxicating liquors, and annoyed every one in the room by his rude and boisterous deportment. It was evident that Ryburn must have once smarted under the terror of this young man's resentment; for his habitual loquacity was now completely quelled, and he was visibly relieved when Hamden retired from the apartment.

There he goes, exclaimed Ryburn, with renewed vivacity as the object of his fear vanished through the door; a real scapegrace; one of the devil's own children, ready to do his bidding, if profit or pleasure is to be gained by it.

Does his father continue to countenance him, after the commission of such an outrage? inquired Goodwin.

Certainly not, said Ryburn. Newman is not the man to forgive an injury, and, I warrant, will never suffer young scapegrace to darken his doors again. He told him as much, when they quarrelled.

And how does the young man support himself? said Goodwin.

He has turned —, said Ryburn, with a significant wink, and shuffling his hands together.

I don't understand you, said Goodwin.

Why, said Ryburn, if you must know, he has become a worshipper of the four kings: a calculator of chances; a dealer in the black art; an alchemist, who turns pewter into gold; a juggler, who says presto, gone, and cheats you out of your eyesight and your money. Do you take me?

You mean, I presume, answered Goodwin, a gamester.

You have hit it, said Ryburn, with a knowing nod. He's been an amateur professor this long time, and now he's a regular member of the shuffling fraternity; one of those who will chouse you out of your cash, and pink you too, if you complain.

I hope Mr. Newman's daughter is not like her brother in temper, said Goodwin inquiringly.

Why, answered Ryburn, she is a pretty girl, and they say she's a clever one; and, what's better still, there's no doubt she'll be a great heiress; for Newman will give her every thing he can dispose of, now that he has sent his graceless son adrift. Some say, that she's not the daughter of his wife; but that's a mere rumor. It's certain, that when his wife proved faithless, and run away, she carried her infant daughter with her, and Newman says this is the

same girl. I can't see any motive he can have for saying so, unless it's the truth.

What? exclaimed Goodwin. Was her mother frail?

Certainly, replied Ryburn; there's not a doubt about it. But that's no fault of the girl. I saw Newman pink her seducer in the streets of this very town, and every body said he served the scoundrel right. Nobody ever troubled him for it. I tell you what, stranger, continued Ryburn, with a knowing wink, you have a fine chance to step in, and make your jack by marrying the girl. That will be tuning up jack upon scapegrace with a vengeance.

I must insist, said Goodwin angrily, that you do not impute to me a design so dishonorable, even in supposition. It is a liberty I shall allow no one to take.

I only meant it in jest, and intended no offence, said Ryburn, in an humble tone. I hope you will pardon the freedom.

Well, said Goodwin, who was as placable as hasty: let it pass. I am willing to believe, that it was not your purpose to be discourteous.

The spirits of Ryburn, damped by the sharp reproof of Goodwin, were revived by the facility with which he had been appeased. It was not often that he encountered so patient an auditor, and, pleased with an opportunity of giving a loose to his garrulity, he resolved to fasten himself upon such a pleasant companion for the rest of the evening.

As to Newman, said this everlasting talker, whatever the world says, I like him vastly. He's an old comrade of mine. I've served with him in the Indian wars. After he killed Coleman, he entered the army, and went out against the Indians. I was with him in several campaigns, and I'll assure you, he's a brave fellow and a good officer. We had hard times then, what between starvation and the savages. I remember once being six weeks in the woods with no thing to eat except a handful of parched corn, and a piece of tallow in the but of my rifle no bigger than a marble, which I was fain to suck every morning for my breakfast. You may stare, but it is truth, upon my honor.

There's no disputing a fact so well vouched, said the whiskered gentleman already mentioned, who seemed to be somewhat of a wag, and had been watching his opportunity to join in the conversation. Why, Baron, continued he, you must be equal to a bear, who sustains himself a whole winter by sucking his paws, and fattens on such slim diet. You must have been a disciple of the Arabian philosopher, who brought the art of abstinence so near perfection, that he swallowed only a crumb a day, and would certainly have dispensed with that, if an unlucky atrophy had not cut him off.

You may laugh, said Ryburn, who winced under this irony; but it's the blessed truth notwithstanding; and I had rather fight twenty battles, than go through such another Lent.

Truly, said the whiskered gentleman, such a fast must have whetted your appetite for fighting hugely: for you must have been ready not only to kill, but to devour your enemies. A good rump steak from a fat Indian would, doubtless, have been a delicious morsel. The commissariat of an army of such fellows might be carried in the general's pocket, for they would draw their rations only after fighting.

Fighting! said Ryburn, striving to turn the conversation; that's my sallad, as the saying is. I had some pretty rough encounters, I can tell you. I remember one battle, where a monstrous big Indian rushed out of the bushes to tomahawk me, and I was in the act of cutting him down with my sword, when, as the devil would have it, one of our soldiers shot him through the head, and covered me over with his blood and brains. The sight of blood has always made me sick, and this sanguinary shower-bath rendered me so excessively qualmish that I was compelled to retire from the action.

Really, Baron, resumed poor Ryburn's tormentor, laughing, you are of the race of "Cannibals and Trojan Greeks" spoken of by ancient Pistol. You must be a most formidable fellow in battle—a perfect hero—if it should be bloodless. What a farcical figure you must have been, standing and retching in the heat of the engagement, like a fellow under the operation of a dose of tartar-emetic. Why, if all on our side were of your kidney, the enemy had no need of powder and ball. A bladder of beef's blood would have been a better weapon than the rifle, and would have put your whole army *hors du combat* in the twinkling of an eye.

This ridicule evidently galled poor Ryburn, and sealed up his lips effectually for that night. The cessation of his eternal clack afforded Goodwin an opportunity of reflecting on what he had heard. The account of Newman and his family was far from satisfactory; yet he could scarcely rely on the accuracy of his information. Ryburn was plainly given to exaggeration, and might have greatly distorted, or magnified the truth. If this story of the mother's infidelity were true, he would require no amulet more potent to protect him against the fascinations of the daughter—even if his own sense of honor were not sufficient to control his affections. For Goodwin was one of those who deemed such a blot on the family escutcheon indelible. But, tenacious as he was of his purpose, little did he know the force of those passions that yet slumbered in his bosom, or how far he could be made to swerve from the best-weighed resolutions.

Early the next day, Goodwin repaired to the mansion of our adventurer, and, having announced his name and business, was ushered into a sumptuous drawing-room, where the master of this splendid establishment, reposing on a sofa, beguiled the tedious moments by the perusal of the last newspapers. The elastic step, the athletic and upright figure of this remarkable man, betokened a green old age; yet, if time had dealt mildly with his constitution, thought, or care, or passion had bleached his hair and ploughed deep furrows on his brow. The fire of his eye was not quenched; but, though radiant with intelligence, there beamed from it a fierce and sinister expression; which, like the fabulous gaze of the serpent, disturbed, while it fascinated the spectator. He had evidently been a very handsome man in his youth; and, though age and vicious pursuits had defaced the lineaments of beauty, yet, such was still the imposing dignity of his presence, that he seemed, in the midst of moral degradation, "scarce less than arch-angel ruined." What a pity, that, to all these bounties of nature, had not been added the moral sense, the vivifying principle of virtue!

His reception of Goodwin was stately, but perfectly polite. He congratulated that young man on the prosperous termination of his fatiguing journey, and inquired, with an air of interest, about his old friends and acquaintances in Virginia. He alluded in handsome terms to his obligations to Mr. Thompson, referred to his fraternal intimacy with Goodwin's mother in the days of his youth, and expressed his satisfaction, that his situation enabled him to render some slight service to the descendant of persons so highly valued by him, and to whom he was so deeply indebted. Having thus satisfied the demands of courtesy and hospitality, in a manner at once graceful and dignified, he desired Goodwin to consider himself, from that moment, a member of his family, and proposed to introduce him at once to his pupil, remarking with a smile, that, without being obnoxious to the charge of parental partiality, he thought he might safely commend her aptitude and docility. The bland and prepossessing address of our adventurer made the most favorable impressions on Goodwin, and dispelled for the time, the incipient prejudices infused into his mind by the vague hints and insinuations of Ryburn.

In a handsome parlor, tastefully furnished, and embellished with every utensil of female industry and amusement, they found Letitia busily engaged in arranging a small but well-selected library which her father had recently purchased for her use.

This, my love, said Newman to his daughter, is Mr. Goodwin, the gentleman to whom I have committed the superintendence of your education, and this apartment is to be the scene of your operations. I have the highest testimonials of his attainments, and it is my wish that he conduct you through every department of knowledge, which you have the inclination or capacity to explore. My daughter must not be content with the mere smattering of a boarding-school miss, but must aspire to more solid acquisitions. I need not, I am sure, exhort you to be obedient and attentive; and, as to the rest, there is no difficulty that diligence and perseverance will not overcome. Moreover, I desire you to understand, that Mr. Goodwin is a gentleman to whose family I am under the greatest obligations, and who must be treated in my house with every mark of respect.

If this gentleman, said Letitia, frankly extending her hand to Goodwin, while a benignant smile irradiated her lovely countenance, can bear with my dullness and indolence, he need not apprehend, that I shall be wanting in any of those attentions which are due to him as a gentleman, or as my instructor.

Desiring Goodwin to ascertain by examination the extent of Letitia's acquirements, and to prescribe the plan of her future studies, Newman said he would no longer interrupt them by his presence, and withdrew from the apartment. The awkwardness of a *tete-a-tete* on such slender acquaintance was, at first, somewhat embarrassing to these young people, but they were both too guileless and ingenuous, and, withal, too intent on fulfilling the injunctions of our adventurer, to yield to the influence of such emotions. Courtesy, with them, was a feeling, rather than a habit, springing from native kindness and benevolence; and, in such natures, there is a congeniality, a cohesive attraction, that dissipates the frost of reserve, and cements, at once, the most implicit confidence.

A brief conversation revealed to Goodwin the fine capacity of his charming pupil, and her generous thirst for improvement. To conduct a mind, so gifted, and enshrined in a form so lovely, through the paths of science and literature, would, he thought, be an easy and delightful task. Nor was Letitia insensible to the manly beauty, the lofty genius, and fine address of Goodwin. The acquisition of knowledge had always been one of her highest enjoyments; but she felt, that instruction from the lips of this engaging young man would become doubly alluring. Thus, in the very threshold, were the strongest prepossessions mutually implanted in the hearts of these amiable young people; and, where there was so much to admire, it was evident, that these prepossessions must ripen, as their intimacy advanced, into a more ardent sentiment. In Letitia, this sentiment grew up insensibly and without resistance, because identified in her imagination with the love of virtue. In Goodwin, when he became aware of its existence, it had to struggle with that nice honor, which shrunk from practising clandestinely on the affections of his patron's daughter, the manly pride which could not brook the idea of being rejected as an inferior, and, "last, though not least," the stinging reflection, that the lineage of this fair girl was stained by the infamy of maternal guilt. But it was some months before these feelings were fully unfolded. Meanwhile, Letitia and Goodwin pursued their plan of study with unwearied application, happy in each other's society, and finding, every day, new motives to augment their mutual admiration.

Keen-sighted as he was to the infirmities of human nature, our adventurer could not have been blind to the consequences of placing in juxtaposition two beings of such

ardent sensibilities. From the whole tenor of his proceedings, it is reasonable to conjecture, that, though subsequent events altered his purpose, his original design was to encourage their attachment, and to reward it finally as some atonement to the memory of the ill-fated and injured Alice. Despite the sophistical refinements, with which, in his memoirs, he labors to gloss over the baseness of his conduct to that unfortunate woman, the agony of self-reproach wrung from him the reluctant confession, that the retrospect of that tragical affair tortured him, even after the lapse of so many years, with the most poignant reflections. What, therefore, can be more probable, than that he projected the scheme of an union between Goodwin and his daughter as an opiate to lull the anguish of a guilty conscience? Certain it is, that he treated Goodwin, for some time after his arrival, with the most flattering attention, and seemed wholly unsuspecting of the growing predilection between that young man and Letitia. Touched by this kindness, Goodwin struggled to efface the unfavorable impressions which rumor and his own observation had imprinted on his mind, and to persuade himself, that our adventurer had been the victim of calumny. Events, however, were in progress, which soon forced on him the unwilling conviction, that public report, usually so censorious, had not magnified the truth in this instance, and that, under a smooth exterior, Newman concealed the most corrupt principles and passions.

A few weeks after Goodwin became an inmate of his house, Newman was made sensible, for the first time, of the decay of his influence with the rabble. A political meeting was held in Augusta, where an immense multitude convened to hear the discussion of some questions, in which the public mind was, at that time, deeply interested. In addition to those subjects of difference which grew out of the structure and policy of our confederate government, the people of Georgia were also subdivided into parties in relation to matters of state policy. The enmity of these local parties was exasperated by the animosity of their leaders, who, from a sense of personal injury, not less than from political rivalry, cherished a mutual and implacable hostility. In this animated conflict, our adventurer had not chosen his part with his usual wary sagacity, but had unluckily espoused the cause of a faction extremely obnoxious to the populace, from some circumstances of recent occurrence. When, therefore, on this occasion, he attempted in turn to address the assembly, he was interrupted by the hootings of the mob, who launched at him the most cutting and opprobrious allusions. Here's old Yazoo come again, said one; he only wants to wheedle us, that he may feather his own nest, as he did before. Don't let's hear him. A'nt this the fellow, bawled another from the extremity of the crowd, who stole Joe Smith's wife? The very man, said a third. Why didn't Joe sarve him as he did Bill Coleman? said a fourth. Case he's rich, said another—a poor man must thank him for noticing his wife, and ax' no questions. And how did he get rich? roared one in an opposite direction; why, out of our money to be sure, and, if we let him take the inn's upon us again, he'll not leave a dollar in the public chist. Yes! said a huge double-fisted fellow, who stood directly opposite to Newman, he's mighty kind and loving when he wants to cheat you; but now he's got land and niggers, he hardly knows a poor man; and, with all his pride, I'm told he's no better, nor the rest on us; for I'm told he's a bastard, and when he was in Virginny ained his living by cheating at cards. Let him give way to honest men, cried a thousand voices, or we'll give him a coat of tar and feathers.

Newman remained unmoved, for some time, by this storm of irony and insult; but his patience and discretion at length gave way, and he exclaimed with a sneer, that he had no fancy for casting pearl before swine, and would

willingly resign to others the distinction of making so posterous an experiment. This unlucky taunt acted like the match to the cannon, on the combustible passions of the multitude. Wash him in tar and wipe him down with an oaken towel, was vociferated on all sides, while a general rush was made to the stand, where Newman, with an unruffled countenance, awaited their approach. Intimidated by his undaunted coolness, the foremost of the assailants shrunk back, while those in the rear pelted him with a shower of missiles, which soon compelled him to relinquish his conspicuous position. Advancing upon the crowd, with a pistol in one hand and a dirk in the other, he forced a passage through the dense and agitated throng, and retired unscathed, except by a few trifling bruises, and unmolested, but by the threats and execrations of the baffled mob. These, however, were sufficiently galling to one who had heretofore enjoyed the unbounded favor of the populace, and who was solely indebted to that favor for his political consequence. In this ebullition of popular hatred, he could not but recognize the downfall of his ambitious hopes, nor, with all his self-command, could he disguise, when he reached home, his deep chagrin and mortification. He inveighed, with much vehemence, against the inconstancy of the people, declaring, that, though those who put their faith in princes are proverbially subject to disappointment, yet their expectations rested on a solid basis compared to the fluctuating passions of the fickle and unstable multitude. These indiscreet complaints from a man usually so politic and cautious, betrayed how deeply this unexpected rebuff had sunk into his mind.

But there were other indications, still more ominous, of the ruin of his political fortunes. A vacancy having occurred in the Georgia delegation to the federal senate, he flattered himself that his aspirations to that dignity were, at length about to be realized. The vision of that preferment had obviously taken strong hold on his imagination; for he was perpetually speculating on the chances of the approaching election, and indulging in conjectures as to the persons who would be put in nomination. His own services and sufferings in the common cause were the constant theme of his conversation, thereby insinuating that they had never been sufficiently considered and rewarded. He took every occasion to court, by the most indelicate advances, the favor of the members of the Georgia legislature, on whom the election devolved. Not content with these methods of pressing his pretensions, he prevailed upon one of the delegates, whose good-will he had propitiated by copious libations of Madeira, to undertake the task of putting him in nomination. But the object of his intrigues was too glaring to be misunderstood, and that address and management, which he had hitherto found so irresistible, on this occasion, proved wholly unavailing. Shorn of popular favor, he had lost the talisman of his political strength, and, ceasing to be useful, was abandoned by his party, without scruple, to the fury of the Philistines. In their secret conclaves, the party had selected, as their candidate, a man whose rising fame and weight of character would aid in consolidating their political ascendancy. When, therefore, the unreflecting zeal of Newman's friend presented his name to the choice of the legislature, he stood wholly unsupported, and not a voice was heard to echo the high-wrought eulogy, which he lavished on his nominee. It drew, however, from a distinguished member of the opposite party a violent philippic, in which he boldly charged our adventurer with peculation, intrigue, and bribery as a politician, and closed the black catalogue, by producing numberless examples of unprincipled selfishness and treachery in his private life. Not a whisper was uttered in his defence; not even by the member whose injudicious panegyric had provoked this withering invective. That gentleman's faculties, seemed to be paralyzed by his astonishment,

nor was he long in discovering how egregiously he had been duped by the artifices of his principal. Thus, in the very effort to grasp the great object of his ambition, our adventurer received a death-blow to his public and private reputation. Nothing could exceed his rage when he was apprized of this mortifying result; and, in the extremity of his wrath, he vowed the direst vengeance against the man, whose bitter denunciations had placed such a complete extinguisher on his hopes; a threat which a series of disastrous events alone prevented him from executing.

Shortly after these occurrences, as Goodwin was returning from an evening walk, he observed three men lurking in a dark alley, and heard imperfectly a whispering consultation among them, in which the names of Newman and Smith were frequently repeated. From some threatening expressions that reached him, he was persuaded that violence was meditated against some one, and, coupling the repetition of Newman's name by these suspicious persons with the fact that he would pass, this evening, in the dusk of twilight, by this very spot, he concluded, that the ambuscade must be designed for our adventurer. Entertaining this belief, he resolved to loiter in the neighborhood, with a view of affording speedy and effectual relief to Mr. Newman, should he chance to be assailed by these ruffians. In the course of half an hour, he discerned through the darkness, some person slowly advancing along the narrow street, which communicated with the alley where the whisperers were concealed. As soon as the approaching figure reached the opening of the alley, the conspirators sallied suddenly from their lurking-place, and commenced a simultaneous attack on this solitary individual. The person assailed defended himself manfully against such overwhelming odds, and still maintained the unequal combat, when Goodwin, armed with a stout cudgel, came seasonably to his assistance. One of the assassins was prostrated by a blow from Goodwin, and another severely wounded by their intended victim, when the third, finding himself unable to cope with two resolute antagonists, retired precipitately from the field, followed more slowly by his disabled comrade. Goodwin now recognized our adventurer in the person assaulted, and inquired anxiously, are you hurt, sir?

I believe so, replied Newman. One of the rascals, whose sharp weapon glittered in the twilight, made some shrewd thrusts at me. My house is but a little way. Help me out of this dangerous neighborhood, that I may have my wounds examined.

I will forthwith, said Goodwin; but I should like, before we go, to secure our fallen antagonist here.

While he spoke, the man suddenly sprung up, and fled with great celerity down the street.

Never mind that fellow, said Newman; let us hasten on. I bleed apace, and may not have strength to reach my house if we make any further delay.

Supported by Goodwin, our adventurer was enabled to reach his own house without further interruption, and immediately despatched a servant in quest of a surgeon. The whole household was instantly in commotion, and Letitia, alarmed by the exaggerated report of the servants, hastened to her father in the utmost consternation. She found him reclining on a sofa, pale and exhausted, and his clothes discolored with blood. Filled with the most awful apprehensions, she could scarcely support herself, and tremblingly inquired what was the cause of this dreadful accident.

Oh it's nothing but a slight scratch, said her father carelessly. Some rascals attacked me with the design, no doubt, of taking my life, and would have succeeded, I suppose, but for the interference of our friend Goodwin; for three to one are rather too great odds at any age.

A glance of grateful acknowledgment from the expressive eyes of Letitia thrilled to the heart of Goodwin, and convinced him how dearly he valued her approbation. Her

gratitude, he felt, would be an ample recompense for services far more arduous than those he had rendered on the present occasion. Disconcerted by the consciousness of these feelings, he strove to hide his embarrassment, by asking Newman if he knew or suspected the perpetrators of this outrage.

Yes, said he, I think I know the secret instigator of this attempt. It is, continued he, in a tone of suppressed passion, that unnatural boy, who covets the inheritance of my property, and, impatient to clutch it, is now plotting against my life. But he shall find himself mistaken.

Perhaps, said Goodwin, I can furnish you some clue to the discovery of the assassins. I overheard their consultations imperfectly, and could distinguish the frequent repetition of your name and that of Smith.

Smith! repeated Newman, changing countenance. He paused a few moments in deep thought, and then added, perhaps my first conjecture was erroneous.

It must be, I am sure, said Letitia. I cannot believe my brother, with all his faults, capable of harboring such a nefarious design.

You do not know him, said Newman; but unfortunately I do.

The entrance of the surgeon at this moment put a stop to the conversation. He examined Newman's wounds, and found that though the gashes were large, and had bled copiously, the vitals were untouched. The only danger, he said, to be apprehended now, was from inflammation and fever, which would scarcely supervene after such an effusion of blood, if proper care and attention were exercised. Having applied the necessary dressings and put his patient to bed, the surgeon retired, promising to call again in the morning.

The wounds of our adventurer produced very little fever, and healed with such rapidity, that in ten days he had almost entirely recovered. During his confinement, he was nursed with unremitting vigilance and tenderness both by Letitia and Goodwin. An association in the offices of humanity and affection, as well as in the pursuits of literature and science, by exhibiting their characters in another phasis, drew these young people together by new and more powerful attractions. It is unnecessary to trace through all its gradations, the progress of an attachment, which, though unacknowledged, perhaps unknown to themselves, became in a few months the ruling passion of their bosoms. Love, when it once usurps dominion over the heart, finds aliment in the faults as well as the virtues of its object; but in Goodwin and Letitia, it was nourished by the daily discovery of those nice touches and delicate traits, which like the finished productions of the masters of painting, can only be perceived and appreciated by the enthusiastic admirers of the art. Under the spell of this enchantment, they knew not the cause of that intense and tumultuous delight which they felt in the society of each other, and vainly ascribed it to their sympathetic relish for the pleasures of taste, and the pursuits of scientific research. But such delusions must soon be dissipated. The period was at hand, when they were rudely awakened from this dream of happiness to a sense of mutual attachment and real misery.

Though he instituted a rigid inquiry into the affair, as soon as his strength was completely reëstablished, our adventurer was unable to discover the real authors of this daring attempt on his life. The plan must have been well laid, and aided by many accomplices; for the most diligent examination could detect no trace of the assassins. Newman had reason to know, that there was a man called Smith, whose enmity he had justly provoked; yet, if such a man was now in Augusta, or its neighborhood, neither threats nor promises of reward could ascertain the place of his retreat. Finding it impossible to unravel this mysterious transaction, our adventurer at length relinquished the at-

tempt, and concealed his uneasiness under a show of assumed indifference.

It is time to recur to the proceedings of Hambden Newman, the discarded son of our adventurer. Fertile in resources, fearless and indefatigable in the pursuit of pleasure or revenge, that vindictive and unprincipled young man was an enemy whose machinations were not to be despised. To a person of his expensive and dissolute habits, the loss of his usual pecuniary allowance was a severe privation, and, in the extremity of his distress, he invoked the goddess of chance, whose worship had been the principal cause of his difficulties. In other words, he embraced the liberal art of gaming as his regular calling, and soon became an adept in its most abstruse mysteries. His morality was of that pliant description, that was readily adapted to the demands of interest, and, even if he had been scrupulous, necessity soon reconciled him to the trickery and legerdmain of his new profession. Gaining a precarious and dishonorable subsistence by such practises, he was at length brought in contact, by the casualties of a dissipated life, with a man of the name of Walton, one of the most prosperous members of the fraternity. Struck with Hambden's dexterity and courage, Walton perceived that he would be an invaluable coadjutor in their common pursuits, and immediately proposed that they should unite their fortunes in a gaming copartnery. An arrangement so advantageous, was not to be rejected by a needy and extravagant young man, and was greedily embraced by Hambden, who would have leagued with the prince of evil to ensure the gratification of his passions.

This alliance furnished Hambden with ample means to feed his profligate profusion, and, being now relieved from the pressure of immediate want, his vindictive spirit began to brood over the circumstances of the quarrel with his father. Chance suggested to him the idea, that some flaw might be found in the title of our adventurer to that immense property held by him in right of his marriage with Miss Langdon. Elated by the possibility of such a discovery, he ransacked the musty records of the courts for the documents and evidences of that title, determined to subject every link in the chain of proof to a rigorous examination. In the course of these researches, he procured an authentic copy of his great-grandfather's will, and ascertained, that the bulk of the estate had been transmitted to his mother by virtue of the limitations contained in that instrument. This will had been executed shortly after the death of his grandmother, Mrs. Langdon, and when his mother was yet an infant. The testator, who was deeply imbued with the pride of aristocracy, had, with a view of keeping the estate in his family, devised only a life interest to his son and granddaughter, limiting the absolute property in remainder to the children of his granddaughter thereafter to be born. On submitting this devise to the consideration of eminent counsel, Hambden was advised, that Mr. Langdon, his grandfather, had no power to dispose of the estate by will; that, on the death of his mother, the title vested immediately and absolutely in her children; and that our adventurer had no right, legal, or equitable, to retain the possession or receive the profits of the property. This opinion opened a glorious prospect to the avarice and revenge of this unnatural son, and he forthwith instituted a suit against his father, claiming all the property held by him as the husband of Miss Langdon, demanding a strict account of the annual profits since her death, and alleging that the plaintiff, Alfred Newman, as her only surviving child, was the rightful owner of the whole estate. In the prosecution of this controversy he engaged the ablest advocates, and was aided by the united influence and resources of the fraternity of gamblers; a fraternity much more potent in this country than is generally imagined.

This unexpected suit was a thunderstroke to our adven-

turer; and though, with his usual self-possession, he maintained an unshaken front to the world, his mind was secretly agitated by the most painful misgivings. He had always supposed that the estate held by Mr. Langdon was at his absolute disposal, and, resting on that belief, had never thought it necessary to investigate his title. Upon inquiry, he now ascertained, that, in nearly the whole of the real and personal property of which he died possessed, Mr. Langdon had only a life interest, and that, consequently, the property in question could not be liable to the provisions of his will. The small amount subject to his testamentary disposition, had long since been exhausted by our adventurer, whose profuse expenditure had encroached considerably on the principal of the other property. If he were required to make restitution of the property so wasted, and to account for the profits of the whole since the death of his wife, by the same decree which wrested from him the entire estate, such a consummation would be fraught with utter and irretrievable ruin to his affairs. His policy, therefore, was delay, and for that purpose he employed all the artifices of chicane to retard the progress of the suit. He had another object also in view, and that was to collect the evidences of his daughter's birth, and to substantiate her title to a moiety of her mother's property. It was Hambden's purpose, he saw, to exclude her, if possible, from a share in the inheritance, and he was determined to defeat that iniquitous design. Though impoverished himself, he felt assured, that so long as his daughter could command the means of assisting him, he had a never-failing resource in her generosity. This idea suggested to his teeming brain, always fruitful in expedients, another scheme, by which the opulence of his daughter, he fondly hoped, would be placed beyond the reach of accident; while a fund, intangible to his creditors, would be secured for his personal emolument.

There was a Mr. Fenimore, a very wealthy planter, who was a constant visiter at the house of our adventurer. This man was now advanced in years; but the frosts of sixty winters had not quenched in his veins the impure fire of debauchery. A similarity, in some respects, of habits and pursuits, had cemented an intimacy between Fenimore and our adventurer. They were both dissolute; but Newman had a capacity for intellectual enjoyment, while in Fenimore the bestial propensities altogether predominated.—Originally of a narrow understanding, the feeble glimmerings of his mind had been obscured and smothered by a long career of the grossest sensuality. A *bon-vivant* in the pleasures of the table, his convivial indulgencies usually terminated in brutal intoxication. In other respects, though not conspicuously wicked, his character presented no redeeming traits to counterbalance these loathsome and abominable vices. In the artifices of private intrigue, and sometimes in the perplexities of pecuniary difficulty, Newman had found this man an useful auxiliary, and was therefore, solicitous to preserve their friendly relations, for the sake of his own interest and convenience. To a man of Fenimore's grovelling tastes, the luxurious fare and exquisite liquors always found on the table of our adventurer, would have constituted sufficient inducements to frequent a mansion where such pleasures courted his acceptance; but the splendid establishment of Newman offered other attractions, scarcely less alluring to this veteran voluptuary. This hoary lecher had the presumption to cast an eye of desire on Letitia, and would have purchased the possession of that lovely girl with a moiety of his immense fortune. In his confidential intercourse with Newman, he had ventured sometimes to throw out overtures of marriage, but his politic friend, having no immediate interest to serve, gave no encouragement to his advances. But the scene was now to be reversed: and the glaring indelicacy with which Newman courted the renewal of his offers, would,

but for his own eagerness, have awakened Fenimore's suspicions. It occurred to our adventurer, that, before the precarious tenure by which he held his estate should be divulged to the world, he might secure for his daughter an advantageous settlement by a marriage with this superannuated Sybarite, and even obtain a *douceur* for himself as the price of his parental interposition. In pursuance of this design, he took occasion one day, when he and Fenimore were engaged in the discussion of their second bottle of Madeira, to turn the conversation on Letitia, and express his anxiety for her early establishment in marriage. Upon this hint Fenimore was induced to speak, and, being more than half-seas over, readily stipulated to advance a large sum of money for Newman's personal benefit, in consideration that he prevailed on Letitia to give her voluntary consent to this unequal wedlock. Our adventurer clinched the transaction by reducing their infamous agreement to writing, and having it signed and sealed with the usual solemnities. After this foul conspiracy against the peace of an innocent girl had been thus contrived by the selfish policy of these worthies, they proceeded to signalize the execution of the treaty by pushing their orgies to the utmost verge of intemperance.

The next day, Newman sought an opportunity of broaching this delicate subject to his daughter, and as he knew that the utmost address was required to accomplish his nefarious object, he made his approaches with the utmost caution. He explained to his daughter the nature of the suit brought by Hambden, the difficulty, nay impossibility of establishing by satisfactory proof the fact that she was the daughter of Miss Langdon, and the certainty, that the ultimate loss of the estate would consign both him and her to want and misery.

This, he continued, is by no means a comfortable prospect to a man of my advanced age; yet, old as I am, I could bear up under such a reverse with more fortitude, if it fell on me alone. But to see you, young, beautiful, delicate, nursed in ease and affluence, exposed to the buffetings of fortune, reduced to the extremities of penury, compelled, like the meanest hind, to toil for daily bread, would be more than I could bear.

Ah, my dear father, said Letitia, deeply touched by this apparent care for her happiness, do not distress yourself about me. To be with you when the day of calamity comes, to minister to your comfort, to soothe your anguish, to contribute by my feeble exertions to your support, will give me more real, heartfelt enjoyment, than all the pleasures, and superfluities which wealth can furnish. Never fear but that I can earn an independence. I will never shrink, through indolence, or false shame, from honorable toil, and I am persuaded, that no one exempt from the infirmities of age, or disease, can ever suffer real want in this country, if they are willing to labor.

But would it not be better my daughter, said Newman, to be placed in circumstances where drudgery is not indispensable to subsistence? where you would have the means of indulging the generous impulses of your heart? where you would be surrounded by the comforts, the conveniences, the elegancies, to which you have been accustomed from childhood.

I do not pretend, answered Letitia, that I am insensible to the charms of an elegant sufficiency, "the means and appliances" of affluence; but if I know myself, I would never cling to them in opposition to the commands of duty, or the behests of Providence.

But what, said Newman, if you were not required to make this sacrifice? What if there were one, able and desirous to place you in a situation where you could aid your father, and screen him from the cruel and rapacious enmity of your brother?—would you reject the overtures of a friend so generous.

That would depend upon the character and purposes of the offerer, replied Letitia. But, father, you are not putting an imaginary case; you have some special meaning; some real proposition to make. What is it!

Yes, said Newman, I have. Mr. Fenimore is the friend to whom I allude. He is the generous man, who, disdain- ing all mercenary views, proposes to take you, penniless and undowered, as his wife; to make you the envied mis- tress of his splendid mansion; the sharer of his ample fortune.

If there was a man whose appearance, manners, and character were more odious and detestable to Letitia than any other, Fenimore was that man; and, so absurd did this proposition appear to her, that, though her father was sel- dom jocular, she conceived it to be a mere jest.

Really, said she smiling, I should tell the venerable swain with a courtesy, that I could not take his money with the incumbrance of his fat person; and that, desirable as fine houses, fine furniture, fine clothes, and fine equipages may be, they would never delight me with such an accompani- ment. I should wish my husband, whenever I get one, to be something more than a mere eating and drinking machine.

I am not in a facetious vein, said Newman with a frown. What I repeat to you is the serious, deliberate proposal of a man of the first standing and fortune for your hand, and it does not become you to treat it with levity. It is not every day that you will meet with such a generous offer, and it behooves you to weigh well the consequences of its rejection.

Is it possible, said Letitia, turning pale at the severe tone of her father, that you would wish, or advise me to marry such a man as this; a drunkard, a gourmand, a coarse vul- gar profligate, without understanding or education? Poverty, with all its privations; death itself would be preferable to a lot so wretched.

Poverty and a cottage, shared with such a handsome and gallant companion as your favorite Goodwin, would be more to your taste, I doubt not, said Newman, with a sneer.

No, sir, replied Letitia, with spirit; I never had such an idea; but I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I consider Mr Goodwin a gentleman, a man of talents and honor, as far superior to this Fenimore in every quality that should command esteem, as below him in the adventitious circum- stance of wealth.

You speak warmly, and very much like a lovesick maiden, said Newman sarcastically. No doubt this god of your idolatry has been more busy in instilling these sentiments, than in fulfilling the duty of an instructor. But let him beware, continued he sternly, how he tampers with your affections, or ventures to thwart my purposes. You know I am not to be trifled with, and that no man ever crosses my path with impunity.

For mercy's sake, exclaimed Letitia, trembling with ap- prehension, do not be angry with him because he has the misfortune to possess my good opinion. He has never breathed a syllable to me, which you, which the whole world might not have heard.

Ay, said her father ironically, I know how these things are managed without the intervention of language. The pressure of hands, amorous sighs and glances, speak more emphatically than words. No doubt this respectful gentle- man is a perfect adept in these signs and symbols.

I assure you, said Letitia, solemnly, that he is as incapa- ble, from a sense of honor, of any thought, word, or deed, which could displease you, as I would be from a sense of duty.

Well! said Newman, it may be so; and let him take care that it is so. You talk boastfully of your sense of duty; but what notions of duty can you have, when you reject, with scorn, a scheme for settling you in life, recommended, enjoined upon you by your father?—a scheme, that would

shield you from all the ills of penury, and put you in pos- session of all the blessings of life.

I am sure, my dear father, answered she, that your ob- ject is my happiness; but you have mistaken the means of promoting it. Wealth to me would be a worthless boon, if my destiny were linked to a man I abhor. Sooner would I work my fingers to the bone in the meanest and most toil- some employment, than drag on a life of splendid misery as the wife of such a beastly and abandoned libertine as Fenimore.

You are prejudiced, Letitia, said Newman, and have taken up a false conception of his character. He is a jovial, sociable creature, rather prone, I acknowledge, to carry the pleasures of the table to excess, yet by no means so disso- lute as you imagine. His connections are highly respecta- ble, and his wealth immense. What more could you desire? Besides, continued he, changing his battery, I have always thought you a dutiful girl, and ready to contribute in any way to my gratification. You know not how deeply my happiness, my interest, my very existence, are committed to the completion of this marriage.

How can that possibly be? exclaimed Letitia in as- tonishment.

When that vindictive boy shall have succeeded in strip- ping me of my last pittance, said Newman, I shall be thrown upon the world, old, infirm and helpless, in a state of utter destitution, with not a friend to pity or relieve me. In such circumstances, you, a delicate female, could give me no assistance, and the consciousness, that you were involved in my ruin would only aggravate my misery. But beggary were nothing, if unattended with disgrace. Fenimore and others have claims upon me, which, were I not to discharge, I should be a dishonored man. Deprived of my property, I cannot satisfy these claims, nor have I any prospect of do- ing so, but from the assistance which Fenimore, in the ex- pectation of becoming my son-in-law, has generously of- fered. I am in that man's power, and he will not fail to exercise it, should he be disappointed in this alliance. In- famy, then, will be my only alternative, and that I am determined not to survive. By rejecting these proposals, you consign me to poverty, to disgrace, and to despair. You reject comfort, elegance, ease, respect, distinction, all that is most coveted by mankind; and embrace obscurity, neglect, drudgery, and all the privations of poverty; rather than do an act which would shield the old age of your fa- ther from the miseries of dependance, and rescue his char- acter from ignominy. After this, talk no more of your duty and affection.

Is there no other expedient? exclaimed Letitia, in great agitation. Can nothing else be done? Suppose my brother could be persuaded to relinquish this unnatural suit—would not that relieve you from this fearful dilemma?

And how would you propose to effect that? inquired Newman.

By your surrendering to him immediately a portion of the property, and my releasing all claim to the whole, in con- sideration that you are permitted to have the use of the residue during your life, said Letitia.

It will be all in vain, said he. You might as well at- tempt to lure the wolf from his prey.

But will you allow me to try? inquired she.

Do as you please, he replied. But when you fail, what then? Will you marry Mr. Fenimore?

I will try, said Letitia in a tone of anguish, to reconcile my mind to the sacrifice, if you require it. But for mercy's sake let me entreat that you allow me a little time; let me have six months reprieve from this living death.

If you consent, said Newman, I have no objection to the delay you ask for. I would not urge this matter, were I not sure that all these fantastic distresses would vanish in the first month of your marriage.

Saying this, he left the unhappy girl to brood over the first real misery that had ever disturbed the tranquil current of her existence.

It was obvious from this conversation, that Newman was perfectly aware of the mutual attachment between Goodwin and Letitia; but it is not to be inferred from the unfeeling irony with which he alluded to it, that he was indifferent to the happiness of his daughter. He loved her as ardently as he was capable of loving any one. He took a pride in her beauty and accomplishments, and wished, above all things, to place her in that elevated sphere she was so eminently qualified to adorn. He could not endure the thought, that those brilliant endowments, which he had so assiduously cultivated, should be consigned to obscurity and indigence. He was not willing that this precious gem should lie unseen in the depths of privacy, but desired that it should sparkle in a golden casket, exposed to the gaze of admiring multitudes. Ambition and avarice were his ruling passions. The tranquil enjoyments, the homebred delights gushing from the pure fountain of the affections, were as tasteless to his perverted moral perceptions as water to the lips of the drunkard. To immure one's self in the narrow circle of domestic duty, was, in his view, a folly scarcely less preposterous than the superstition that devotes so many thousands to the gloom of monastic seclusion. It was only in the glare of wealth, the splendor of distinction, the tumultuous gratifications of passion, that he could find pleasures sufficiently piquant and stimulating to satisfy the cravings of his morbid appetite; and he believed that he consulted his daughter's true happiness by an arrangement which ensured her the possession of these objects. Her preference for Goodwin, he deemed a mere childish predilection—the fruit of a warm imagination, nourished by a life of solitude and study, which might be the cause of temporary uneasiness, but would vanish when a more enlarged acquaintance with the world, and an experience of the solid advantages of the proposed marriage, had taught her the futility of these romantic illusions. The truth was, that our adventurer had always regarded love, that sentiment compounded of friendship, tenderness and desire, which exerts such an influence on the happiness of mankind, as a mere fiction of poetry, fit only to amuse the fancy of amorous girls and dreaming enthusiasts. Never had he been capable of such a feeling. Whatever emotions the presence of the softer sex might have kindled in his bosom, had, at all times, been subservient to his schemes of interest and advancement. That the disappointment of such a frivolous passion should occasion durable pain, was to him inconceivable; nor could he believe that any rational being would put these fantastic visions in competition with the substantial benefits of fortune. In vanquishing, therefore, the weak repugnance of his daughter to the connection with Fenimore, he believed that he promoted her permanent welfare, at the expense of a few childish tears soon dried up and dissipated by the sunshine of prosperity. While he was thus acting, as he thought, the part of a kind and provident parent, it was perfectly consonant with his system to make his measures conducive at the same time to his peculiar interest; an object paramount, in his scheme of duty, to all other considerations. But, though no motive could have persuaded him to abandon a project pregnant with such advantages, parental affection relented at the spectacle of his daughter's distress, and he willingly granted her the respite she demanded, believing that he could at any time compel Fenimore to fulfil his engagement.

Meanwhile, Letitia was plunged in the deepest sorrow. Her filial affection—her sense of duty—her wish to gratify her father—and, above all, the undefined and terrible disasters obscurely hinted at by him as the consequences of her disobedience, pleaded strongly for the sacrifice which he required. The tempest of contending feelings, which

now swept through her bosom like a tornado, tearing up her most cherished hopes and affections, had unveiled, at the same time, the hidden secret of her heart; that secret, which, under the most propitious circumstances, maiden modesty always shrinks from confessing. She felt that she loved Goodwin; loved him with a deep, abiding, passionate tenderness, which she almost blushed to acknowledge to herself. She felt her cheek tingle with shame at the delicacy of lavishing her affections, unsought, upon a man who had never shown, perhaps never felt a corresponding emotion. But was he indifferent to her? What warring sensations—what hopes and fears were awakened by that question! What happiness to be loved by such a man, so amiable, so talented, so fascinating, so accomplished! But ought she to wish it? Should she desire to involve this excellent young man in her own miserable destiny? She repelled a thought so selfish from her mind, and, with that forgetfulness of her own feelings which is the distinguishing trait of woman, prayed that this cup might be spared him; that he might escape the anguish, the desolation to which she was doomed. She could suffer with the more fortitude if she suffered alone. How would her own misery be aggravated, if she knew that the blow under which her heart was withering had blighted his peace? She saw that her father suspected her attachment, and was ready to impute to that cause her opposition to his wishes. She dreaded lest her obstinacy should draw down on the unoffending Goodwin the resentment of her parent—a resentment which, when once aroused, she well knew to be deadly and implacable. She trembled at the consequences, and was almost resolved to submit to her father's hateful proposition. But, though she could not be so selfish as to desire the love of Goodwin, could she deny herself the solace of his sympathy and friendship? Delicacy forbade the communication of her projected marriage; but would there be any impropriety in consulting him, as a trusty and sincere friend, on the means of imparting the proposed compromise to her brother—her only hope, faint as it was, of extrication from these difficulties? Though she trusted that he felt no warmer sentiment, yet she did not doubt that he was such a friend; and that, as an intelligent and honorable man, he would give her sound and faithful advice in this exigency. She resolved, therefore, to explain to Goodwin the nature of the controversy between her father and brother, and her plan for its amicable adjustment; requesting, at the same time, his opinion as to the best method of communicating this healing overture.

While she was absorbed in these reflections, Goodwin entered the apartment. His first impulse, when he saw her perturbation, was to retire; but, when she desired his counsel on a matter of some importance, he observed, with an air of surprise, that she might always command his services. Conscious of the delicacy of his situation, he had always conducted himself towards Letitia with the most respectful politeness. Yet, when he observed the anguish depicted on her lovely countenance, he could scarcely refrain from transgressing the cautious reserve imposed by his sense of honor, and expressing the deep sympathy which he felt. On the other hand, the recent discovery of the state of her affections was still fresh in Letitia's recollection, and, for the first time during her intercourse with Goodwin, she felt embarrassed in his presence. With some effort, she at length recovered her composure, and briefly expounded to him the nature of her request. Goodwin remained silent for a few moments, and then replied:

Your father, I should suppose, madam, would be the most proper channel for this communication. He might not be pleased to have the affairs of his family made the subject of discussion among strangers.

Ah! but, said Letitia, he is not willing that this proposition should be made, though he consented that I should

make it if I chose. You know not how implacably offended he is with Hambden's undutiful behavior. If it is left to him, nothing will ever be done; for I am sure that he would rather lose every thing than make the slightest concession. There is nothing I would not do to reconcile this distressing family quarrel; but, unless I can get some discreet person to undertake this delicate commission, I have no hope of it.

Then, said Goodwin warmly, I will be your envoy myself; and I trust you need no assurance to induce you to rely on my secrecy and discretion.

You! she exclaimed with surprise. I had no idea of putting you to that trouble.

I should not consider it troublesome to render so trifling a service to any one, he replied; and for you, there is no labor or danger that I would not freely encounter to purchase you one moment's satisfaction. Honor me with your instructions, and I will execute them to the letter.

But, said she, I am not willing to impose on you such an unpleasant task. Hambden is fiery and overbearing, and sometimes forgets the courtesy that becomes a gentleman. You may have your feelings wounded by his rudeness.

Never fear, answered Goodwin. I shall not forget that he is your brother, and I shall be too zealous for the fulfilment of your wishes to suffer my own feelings to endanger the success of the negotiation. To brook an affront at the bidding of duty is no degradation. You may, therefore, dismiss your apprehensions, and confide in me implicitly.

Since you are resolved to undertake it, there is no one, said Letitia, to whom I would more willingly entrust the management of this affair. You understand my wishes, and I commit the whole business to your discretion, confident that you will spare no exertions to bring it to a successful issue.

I will do what I can, said Goodwin, and, whether I fail or prosper, can say with perfect sincerity, that you could find no one more solicitous to accomplish your generous purpose.

With this protestation of zeal Goodwin departed, and hastened to make arrangements for the fulfilment of his mission.

The wandering life of Hambden Newman made it uncertain where he could be found; but Goodwin ascertained, upon inquiry, that he had just returned to Augusta from one of his marauding excursions, and had established his head-quarters at the hotel mentioned in a former part of this narrative. As the tribe into which Hambden was incorporated were trained to strike at all sorts of game, policy made them easy of access. When, therefore, Goodwin sought a private interview with that young man, he had no difficulty in obtaining it.

Sir, said Goodwin, as soon as they were alone, I come on an errand from your sister. She is deeply concerned at the unhappy difference between you and your father, and has commissioned me to make a proposition to you with a view of effecting a reconciliation. This proposition, though not directly authorized by your father, has been made known to him; and your sister instructs me to say, that he will not object to it if it meets with your concurrence.

And what may be the proposition, which my discreet sister, as she calls herself, has thought it expedient to make through the medium of a stranger to our family affairs? said Hambden sarcastically. Doubtless it must be, judging by the channel through which it comes, something very private and confidential.

You say truly, sir, replied Goodwin calmly, that the subject of this conversation is private and confidential. What I have to offer was generously designed, in whatever temper it may be received. Your sister proposes, that she should release to you, absolutely and forever, all claim to the property now in the possession of your father; and that, in

consideration of such release, and of an immediate surrender of a moiety of the estate to you, you should consent, on your part, to dismiss the suit you have instituted, and allow your father to enjoy the usufruct of the residue during his life. I trust you will think it better to adjust a painful family dispute on such terms, than to abide the uncertain issue of a law-suit.

Really, sir, replied Hambden with a sneer, this lady, who calls herself my sister, is very liberal in offering to release what she has not the shadow of title to. I suppose you think, because she resides in my father's house, and is acknowledged by him as his child, that she is necessarily the daughter of my mother. A logical conclusion, truly! But I have reason to think otherwise, and to believe that she is the fruit of one of those degrading amours for which Mr. Newman is notorious.

But what motive, said Goodwin, could Mr. Newman have for acknowledging her as his legitimate daughter when she is not so?

Why, to rob me of my just inheritance, said Hambden vehemently.

Permit me to ask, said Goodwin, if you are not misled in this matter by your feelings? When Mr. Newman first acknowledged this lady as his daughter, I understand that perfect harmony subsisted between you and him. Is it probable that he would defraud a legitimate child who had never offended him, for the benefit of a spurious one? Furthermore, are you certain that Mr. Newman is not prepared with proofs to support his assertion? Take care, lest, by reckoning too sanguinely on the failure of your adversary's evidence, you expose yourself to ultimate disappointment and discomfiture.

When I ask your advice you may give it, said Hambden insolently. At present, I should like to know by what right you presume to dictate the course I ought to pursue.

Mr. Newman, replied Goodwin coolly, I did not come here to offend or take offence. I claim no right to dictate to you. I speak to you as a reasonable man, whose mind is accessible to the force of sound argument. When you listen to your prejudices rather than your understanding, I have no more to say. If you decide definitely to reject this proposal my mission is ended, and there is no need of altercation.

Sir, said Hambden, I claim the whole of my rights. I brand this girl as an impostor, nor shall I yield one iota of my due either at her bidding, or that of any of her paramours: and you may tell her, that if she sends any more messengers to me on this subject, I shall dismiss them in a plight which neither she nor they will relish.

Sir, said Goodwin, suppressing with difficulty his rising passion, in a good cause I am not to be intimidated by threats, nor would I advise you to reckon always on my forbearance. At present I leave you, continued he, bestowing a cold and haughty salutation on the young man, and passing from the apartment before he had time to reply. The calm dignity of Goodwin's deportment irritated the fiery Hambden almost to fury, which, but for his sudden departure, would have vented itself in the most contumelious abuse.

In a mood by no means tranquil, Goodwin set out to report the unsuccessful result of this negotiation. Unused to indignity, he was stung with mortification at the thought that he had submitted tamely to the taunts of this arrogant young man; and it was only his promise to Letitia, and the recollection that the offender was her brother, which could at all appease his wounded sensibility. He determined hereafter to avoid Hambden, sensible, that were he exposed to the repetition of such insults he could no longer command his resentment. Engrossed with these meditations, he sauntered slowly down the street, unconscious of the passing throng, till his attention was arrested by the earnest

gaze of a stranger, whose singular appearance and demeanor excited his curiosity. The strong athletic figure of this man was habited in the meanest and most squalid apparel, indicating the extremity of want. His long strait hair hung in elf-locks round his haggard visage. A grisly beard, unconscious of the razor, enveloped his nether features, and hung in a matted tuft upon his bosom. The expression of his eye, generally stern and gloomy, varied occasionally to a restless wildness, which betrayed an unsettled imagination. Annoyed by the fixed look of this inveterate starrer, Goodwin accosted the stranger, and inquired what he wanted.

I want to speak with you, was the brief reply. Follow me into this house, and I will tell you for what purpose.

Curious to know what would be the termination of this adventure, Goodwin followed this mysterious personage into a small decayed framed building, that opened on one of the cross streets of the town. The furniture of the apartment into which he was ushered by his conductor, corresponded with the comfortless exterior of this wretched habitation, consisting of two stools, and three or four rickety, split-bottomed chairs. After they were seated, the stranger resumed the conversation.

You are surprised, said he, at my asking you in here, and want to know what it's for. I'll tell you presently. I know you, though you don't know me. You are the school-master at Anthony Newman's. You live in the devil's court, though, I believe, you don't do his works. My object is to warn you. Vengeance is dogging that man. Don't you try to ward it off, or it will fall on you. It was but a few months since, that I was about to plunge this (and he drew a long knife fiercely from his bosom) into the heart of that villain, and you stayed my hand. Beware how you do so another time.

Why, my friend, said Goodwin, it is my duty as a good citizen to prevent murder when I see it about to be committed, no matter who may be the victim. If Mr. Newman deserves punishment, leave him to the laws, or the reproaches of his own conscience.

Laws! said he, with a wild laugh: rich men are above the law. Conscience! he never had any. Oh, you do not know how deeply I am bound to hate that man! If you did, you surely would not stand between him and my just revenge. But you shall know. Listen. My name is Joe Smith. I was once a thriving and industrious farmer in this neighborhood. I had no land of my own, but I rented some, and was in hopes to buy, with my savings, a settlement in the backwoods. I had a young and handsome wife, who, by her management, kept our house neat and snug, and clothed me and our two children from her loom and spinning-wheel. There was plenty at home for ourselves and the friends that came to see us. I loved my wife and children, minded my own business, and was respected by all my neighbors. Every body saw and said, that Joe Smith's family was happy and contented, till this Newman, this fiend in human shape, entered my peaceful dwelling. He was then a candidate, and was wheedling all the poor people in the country with his hypocritical talk, that he might get their votes. Oh, how he loved the people! What a friend he was to the poor man! What sweet chat he had for our wives! How would he praise and dandle our little ones! What fine promises did he make us! He was agoing to make us all rich, and give every poor man a settlement in the western lands free gratis. And we were fools enough to believe him. He came to see me often in his rounds, and I was mightily pleased to entertain such a grand rich man, so humble and familiar. He was elected, but he still continued to visit me. I liked him the better for it. I thought at first that he came for our votes, but I now believed he came to see us out of real kindness. Often would he stay at my house for hours, while I was busy with my crop. I

thought it was to chat with my wife, and had no notion that any thing was wrong. Things went on in this way for some years, and I was stupid enough to think him the best man, and the kindest friend I had in the world. One day, when I came from the field, my wife was missing. I asked my neighbors if they had seen her, and they told me she had gone off with Newman. My eyes began to be opened, and I soon found that his intimacy with my wife had been long the talk of the neighborhood. Like a base thief, he had stolen the affections of my wife, while I was laboring, like a slave, for her support: I who had been always kind to her, and given her every thing she wanted from the sweat of my brow! Disgrace had entered my house; shame had stained my hearthstone, and I had become the scorn and laughing-stock of my neighbors: and all along of him. My brain turned, and they say I became a raving madman. I don't know, but I was given up to the dominion of devils. I saw things that others did not see, and heard sounds that others did not hear, and they thought I was raving. They tore me from my house and put me in prison, while the villain that had wronged me, because he was a rich man, was going at large. When they let me out, my children had been bound apprentices; my property sold for a song to pay my debts and the rent due my landlord. I was a ruined man. My hearth was desolate, my family gone, and I became a houseless wanderer upon the earth. I sought the wife that had left me, and found her in a house of infamy, turned adrift by her betrayer to want, and dying with a loathsome disease. She told me every thing, and I received her last breath. While I looked upon her corpse, I swore to avenge her injuries and mine. I have not forgotten that oath, nor will I forget it.

Goodwin was deeply affected by this tale of guilt and horror. He saw that the mind of this unhappy man had not recovered its equipoise, but, sincerely as he pitied him, thought it his duty to dissuade him from the violence which he meditated.

My friend, said he, you have suffered much, and received great provocation. But you should not take vengeance into your own hands. Both law and Religion forbid the shedding of blood, and, if you execute your purpose, you will be called to a fearful account for it both here and hereafter.

I care not for what man can do, said he gloomily; and I know that God approves my design. A voice from above has told me so. The figure of my dead wife is now before me, and whispers that it will be a righteous deed.

But, said Goodwin, if you persist in your purpose, I must, to prevent mischief, make known your threats.

Yes! rejoined he with a savage smile; tell him that he may be haunted by fear; tell him that what he did to Coleman that will I do to him, and more also. He may call on the laws to protect him; he may trust to his arms and his strength; he may hide or go abroad; but I will be with him at an hour when he least expects it. He may think to stop and confine me, but I am beyond his reach. And as to you, young man, I do not wish to hurt you, but never again step between me and my prey. Go now, and profit by the warning. With these words, he conducted Goodwin into the street, and, avoiding all further conversation, disappeared in an adjoining alley.

The day was now so far consumed, that Goodwin found it impossible to reach, by the usual dinner hour, the house of Mr. Newman, which was situated in the suburbs of the town, and, therefore, determined to take some refreshment at a neighboring tavern. While his meal was preparing, he mused upon the extraordinary and startling disclosures he had just heard. What a heartless, unprincipled profligate was this Mr. Newman! By what singular deviation from the course of nature had it happened that a girl, so pure, amiable, and exemplary as Letitia, should be the offspring of such parents—that she had inherited none of

their evil propensities—that neither education nor example had perverted the native rectitude of her character! What a pity, thought he, that such a prodigy of excellence should be so connected! Could any man of upright feelings consent to marry her, all lovely and admirable as she was, and acknowledge this bad man as his father? But was this just, to visit upon this gifted and beautiful creature the stain of parental depravity—to outlaw her, as it were, from all the charities of life, from the domestic circle, of which she would be the ornament and delight? Should a man so fortunate as to win her affections, blessed with the possession of such consummate beauty and virtue, suffer the crimes of those with whom she had the misfortune to be connected to disturb his felicity? But why, thought Goodwin, should I indulge in vain speculations on this subject? What is it to me who she marries, or whether she ever marries at all? Poor and humble as I am, I can have no pretensions to the hand of the rich and admired Miss Newman. But I see that she engrosses too much of my thoughts, and it is time that I should retreat from a situation so dangerous to my peace. Tomorrow, I will ask Mr. Newman to absolve me from my engagement; and then in the bustle and excitement of some other pursuit, I will strive to banish from my mind the image of this fascinating girl. Having made up his mind to this prudent and manly resolution, he determined to loiter on the way no longer, and hastened to inform Letitia of the failure of his mission.

It so happened that Fenimore had engaged, on this same day, to dine with our adventurer. After the dishes had been removed and the wine introduced, Letitia retired, leaving her father and his guest to their usual evening potations. Before they had discussed their first bottle, Newman recollected an engagement which he said would make it necessary for him to ride a few miles into the country that evening, and begged his guest to excuse him as his absence was indispensable.

In the meantime, Fenimore, said he, you can call for as much wine as you please; or, if you prefer it, may amuse yourself with a *tête-à-tête* with Letitia. You will find her, no doubt, in her sanctum.

Left alone by the departure of Newman, Fenimore thought this a favorable opportunity to press his suit, and resolved to seek an interview with Letitia, though, as he left the room, he could not help casting “a longing, lingering look behind” on the untasted wine that sparkled on the table. He found Letitia in the apartment where she usually pursued her studies. She was seated in a pensive attitude at the window, and, buried in a deep reverie, did not perceive the approach of Fenimore, till roused by his unhalloved touch to a consciousness of his presence.

A silver penny for your thoughts, Miss Letitia, said he. You looked so much like you were asleep, that I thought of winning a pair of gloves.

It is very well that you did not venture on such a liberty, said she, indignant at the vulgar freedom of his demeanor, or you might have repented it.

Come, my pretty one, said Fenimore, who was heated with wine and emboldened by his compact with Newman, none of these disdainful airs. You and I, you know, are as good as man and wife, and I mean to claim some of the privileges of a husband. So be a good girl, and lay aside this pretended coyness.

Sir, retorted Letitia with an air of scorn, I know not by what right you hold such insolent language, and if you venture on any of your coarse familiarities, I shall call on my father to chastise you.

Why, you pretty termagant, said Fenimore, your father is the very man that sent me here. Come! come! we are here by ourselves, and there can be no harm in your granting a few little favors as an earnest of our marriage.

If you persist in your impertinence I must leave the room, said Letitia.

No—no, you little shrew, said Fenimore, seizing her rudely, you shan't part so easily. I must have a kiss before you go, and a squeeze to boot.

Letitia screamed with anger and affright, and, while she was struggling to extricate herself, Goodwin entered the room. Perceiving at a glance the rudeness of Fenimore, and the alarm of Letitia, his indignation was raised to the highest pitch. In a moment he snatched the trembling girl, with one hand, from this brutal satyr, and, with the other hurled him headlong out of the room. Without allowing the astonished Fenimore time to recover from this onset, Goodwin, by another vigorous impulse, thrust him into the street, and there left him prostrate to digest at leisure the pain and indignity of this ignominious expulsion. Hastening back, he found that Letitia had swooned from excess of alarm and agitation. Raising the insensible girl in his arms, he bore her to an open window, and hastily sprinkled her face with water. With what rapture did he sustain this lovely burthen on his bosom, and how willingly would he have held it there forever! But honor and respect forbade. He would not for worlds have offended the sensitive delicacy of his pupil; and, when the faint flush on her cheeks announced reviving consciousness, he felt it his duty to relinquish the dangerous pleasure of supporting her. With a self-denial of which few are capable, he deposited the yet unconscious girl upon a sofa, and awaited, with painful anxiety, the return of suspended animation. The first object that struck Letitia's returning senses, was Goodwin, hanging over her with the most eager and intense solicitude depicted on his countenance.

Is it to you, said she faintly, that I owe my rescue?

There was a languishing softness in her eye—a deep and touching tenderness in her accents—that could not be mistaken. They revealed her love to Goodwin more forcibly, more eloquently, than the most emphatic language. It was one of those moments, when the pent-up feelings of the heart gush forth with a vehemence, that sets at naught the dictates of prudence and the restraints of ceremony. Goodwin saw that he was beloved, and, in his first rapturous emotion at the discovery, clasped the unresisting, blushing Letitia to his heart. All his sober resolutions—all his honorable scruples—were forgotten in the tumultuous ecstasy of that moment.

Ah! murmured Letitia, you have detected my weakness, or I should not have permitted this freedom.

This remark awakened Goodwin from the delirium of passion which had hurried him away, and, releasing Letitia from his embrace, he resumed his habitual self-command.

Pardon, I beseech you, he replied, this sudden transport. For no consideration would I treat you with the slightest semblance of disrespect. I was acted on by an irresistible impulse—by feelings that I could not control. It is not here or now that I should avow those feelings; but it is in vain to disguise it. I love you, and have long loved you. Honor forbids, while I remain in your father's employment, that I should solicit an interest in your affections. Tomorrow, I had already determined to ask a dismission from your father, and the incidents of this evening have only confirmed that resolution. My purpose is to embrace some occupation, where I can win wealth and distinction by honorable toil. The time may come, when, with your father's approbation, I can ask, without a blush, the highest boon that Heaven could bestow on me.

Letitia listened to this declaration with blended pain and pleasure; pain, at the prospect of separation from her lover—pleasure, that the manly and virtuous principles avowed by him, vindicated the justice of her choice. She was touched by the respectful delicacy which restrained him from urging her to a more explicit confession of her senti-

ments, and loved him the more for the noble forbearance that, disdaining the gratification of a paltry vanity, still left her free and uncommitted. When she looked to the future, her mind was haunted by the most gloomy apprehensions. She feared, that before Goodwin could place himself in a situation to prefer his suit, the policy of her father, and the persecutions of Fenimore, would have established an eternal barrier between them; yet she was too generous to blight his prospects, or damp his enthusiasm by imparting the despondency which weighed like an incubus on her own heart. But she was not altogether without hope; for when will those that truly love relinquish hope? In a country whose institutions have levelled all the impediments in the path of talent and enterprise, she was sure that such a man as Goodwin must rise to eminence, and his success would remove the only objection which her worldly and ambitious father could allege against him. Cheered by these flattering gleams of better fortune, which gilded the gloom of the future, she hearkened, with some composure, to Goodwin's report of his fruitless embassy; and, though grieved at the unrelenting rancor of her brother, was not much concerned at the failure of a scheme, to which, at one time, she had clung with so much eagerness, as her only anchor "in a sea of troubles." These young people knew that they had much to endure; and it was not without some melancholy forebodings, that they took leave of each other on this eventful evening: but they were supported, under the prospect of trial, by the consciousness of upright conduct, the knowledge of their reciprocal affection, and a mutual reliance on the firmness and rectitude of their principles.

In pursuance of his resolve, Goodwin waited on our adventurer the next morning, and respectfully requested to be released from his engagements, declaring, that he wished to qualify himself for a profession which afforded the prospect of greater emolument than he could expect to derive from his present occupation.

Why, sir, said Newman significantly, you have anticipated me. After your treatment of my guest yesterday evening, you could scarcely expect that I should permit you to remain in my house. That outrage cancelled every obligation that I might have felt to retain you in my service.

I am glad, replied Goodwin calmly, that the incident you refer to disposes you so readily to accede to my request; but I must take leave to remark, that the conduct of your guest, as you call him, merited much severer chastisement than I inflicted.

I should like to know, said Newman with asperity, how you, a hireling in my service, can arrogate a right to beat and turn out of my house any person that I choose to invite here.

Sir, answered Goodwin firmly, I claim the right of every gentleman to protect a female from insult; and, hireling as I am, I shall not hesitate, at every risk, to punish the ruffian who shall dare to maltreat a lady in my presence, as this guest of your's did your daughter.

Indeed! exclaimed Newman with a sneer. Why you're a knight-errant, a perfect paladin, ready to run a tilt with giants and enchanters for the rescue of any distressed damsel. Am I right in saying *any*? continued he with a piercing look.

Mr. Newman, said Goodwin, your irony shall not provoke me to forget the respect due to you and to your daughter. What I have done would have been done by any gentleman in like circumstances. All I ask now, is to be allowed to depart a house where my motives and actions have been so grossly misconstrued.

You're heartily welcome, said Newman, glad to rid himself of a man whom he regarded as a stumbling-block to his selfish schemes respecting his daughter; and here, he continued, unlocking a desk, and counting out the amount

of Goodwin's salary, is the compensation for your services.

I shall receive only what is due me up to this time, said Goodwin; so you may take back the residue. And now, Mr. Newman, before I leave you, I wish to put you on your guard against the machinations of a man whom I accidentally encountered yesterday: He says his name is Joe Smith, avows the most bitter enmity to you, utters the wildest threats, and acknowledges that he was the person who attempted your life some time ago. There is danger in that man, and you had better take some precaution to frustrate his designs.

Precaution against Smith! exclaimed Newman with assumed indifference. Why he's nothing but a moon-struck madman, and raves about things that have no existence but in his diseased imagination. Sir, I do not need your warning. I am fully able to protect myself. I have not lived to this age to be scared by the menaces of a lunatic and a vagabond.

As you please, sir, said Goodwin. I have done my duty in apprizing you of the danger, and having done so, I will now take my leave. So saying, he departed, more than ever astonished at the singular and striking contrast presented by the character of Mr. Newman and his daughter.

Though perfectly exempt from vanity or arrogance, Goodwin had that lofty confidence in his powers and energies, which is the uniform characteristic of genius. He was not without ambition; but his was not a grovelling ambition, the mere love of place, and power, and pageantry, as the instruments of selfish gratification; it was that "last infirmity of noble minds," the desire of signalizing himself by great actions, of enrolling his name in that illustrious catalogue of worthies, the monuments of whose greatness are to be found, not in embattled fields, in the desolation of countries, in the overthrow of states, in a splendor wrung from the tears and misery of their fellow-creatures, but in works of beneficence, in the diffusion of knowledge, and the moral improvement of mankind. The homage he coveted, was not the tribute of obsequious adulation, but the unbought, spontaneous applause awarded by the suffrages of mankind to a career of virtue and usefulness. It was from no sordid thirst of lucre that he desired the bounties of fortune, but as an instrument of benevolence, as the means of releasing himself from the thralldom of dependence. To these noble incentives to exertion was now added a motive, not less potent, in his love of an amiable and beautiful girl, who had lavished upon him the treasure of her virgin affections, and whose hand he could only hope to win by the successful exercise of his talents. It was Goodwin's object, therefore, to select some pursuit where talent and industry would the soonest reap their appropriate rewards. Among the liberal professions in this country, that of the law is usually preferred by our aspiring youth, because, while it leads to competency, and frequently to wealth, it affords a theatre for the display of their abilities, and opens the brilliant perspective of forensic fame and political distinction. To this profession, therefore, he directed his attention. He obtained from an eminent lawyer in Augusta the use of his books and the promise of occasional instruction, and, that he might prosecute his studies without interruption, took private lodgings in a retired part of the town. Undismayed by the dry and abstruse style of the elementary works on jurisprudence, he applied himself with unwearied perseverance, hoping, by the exercise of diligence, to abridge the period of his noviciate. The gentleman to whose kindness he was indebted for these opportunities of professional improvement, was impressed by his rapid progress with a high opinion of his capacity, and, proud of his pupil, commended him every where as a young man of the most promising abilities.

While Goodwin was thus laying the foundation of future eminence, our adventurer was unable to retard any longer

the catastrophe, to which his fortunes were hastening. Every artifice had been exhausted to postpone the decision of the fatal suit; but the "law's delay" ceased, in this instance, to be the reproach of litigation. The judicial system of Georgia, by dispensing with many of the antiquated forms and fictions of the common law, had produced a despatch in the administration of justice unknown to the English forums. It might be presumptuous to inquire whether this expedition was conducive to the sound and correct adjudication of private rights; but it had certainly this advantage, that it speedily relieved the suitor from the misery of suspense, which some regard as more intolerable than the certainty of misfortune. Our adventurer was by no means a convert to this system of philosophy, and acted on the Epicurean principle of keeping disaster at a distance, while he revelled in the enjoyments of the present moment. The day of judgment (without meaning an irreverent allusion,) will come even in a court of chancery, and the period at length arrived when the controversy between Newman and his son must be determined.

Ever since his illiberal and uncandid attack upon the profession in the canvass with Morton, our adventurer had been peculiarly odious to the members of the bar of all parties, and the influence of that formidable and enlightened body had contributed not a little to the overthrow of his popularity. There was not a lawyer in the state, who would not have rejoiced in the opportunity afforded by the trial of this cause, to launch out into that strain of personal invective for which the public and private life of our adventurer supplied such ample materials. It has been said by an eloquent advocate, that the discussions of the bar furnish a more powerful check to the bad passions of men, than the exhortations of the pulpit because, to use his own language, "men smart under them practically when lawyers are the preachers." If moral delinquency were alone the subject of forensic animadversion, if the satire of the advocate were whetted by the just indignation of offended virtue and not by private interest or malevolence, then, perhaps, the legal profession might claim this boasted preëminence. But warped by the wishes of his client, or the zeal of advocacy, the lawyer is incapable of an impartial estimate of the conduct and motives of the adverse party, and indiscriminate abuse has become, therefore, the reproach of the profession. To the vicious these denunciations carry no terrors, because they are levelled with equal vehemence at the honest man and the knave; nor do they influence the course of public opinion, since they have come to be classed by the bulk of society among the established artifices of forensic rhetoric.

Hambden had engaged some of the ablest advocates in the state, and among others, Mr. Martin, a man distinguished for the rough vigor of his elocution, and the cutting acrimony with which he usually commented on the conduct and character of the opposite party. This gentleman, though prone from habit, and the ardor of professional zeal, to treat his client's adversary with unnecessary, and sometimes unwarrantable harshness, was, in truth, a man of generous feelings and punctilious honor. He held in supreme abhorrence every species of treachery, ingratitude, and corruption; and whenever these vices fell under his observation, whether in private life, or in the course of legal investigation, he never failed to apply to them, with unsparing rigor, the lash of satirical invective. The character of our adventurer was known to be especially hateful to him; and hence arose a general expectation, that, in the argument of this cause, he would make an unusual display of vituperative eloquence. Indeed it was universally believed, that the vindictive Hambden had engaged the services of this gentleman for the express purpose of vilifying his father's character.

When the trial of this important cause came on, the ability of the counsel, the magnitude of the controversy

and the circumstances of unnatural hostility in which it originated, attracted a prodigious audience. The discussion occupied an entire day, and was ably sustained on both sides. Mr. Martin surpassed all his former exhibitions in the pungency of his sarcasms, and the caustic severity of his attack on our adventurer, whose whole history, with the usual license of his profession, he brought rather irrelevantly under review. The evident satisfaction of the spectators, who had clearly espoused the part of Hambden in this controversy, gave a keener edge to this virulent invective. That public feeling should have been enlisted on behalf of a son, who, under whatever pretext of right or justice, was straining every nerve to ruin and impoverish his father in estate and reputation, furnished conclusive proof of the universal disfavor into which our adventurer had fallen. When popular sentiment is unbiassed by prejudice or passion, the multitude is apt to think and feel rightly in reference to the grosser violations of moral duty; and such a flagrant outrage on the best affections of our nature as this case exhibited, would, at another time, have been sure to encounter a storm of public indignation. The case, as had been anticipated, was decided in favor of Hambden Newman, leaving open to future investigation the question whether Letitia was entitled to an equal share of the recovery.

The feelings of our adventurer at this disastrous overthrow of all the schemes and labors of his life, were doubtless keen and excruciating. To see the structure of his earthly prosperity, which he had reared by so many crimes, and where he had garnered up all his hopes of pleasure and ambition, crumbling around him—dissolved, as it were, by the stroke of an enchanter's wand; to feel that he who had always derided the obligations of friendship, had no friend in this day of calamity to sympathize with and console him; to know that the inconstant multitude, whose favor he had sacrificed so much to obtain, now exulted in his downfall; and, bitterer than all, to perceive that the blow which had wrought this terrible reverse, was urged by the rancorous hate of his own son, were enough to shake even the iron nerves of this obdurate man. Yet, whatever were his inward conflicts, he suffered not a muscle to quiver, not a groan, a whisper of anguish, to escape him in the presence of his enemies. The mask of deception which veiled his true character had now fallen off, as if touched by the spear of Ithuriel, and exposed him to the execration of mankind; yet, with the indomitable pride of the fallen Archangel, he assumed the port of defiance, and shrunk not from the tide of public indignation. He was evidently desperate, and desperation, in such a man, is always dangerous. The tiger is never so fierce or formidable as when he turns on his pursuers. He left the scene of his discomfiture with a countenance firm and unaltered, and with a resolution to wreak on Mr. Martin and his undutiful son the most signal and exemplary vengeance.

Newman now regarded his flagitious contract with Fenimore as his only resource against utter destitution, and determined to press its immediate execution. If the aversion of his daughter to this preposterous match could not be vanquished by mild and persuasive methods, it should be overcome, he resolved, by fraud, or terror, or violence. The exigency of his circumstances admitted no delay. He must act with decision and despatch, or his ruin was irretrievably sealed. In such an emergency, he would not listen to the scruples of maidenly delicacy—to idle tears and lamentations. If she would not do voluntarily what was so essential to their common welfare, she must be constrained by the application of parental power and authority. Fenimore, he doubted not, would eagerly second his design; but in that he was mistaken. That selfish voluptuary had yielded to the wily policy of our adventurer, because he could devise no better contrivance to accomplish his designs on the

person of Miss Newman. At that time, he believed her the heiress of a fine estate, whose beauty and accomplishments would attract men of the first merit and fortune, and who, therefore, would not willingly espouse a drunken debauchee. The concurrence of her father was essential to his success, and in that belief, he willingly stipulated to pay our adventurer the price of his coöperation. Having secured the prize, he could then overreach his coadjutor by eluding the execution of their iniquitous compact, which he thought could not be enforced in a court of justice. For this man, while he squandered thousands on his own pleasures, was in truth, a sordid and grasping miser, who made the coercion of the law the measure of his moral responsibility. Some indistinct rumors of a claim set up by Hambden Newman had reached him; but he imagined it to be a demand too paltry and inconsiderable to encroach seriously on the immense property of our adventurer. When he learned, afterwards, its nature and extent, the concealment of that important fact while the treaty was depending would, he conceived, furnish a sufficient pretext for evading the fulfilment of the marriage-contract, should he find that course expedient. It might well be alleged, that Newman had ensnared him into the execution of this agreement by such a fraudulent suppression of the truth as cancelled its legal obligation. Absolved from that liability, he might then dictate his own terms to the necessities of the father and daughter, and reap, perhaps, the reward of his dexterous manœuvring, without the expense and incumbrance of matrimony. Such were the reasonings of Fenimore, and such the course he was inclined to pursue, even while the result of Hambden's lawsuit was contingent; but when he heard that Newman had been reduced to beggary by the recent decision, he no longer wavered in his resolution.

When, therefore, our adventurer sought out Fenimore to insist on the immediate execution of their contract, he found him in a frame of mind by no means favorable for his purpose. The leisure hours of Fenimore were usually dedicated to the indulgence of his ruling propensities in the bar-room of a tavern, and Newman had no difficulty in tracing him to that favorite haunt. Surrounded by a crew of congenial soakers, he had been imbibing large draughts of his favorite beverage, and was exactly in that state of mind, when, without being absolutely intoxicated, he had become incapable of the coolness and caution so necessary in the approaching interview. He had to do with a man wary and resolute, who was neither to be trifled with, nor overreached, and the discretion of his soberest moments would scarcely have been sufficient to elude the danger of announcing his intended breach of engagement. As the subjects, which Newman wished to discuss were of a confidential nature, he proposed an adjournment to a private chamber, to which Fenimore assented, provided they were accompanied by a bottle of brandy, alleging that this generous liquor would greatly enlighten their consultations.

Do as you please, said Newman; but my business is rather too serious and important to be transacted under the excitement of a debauch.

Come, Newman, said Fenimore, don't pretend to be a temperance man. I know you can take your glass with any body, and I am never so fit for business as when I am charged to the muzzle. So come along, and let us hear what you have to say.

As soon as they were alone, Newman entered at once upon the subject.

I am sorry, Mr. Fenimore, said he, to propose a matter of such consequence to a person in your situation; but time flies and it must be acted upon immediately. The period has come for the consummation of our agreement. I am resolved that my daughter shall marry you without delay, and I wish you to make arrangements for the instant performance of the ceremony. I have immediate occasion too

for the money you stipulated to advance me, and I desire you will have it forthcoming at the time the marriage is solemnized.

What, said Fenimore, are we to be married whether she will or no?

I take it upon me to say, answered Newman, that she shall be willing.

And whether I'm willing or no? said Fenimore.

That, I take for granted, said Newman, is not to be a question.

Let me take another drink, said Fenimore, and I'll tell you about that. I like the girl well enough. She's a nice piece of flesh, and I'd like very well to have her on reasonable terms; but I cannot consent to marry her under that cursed contract. Hang it, Newman, you cheated me, you know you did, when you got me to sign that writing. I thought you was rich, and could make the girl a right snug advancement; but it turns out that you were a broken man, and not worth a copper. Don't that alter the case?

What do you mean? said Newman, with a quivering lip. There was a dangerous excitement in Newman's eye, and a suppressed vehemence in his manner, which Fenimore, in his maudlin condition, was incapable of observing, and he went on, wholly unconscious of the peril of trifling with a desperate man.

Mean! echoed he. Why you are very dull of understanding to-day. You choused me into a contract by suppressing the truth; and no court on earth will make me keep it. Do you think me a fool to give something for nothing?

But where is your honor? said Newman, still curbing his passion.

Honor! Fudge! answered Fenimore. You must be joking. Where was your honor when you concealed your real situation?

And do you dare, said Newman, no longer able to restrain his rage, to insult my daughter by violating your plighted faith—to insult me by impeaching my honor? Such a caitiff does not deserve to live. Take that as the punishment of your villainy, continued he, shivering the heavy decanter into fragments over Fenimore's head. The violence of the blow crushed the skull of the unhappy man, and laid him prostrate on the floor. A servant passing the door was startled by the heavy fall, and, looking into the room, saw Newman standing over the bleeding and insensible form of his victim. The alarm was instantly given, and numbers rushed to the scene of this catastrophe, impelled by that eager curiosity which rivets the eyes of the multitude upon spectacles that make them shudder. The instinctive abhorrence of murder implanted in the human heart, comes in aid, on such occasions, of the authority of law, and, before Newman could meditate either escape or resistance, he was seized and fettered by the bystanders. A surgeon was hastily summoned, and every assistance rendered to the wounded man which skill or compassion could suggest. But the deadly weapon had been urged with a vindictive energy which had done too surely the work of destruction; and, after lingering through a few hours of torture, the unfortunate man was released from his sufferings. In the interval that elapsed between the infliction of the blow and his death, he was repeatedly interrogated as to the circumstances of this unhappy affair; but the brain had sustained so severe an injury, that no distinct or accurate account could be collected from him. No light, therefore, could be thrown on this bloody transaction by the dying declarations of the deceased.

Meanwhile, Newman had been conveyed to prison to abide the legal investigation of his crime, and to endure in the gloom and solitude of confinement the ravening furies of disappointment and remorse. He saw that he approached the end of his career, and felt that he had forfeited the sym-

pathy of mankind. Throughout his life, he had mocked at and derided the kindly and generous affections, as the offspring of folly, or the cloak of dissimulation. He had loved and trusted no one. Men he had treated as the victims of his policy—the puppets of his jugglery. His power over them was now gone; for they knew and hated him with an intensity commensurate to their former misplaced confidence. He stood alone amidst a host of enemies, and without a single friend. Yes! he had one friend who loved him, who would cling to him even in this moment of disgrace, desertion, and despair. His stern, obdurate nature, steeled as it was by pride and misanthropy, softened and melted at the recollection of his daughter. There was yet one ligament that bound this selfish man to his kind—one spot of verdure to relieve the moral desolation of his heart. And yet, with a strange perversity, he resolved to exclude from his prison-house the only being that he loved—to reject the solace of her sympathy and affection. He would not be unmanned by her tenderness and lamentations. His enemies should not enjoy the triumph of witnessing his weakness. He would maintain his constancy unshaken, and defy their utmost malice. Alone and unaided he had fought his way through the difficulties of life; alone and unaided he would brave the perils of this last struggle.

While Newman was thus bracing his courage to meet the impending crisis of his fate, every effort was made to fan the flame of popular prejudice by the circulation of the most exaggerated rumors. Good men, who had always condemned the pernicious sentiments and profligate practice of our adventurer, now conspired with private enemies and political rivals to swell the storm of denunciation which overwhelmed his character. He had once before stood at the bar of justice under a charge of homicide, but under far different circumstances. Then, he was cheered and sustained by the sympathies of the most numerous class in the community, nor did he lack the aid and countenance of many zealous and active friends: now, all denominations of men were inflamed against him by a common feeling of hostility. Though murder, more than any other crime, excites and agitates the public mind, yet the death of Fenimore alone would not explain the ferment which now pervaded the whole community. Its causes lay deeper. They were to be found in the hard, cold, calculating temper of Newman, in his obvious contempt for mankind, in the fierceness of personal enmity, and the rancor of political strife. "Concentred in self," he had no point of contact or cohesion with his fellow-creatures; and, perceiving that their confidence had been abused by this consummate dissembler, the animosity of all classes was doubly embittered by the consciousness that they had been made the sport of his intrigues. Under such circumstances, there was but a slender chance of an impartial trial. For whatever value may be put upon the institution of juries, as an admirable contrivance in a system of criminal jurisprudence, experience demonstrates, that, despite the precautions devised to guard their purity and independence, the subtle influences of public opinion will insensibly operate on jurors, and warp them from the line of severe and equal justice.

With a self-denial springing from the most honorable motives, Goodwin, since his departure from Newman's, had avoided the society of Letitia. He had too much regard for the dignity and delicacy of the object of his affections, to adopt the degrading expedient of a clandestine intercourse, nor would he stoop to visit at a house where he might be treated as an aspiring and presumptuous underling, seeking to build up his fortunes by practising on the simplicity of an inexperienced girl. But when the news of these disastrous occurrences reached him in his retirement, he was filled with apprehensions that the delicate nerves of Letitia would be shattered by the violence of the shock. His pride

and his forbearance yielded at once to anxiety, and he hastened to tender his condolence and his services in this hour of distress and adversity. To see any young female bereaved of her only protector under such horrible circumstances, wrung with the sense of past disgrace and calamity, and with dreadful forebodings of the future, would have excited his strongest commiseration: how much more must he feel, when the blow had fallen upon one, so lovely, so amiable, endeared to him by the tenderest and purest of all ties; the tie of a first and reciprocal attachment! He found the poor girl in the greatest agitation. The bloody and untimely end of Fenimore haunted her imagination. The thought that her father had been guilty of an act so atrocious, that he was branded as a murderer, and had become the companion of common felons, pierced her with the keenest anguish. The ignominious fate denounced against his offence was scarcely more dreadful than the disgrace, the stigma of such a prosecution. If he had died in the course of nature, his hands unstained with blood, deeply as she must have felt such a bereavement, she could have borne it with some fortitude; but to have him torn from her by the public executioner, the victim of offended justice, his name the mark of obloquy and execration, was an idea that almost tortured her to madness. Well was it for the acute moral sensibilities of Letitia, that she had been kept in ignorance of the previous history of her father. But, in the extremity of her distress, she was not unmindful of the obligations of filial duty, and, with her usual spirit of self-sacrifice, prepared to attend our adventurer in his confinement. A grief so deep and overwhelming as hers, could not be assuaged by the cold and common-place language of consolation, and Goodwin felt that he could only evince his sympathy by his actions. He respected too much the sentiment of filial devotion, which urged her to share in her father's afflictions, to dissuade her from seeking him in an abode so unfit for the residence of a refined and delicate female, and declared, that, with her permission, he would accompany her on this pious errand. This proof of her lover's unshaken attachment, at a time when the whole world, she imagined, had abandoned her and her father to misery and shame, penetrated the heart of Letitia with the most grateful sentiments. Soothed by such an assurance of Goodwin's constancy, the agitation of her feelings subsided into some degree of composure, and she signified her willingness to accept the protection of his escort in her projected visit to the prison. Arrived at that abode of wretchedness and guilt, Goodwin desired Mr. Newman to be informed that his daughter had come to share his solitude till the fate of this prosecution should be determined. To their astonishment, Newman, without assigning any reason, refused to admit Letitia even into his presence, and merely advised that she should take up her residence with a Mrs. Freeman, a distant relation of her mother's, during the pendency of this unhappy affair. The poor girl was stunned and confounded at this abrupt and unexpected rejection of her affectionate proposal. She imagined that, from some inexplicable cause, her father was estranged from her—that she was now severed not more from his society than his affections; and this thought gave a keener pang to her kind heart than all the multiplied horrors of their present situation. Goodwin could not behold her agony without the deepest emotion, and undertook to persuade our adventurer, at least to accord her the mournful satisfaction of an interview.

The unexpected entrance of Goodwin into his dungeon, roused the stern misanthropy of Newman, and turning abruptly from his visitor, he complained to the jailer, who was about leaving them together, of this officious intrusion on his privacy. Soured with the world, he seemed to have renounced all intercourse with his kind, to abhor even the face of a fellow-creature. It was only when Goodwin de-

clared that he came at the instance of Letitia, that the unhappy man relaxed from his rigorous and haughty reserve. That name was a charm that laid at once the demons of unhallowed passion, and awakened the single kindly affection that harbored in his bosom. To the proposition of an interview with Letitia he was still inflexible; but he now softened his refusal by expressing, in emphatic language, his grateful sense of her dutiful conduct, and promising, that, after his trial was over, he would no longer object to her wishes. He was deaf to all the arguments with which Goodwin labored to combat his resolution.

Young man, said he, it is useless to reason on this subject. My purpose is fixed. My enemies have brought me to bay, and I have occasion for all my fortitude. I will not suffer it to be weakened or impaired by the society of the only person, whose virtues could redeem human nature from the contempt and hatred with which I view it.

Then, sir, said Goodwin, if you will not see your daughter, I hope, at least, that you will suffer me to aid you in the necessary preparations for your defence. You are here cut off from all intercourse with the world. In such circumstances, the aid of an active and intelligent friend might be of infinite importance. If you think me competent to the task, you may freely command my services in the employment of counsel and collection of testimony.

It is in vain to struggle with my fate, he replied. I cannot avoid the doom which the hatred and injustice of man have prepared for me. You are one of those idle dreamers, who think, that justice, as they call it, is impartially administered, and that they will give me a fair trial. But I know better. I know that justice is the snare of the weak, and the weapon of the powerful. They have me in their clutches, and, after what has happened, I care but little for a life to be spent in a community of such reptiles. Yet there are modes of management that might insure my acquittal, but your narrow prejudices and fantastic notions of right would shrink from such bold and necessary measures. I tell you again, that what is called the administration of justice is nothing but the predominance of the strong over the weak; and it is the law of all nature, that imbecility should oppose fraud and stratagem to the oppressive violence of power.

Be so good as to state more explicitly what you propose, said Goodwin. Perhaps I may not be averse to your plan of action.

Imagining that Goodwin was not so squeamish as he supposed, Newman unfolded, without disguise, the contrivances, by which, on his former trial, he had so successfully baffled the execution of the laws. Goodwin could scarcely forbear the expression of his utter loathing and abhorrence for such principles and practices, and discovered, that, badly as he thought of him, he had never yet fathomed the depth of Newman's depravity. The recollection of Letitia acted as a curb on his feelings, and he determined, for her sake, not to abandon the cause of this wicked man.

Sir, said Goodwin, you conjectured rightly, when you supposed that I would object to any agency in such expedients as these. It may be prejudice, but they are wholly irreconcilable to my ideas of propriety. In any plan conducive to a fair investigation of your case, and not repugnant to my sense of right, you could find no one more zealous than myself.

If you refuse to aid me in my own way, I scorn your assistance, said Newman, angrily.

I implore you, sir, rejoined Goodwin, not to be too hasty. Let not an ill-judged and groundless resentment hurry you into a rejection of my proffer. It is made in all sincerity. Tell me candidly the circumstances of your rencontre with Fenimore, and perhaps it may direct me to the discovery of some evidence which may palliate if it does not justify your offence.

The manly frankness and generous warmth of Goodwin seemed at length to appease the resentful feelings of our adventurer, and to subdue his habitual distrust. Having premised that he made these disclosures with no hope of baffling the vengeance of his enemies, but merely in compliance with the earnest solicitations of Goodwin, he gave a full unvarnished statement of what had passed between him and Fenimore, suppressing only from an involuntary sense of shame the sordid pecuniary stipulations of the marriage contract. Goodwin shuddered at the peril from which Letitia had so narrowly escaped, and felt the most ineffable disgust at the conduct of a father, who, from views of avarice and ambition, would have sacrificed the happiness of such a daughter. But these things were now passed. They had terminated in an act which had rescued Letitia from a lot more horrible than death, and the business now was to extricate her father from the consequences of his providential but unwarrantable violence.

The case, said Goodwin, is not so bad as I supposed. You acted with undue impetuosity, but certainly on great provocation. It cannot be said that you were legally justifiable, yet your culpability is much mitigated by the circumstances. I will make every effort to find evidence which may illustrate the real character of this transaction, and, in the mean time, bespeak the services of some able counsel to manage your defence. I will now conduct your daughter to the house of the lady with whom you wish her to reside during the pendency of this unpleasant investigation.

The benevolent interest manifested by Goodwin in his affairs, penetrated the stony heart of our adventurer, and he took leave of that excellent young man with unusual emotion.

Mrs. Freeman, the lady to whose house Goodwin conducted Letitia, was a kind and sensible woman, and had always maintained a friendly intercourse with her young relation. The forlorn and unprotected situation of this beautiful and amiable girl, stricken so severely by the hand of misfortune, engaged the sincere sympathies of this excellent lady; and she exerted all her ingenuity to soothe the mind and tranquillize the agitation of her young guest. Letitia was wounded to the heart by her father's refusal to see her, but her grief was somewhat assuaged by his kind message, and by the hope, held out by Goodwin to allay her apprehensions, that testimony might yet be discovered sufficient for his exculpation. She had the utmost reliance on Goodwin's discretion and intelligence, and learned, with reviving spirits, that he had undertaken to supervise the preparations for her father's defence. She still hoped that her father would withdraw his rigorous interdict, and permit her to fulfil the duty of a daughter by ministering to his afflictions; but to all her entreaties on that subject he remained inexorable.

In the interval, between Newman's commitment and the trial, Goodwin was indefatigable in his consultations with the counsel of the accused, in sifting the evidence, weighing every circumstance that might extenuate the offence, and securing the attendance of such witnesses as seemed to be important. The facts elicited by these researches demonstrated, that the accused could have been actuated by no preëxisting grudge; that, up to the moment when they entered the fatal chamber, Fenimore and Newman had been on terms of familiar intimacy; and that, consequently, the act must have been committed under the impulse of sudden, unpremeditated passion. To confirm the supposition that Newman must have sought the deceased at the time of the fact with the most pacific intentions, Goodwin procured proof that the accused habitually carried deadly weapons, and that when arrested none were found upon his person. In order to ascertain the probable provocation which might have operated on our adventurer, Goodwin proposed that the written contract of marriage between him and Fenimore

should be produced, and proof was found that the deceased had declared to several that he did not intend to comply with that contract. It might be inferred from these facts, that Fenimore, for the first time, announced his intended breach of engagement to our adventurer in their last interview; and a strong appeal might be made to the jury on the effect which such an outrage on a young and beautiful female was calculated to produce on the feelings of a father. This favorable version of her father's conduct and motives, Goodwin did not fail to communicate to Letitia. Though her father had been betrayed into blood-guiltiness by the impulse of sudden passion, and must expiate that offence by submitting to its appropriate punishment, yet it was a great relief to her feelings that he was uninfluenced in the fatal transaction, by that ferocious and diabolical malevolence which constitutes the legal as well as moral guilt of murder.

The eventful day at length arrived which was to seal the fate of our adventurer. No prosecution, in that district of country, had ever excited such eager and general curiosity. The conspicuous position in society occupied for so many years by the accused—the remarkable transactions of his life—the political and private enmities he had provoked—his bold, fearless, and uncompromising character, and the universal odium into which he had fallen—all conspired to produce a deep and unusual interest in the issue of this trial. The ablest advocates had been retained on both sides; for Fenimore's relations had spared no expense to insure the conviction of Newman. Never did a man arraigned at the bar of criminal justice, appear under circumstances so well calculated to shake his fortitude. He knew that all eyes were turned upon him in enmity or abhorrence; that not a heart in that immense crowd throbbed with sympathy or commiseration. He stood alone, unfriended, unpitied, unsupported by the retrospect of a single good action. The vultures of remorse were gnawing in his bosom, but he gave no token of his internal agony. He came forward with a countenance, calm, sedate, unwavering, respectful to the court, dignified to the spectators. Neither the scowl of hatred, or the hiss of reproach, with which he was assailed, could move his stubborn resolution. Even those by whom he was most detested, confessed that the energies of this man's nature, had they not been perverted by a false and pernicious system of morals, might have led to something great and noble. The trial commenced. The circumstances of the case were so generally known, and the accused so universally disliked, that there was great difficulty in getting an impartial jury. At length twelve men were sworn, who were, or pretended to be, strangers to the parties and to the transaction. Many witnesses were examined, and the case argued, on both sides, with ability and eloquence. It is unnecessary to detail the particulars of the testimony. It was admitted, that the act must have been perpetrated on a sudden quarrel; and the question was whether death had ensued contrary to the intention of the accused, and in the infliction of a chastisement proportioned to the provocation, or had been produced by a blow from a deadly instrument calculated to do serious mischief, and the use of which necessarily inferred that malignity and wickedness which constitute the essence of murder. The weight of the argument was certainly against the accused, yet, contrary to all expectation, the jury were so far favorable as to find him guilty of the least heinous offence. Though our adventurer was so fortunate as to escape capital punishment, yet the consequence of this verdict was a long and irksome imprisonment, aggravated by the disgrace of being made the associate of the vilest malefactors. The session of the court would continue for several days, and it was customary to postpone the judgment of condemnation till the close of the term. Our adventurer was, therefore, remanded to jail until final sentence could be pronounced.

Early the next morning, a man of an uncouth and suspicious appearance urgently desired admission to the prisoner. To obviate the visible reluctance of the jailer to comply with his request, the man plead important business with Mr. Newman, and expressed an entire willingness that the interview should take place in the presence of witnesses. Satisfied by this assurance that no plan of escape was in agitation, the jailer conducted the stranger into the cell where our adventurer was immured. While the jailer tarried a few moments to secure the door, his companion advanced hastily to the small bed on which Newman reclined. Thrusting one hand into his bosom, with the other, he raised his hat, which somewhat shaded his countenance.

Do you know me, Anthony Newman? said he in a tremulous tone. Newman gazed earnestly in his face for a moment.

Yes, he replied, rising suddenly from the bed, and attempting to put himself in a posture of defence. You are that madman Joe Smith.

Madman! echoed Smith with a wild and maniac laugh; and who made me a madman? I told you, I would be with you when you least expected. You have escaped the hangman, but you have not escaped this.

At the same instant, drawing a knife from his bosom, he plunged it to the hilt in the body of our adventurer. Before he could repeat his blow, the jailer seized him from behind and wrested the deadly weapon from his hand.

Take me where you will, exclaimed the maniac. I have obeyed the voice. I am he that has been appointed to execute judgment on the murderer and adulterer; and I have done the deed.

A fierce expression of savage exultation lighted the countenance of the assassin, as he glared upon his victim, who now lay weltering in his blood, and without further resistance, he permitted himself to be bound and removed to another apartment. Consigning Smith to the charge of one of his assistants, and directing a surgeon to be summoned with the utmost speed, the jailer hastened back to the wounded man. He found our adventurer faint from the effusion of blood, but still sensible. From the depth and direction of the wound, it was evident that the fatal instrument had reached his vitals, and that, though he might linger a few hours, there was no hope of his recovery. The jailer, with a humanity not usual in his calling, endeavored to stanch the blood, and by the application of such hasty remedies as he could command, to relume the fleeting spark of life now flickering on the verge of dissolution. Partially revived by these efforts, Newman recovered his strength sufficiently to request that Goodwin and his daughter should be immediately sent for. When the surgeon came, a slight examination satisfied him that the case was beyond his skill, and he contented himself with using such means as would assuage the pain, and prolong for a brief period the life of his patient. Satisfied that he had but a short time to live, Newman did not wish to be tormented with vain efforts to save him. His only desire was that he might survive until the arrival of Goodwin and his daughter; and that last wish was granted him. In less than an hour after the infliction of the mortal wound, Letitia, accompanied by Goodwin, rushed into the room. She threw herself in unspeakable anguish on the pale and ghastly form of her father. The horror of this piteous spectacle almost bereft her of her senses.

Oh my dear father, she exclaimed in tones of the most piercing grief, am I permitted to see you at last only to witness your expiring agonies? Am I to lose you after so long a separation in this dreadful manner? Oh that I had died before this horrible catastrophe! Oh that I could die now to relieve your sufferings!

This burst of tenderness and sorrow from the only being that he loved, touched the heart of Newman with unwont-

ed softness. Tears, to which he had been long a stranger, bedewed his eyelids. Strong emotion choked his utterance, and silently extending his arms, he folded this beloved daughter feebly to his bosom. In a few moments, he regained his composure.

Let me beseech you, my dear daughter, said he, to calm this agitation. Do not lament my death. My life would have been a disgrace to you, a burthen to myself. The assassin's dagger has anticipated my own resolution. This man, this Smith, has only done to me what I have done to another, and for the same cause. My own act condemns me, and proves that I deserved the blow. Why should I desire to live? I am an outcast in the world, branded with infamy, despised, hated by all—I have lost property, character, friends, every thing. My only regret, in surrendering the miserable boon of existence, is in parting with you; in leaving you alone and unprotected in the world, exposed to the buffets of fortune and to the malice of our worst enemy, your brother. I could have wished to shield you from his machinations. You have always been kind, dutiful, affectionate. You are my only remaining friend, and my bitterest thought in this trying moment is, that I have not deserved your love. Among all the crimes and enormities that now haunt my recollection and embitter my last hours, that which awakens the most painful reflections, is the consciousness, that, for my own selfish ends, I would have sacrificed your happiness.

Oh my father, said the weeping Letitia, how can you say so? You have been always too kind and indulgent.

You do not know me, said Newman, in that hollow sepulchral tone which betokens the near approach of death. I lived only for myself. I cared not for the welfare or happiness of any other human being, and I am now reaping the bitter fruits, in the hatred of mankind, in a death-bed tortured by vain remorse and unsoothed by the retrospect of a single good action. Even you, whom I loved, I destined to be the victim of my schemes of avarice and ambition. You will forgive me, my daughter, but I cannot forgive myself.

Oh why should you reproach yourself so unjustly my father? said Letitia. I have nothing to forgive.

Would that I could think so, said the dying man. There was once a time, indeed, when I had thought to make you happy in the love of a man that deserved you; but the evil propensities that have been the bane of my life, overruled that design. I would now resume that purpose, and while I have breath make amends for the misery I have caused. Draw near Mr. Goodwin. You and Letitia love each other with a pure, disinterested attachment. I have long seen it. You are mutually deserving of that love. Take her and be happy. I would fain atone for the injuries I have done your family. Nothing I have ever done occasions me such keen remorse at this moment, as the remembrance of those injuries. I see your curiosity is excited; but this is not a time, nor have I breath to enter into the detail of those painful reminiscences. The when, the where, the how, you will find explained in a manuscript among my papers. The only expiation I can offer, is to give you this amiable girl. She is in herself an invaluable treasure; nor will she be a dowerless bride. Among my papers, you will find memoranda of testimony establishing clearly her identity as the daughter of my wife. That proof will substantiate her title to a moiety of the property which has heretofore been in my possession. This I know will not weigh a feather with you; but none better merit the possession of wealth than you and Letitia; for no one would make a better use of it. And now, young man, will you accept this last legacy of a ruined, disgraced, and dying man?

Willingly, said Goodwin, deeply affected; nor will I ever cease to cherish the sacred deposit.

You have given me, said Newman, while a gleam of satis-

faction illumined his pallid countenance now covered with the damps of death, the only pleasure of which I am capable in this trying hour. The tide of life is fast ebbing in my veins. As the shades of death gather around me, grim phantoms rise up from the past and flit before my darkening eye-sight. They seem to mock and gibber at me. Oh you know not, young man, what a fearful thing it is, at a moment like this, to look back upon a life stained by a black catalogue of vices and crimes. I am not timid—I have braved death in many forms with the courage of a man—but when he comes with all my evil deeds in his train, he is then, indeed, the king of terrors.

Would not the conversation of a clergyman tend to compose your mind? asked Goodwin, shuddering at this hideous picture of remorse and despair. If you will consent, one can be summoned immediately.

No, replied the dying man, it is too late. As I have made my bed, so must I lie. Oh that I could live my life over again! But why make so vain a wish? I should but act the same part, repeat the same career of crime and wickedness.

His quick and laborious respiration now preluded the near approach of the last moment. He spoke faintly and at intervals, while his mind, with a dreamy and delirious unconsciousness, seemed to wander back over the scenes of his past life.

Come, dear Alice, he exclaimed, don't do it? and you shall not marry Thompson. What makes you so wet and cold? your touch freezes me. I know you come for me from your bed in the deep water, where you have laid so long. Presently he spoke in a fiercer tone—I say you did cheat, and I can prove it. What if I did kill him? He struck me first. You say he is my father; but how could I know that? He kept his secret, and never treated me as a father. Is that Morton? I thought you were dead. Well, sir, I'm ready; give us the pistols. Why didn't you promise not to fire? If you had, I wouldn't have shot you. What do you come for from the grave? I'll go with you, when I'm ready. He paused for a few moments, and his eye rested with an expression of fondness upon his daughter.

Is that Letitia? he said faintly. I can't see you. Come nearer, my dear, that my eyes may rest on you as their last object. Let me take leave of you. I am going where we shall never meet again.

In an agony of tears, Letitia pressed the pale lips of the dying man, and his last breath was received by this beloved daughter. His jaw fell, the muscles of the face quivered with a convulsive movement, a film passed over the eyes; and all that remained of Newman was a lifeless corse. The spirit had gone to its last account. Letitia had been supported through this harrowing scene only by her strong sense of filial duty, and when she became aware that life had finally departed, sunk into a state of insensibility. In this condition, she was removed from the prison, while arrangements were made for depositing the body in its last resting place. It was privately interred in the presence of Goodwin and a few others.

Such was the melancholy end of a man, whose fine talents and uncommon vigor of character might have made him a blessing and an ornament to society; but who, by the misapplication of these eminent gifts, became a curse to the world, an object of universal disgust and execration.

It was some months before Letitia recovered from the shock of these horrible occurrences. The poignancy of her grief, which seemed, at first, to threaten the overthrow of her reason, yielded imperceptibly to the lenient influences of time, the soothing attentions of Mrs. Freeman, and the generous attachment of Goodwin. It was long before the wounds of her sensibility could be completely healed; but the anguish of her first stormy emotions subsided gradually into a tender melancholy. Brighter prospects dawned upon her, and she looked forward to an union with Goodwin

with cheering hope, as an abundant recompense for past sufferings. That young man, had he consulted the dictates of his calmer reason, might, perhaps, have avoided, in the commencement, a connexion with a family whose history was fraught with such disgraceful and mortifying recollections. No man placed a higher value on reputation; and he felt an honorable pride, not more in the unimpeachable rectitude of his own conduct, than in the unsullied fame of his progenitors. To a person of such sentiments, the idea that the ancestry of his wife were the subject of such foul imputations, must be a source of the most galling reflection. But his affections were now irretrievably committed. He had plighted his faith to this amiable girl under the most solemn and affecting circumstances, and he found his justification in the virtues of the object. This was a case where that scrupulous, perhaps superfluous nicety, which shrinks from the remotest contact with infamy, was uncalled for, because the merit of the daughter redeemed the vices of her parentage. The purest and most unstained lineage, might be proud to acknowledge a being so faultless as its representative; and Goodwin felt assured, that in the society of such a companion, no vain and untimely regrets would ever allay the happiness of his future career.

No bar was now interposed to the mutual attachment of these excellent young people, and it was settled that their espousals should take place as soon as they were authorized by the legal sanction of Letitia's guardian. The gentleman in whose office Goodwin had prosecuted his professional studies, was selected by her for that office, and entered into the usual obligations. With his concurrence, Letitia was privately married to Goodwin about twelve months after the tragical death of her father. It was soon ascertained, that if Hambden Newman should be disposed to contest her rights, the memoranda found among her father's papers would establish beyond question Letitia's claim to a moiety of her mother's estate. That rapacious and unprincipled young man would, doubtless, have resisted it with all his powers; but his dissolute career was destined to be prematurely cut short by a catastrophe, such as might well have been anticipated from his loose habits and imperious temper. He had gone on a gaming excursion to the State of Mississippi, and, shortly after Goodwin's marriage, was slain at a gaming table in a drunken brawl, provoked by his own insolence; a fate that excited neither surprise nor regret among his acquaintances. Letitia was now the unquestionable heiress of the whole estate, and no person being interested to dispute her title, Goodwin was enabled, with but little difficulty, to reduce the property into his possession.

The general knowledge in Georgia of the criminal misconduct of Letitia's parents, together with the painful scenes which he himself had witnessed in that state, had determined Goodwin, as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements, to fix his residence in some other region. Unlike the emigrants, who are now dispeopling the old states to amass riches at the expense of health and happiness in the wilderness of the west, he had not, by his removal, abjured his attachment to his native land. Virginia, the place of his birth, and the residence of his nearest friends and connexions, was still dearer to him than any other country, and there he resolved to establish his permanent abode. With the perfect concurrence of Letitia, he converted the bulk of their immense property into money, and having purchased, with a portion of it, a valuable and extensive farm on James river, together with the necessary supply of stock and laborers, vested the residue in State securities. His accession of fortune had not corrupted the republican simplicity of his habits. He had no taste for parade and pageantry; and though, with his wealth, he could well have afforded to launch out into that style of luxurious elegance so common in this democratic country,

it did not consist with his notions of duty to squander on such fleeting personal gratifications the resources that might be more profitably expended in the relief of the wretched, or in the advancement of works of public utility and improvement. Having removed, therefore, to his new purchase, he was content to build up an establishment plain and unostentatious, where supplied with every comfort and convenience, he could exercise the rites of a liberal hospitality, and indulge, without restraint, his innate generosity and benevolence. In that tranquil retreat, he and Letitia have spent their lives, admired and loved by a wide circle of acquaintances, and happy in the exercise of all the domestic and amiable affections.

D.

A MESSAGE BY THE WINDS.

Haste gentle winds and bear along
This message to my lady fair,
Go tell her, yet in heart and song,
She reigneth there.

Tell her, that I am sad and lone,
As when we parted last in tears,
I count the moments one by one,
And they are years.

For hearts are like a pendulum—
They mark the fleeting strokes of time—
But ah! *my past* and that to come,
It all is thine!

Our souls, as one of old hath shown,
Are but the parts of one great whole,
'Tis true, for ah! in thee I own
A kindred soul.

And though thou now art far away,
With me thy *soul* is present still,
I hail thee 'round my hearth to-day—
'Tis but to will.

And once again I see thee here,
Bright as the vision of a child:
Thy absent *body* claims a tear,
Thy *soul*—a smile!

P. G.

THE RETURN.

BY CH. LANMAN.

During one of my visits in the country last summer I met with the following incident, and I now relate it, believing that the thoughtful mind may gather instruction from its perusal.

It was a lovely afternoon, and I had wandered forth to enjoy the scenery and glories of the western sky. On reaching the summit of a hill, a short distance from the village, I beheld the bent form of an aged man leaning upon his staff. His garb was suited to his age, but was dusty and worn; and, as he stood there silent as a statue, unconscious of surrounding things, it seemed to me that his eye was fixed on some object beyond the boundaries of this world—something undiscernible to the gaze of common men. I approached and offered him my hand, which he

received with a warm pressure, while a strange smile lighted his withered countenance. I saw that something heavy was at the old man's heart, and I asked him, as a friend, to tell me of his grief. He assented, and seating ourselves upon a rude seat near by, he thus proceeded :

"My young friend, I have been thinking upon the pleasures and the sorrows of other days. At the mention of these two last words, how varied are the scenes which rise before me, causing my heart to flutter with joy or tremble at remembered grief! I do not sympathize with those who tell me to forget the past, to trust no future, and live only for the present hour. Ah, no!—such thoughts are inappropriate to an immortal soul on the borders of futurity!

"Yonder smiling village, almost hidden from view by those lofty elms, is the place of my birth. In the clear waters of that broad river I have often bathed this frame, when the blood of health and youth sparkled through its veins.

"Fifty years ago, I left my happy home to seek my fortune in the wide, wide world. Can I forget the tears, the blessings, and the breaking hearts of that sad parting! Dear parents, who have long since gone to your home of peace, forgive your erring child for his ingratitude and hardness of heart! He has reaped an abundant reward for his wayward and ambitious spirit. For many years, I have been a friendless and solitary wanderer in a crowded world. As in the May-day of life, I am even now poor, ignorant, sinful and unknown. There was a time when the nobles of a distant land enjoyed the luxuries of my table, but poverty stript me of my possessions—and friendship became a name. The smile of flattery was changed to the frown of contempt and scorn—and all, because I was poor. I have studied the human heart and the mysteries of the universe, but each succeeding year tends but to impress me more deeply with my ignorance. When I have reflected on the ravages of time, and the utter folly of living only for the present, I have striven to become a sinless creature, but my endeavors have proved vain. It is not age alone, but sin and its evil consequences, that have furrowed my brow so deeply. There was a time too, when my name was on the lips of a nation—when I was called great, honorable, and good—but that nation has forgotten me; those days are departed.

"A few hours since, and, after the absence of half a century, I returned to my native village—hoping to find there one person at least who would remember me, and bend over my couch when I should die. But no—I seemed a stranger, or as one forgot.' I saw a youth with dark melancholy eyes and lofty forehead, walking thoughtfully in the shadow of the trees. I forgot myself, and called out the familiar name of an early friend, but the stranger thought the old man crazy—and there-

fore heeded me not. It made me sad—very sad. I heard the clear laugh of a maiden beyond a garden wall, and fancy pictured to my mind the deep blue eye, the heaving bosom and sweet smile of Mary Lee. Then I was happy. I saw a party of children returning from the strawberry fields, with baskets 'brimming full;' and, as they danced along with joyous hearts and blooming faces, I became a child once more. But when they came near, and gathered round to gaze at my thin white locks and furrowed cheeks, and one exclaimed 'see how the poor man trembles,' I felt that I was indeed old, and ripe for the sickle of death. As this happy group left me, a shade of thoughtfulness seemed to have settled on their young minds; and when one of the little girls lagged behind, and poured into my lap the contents of her basket, a tear of holy love dimmed my eyes, and I thanked God that he permitted angels to dwell upon the earth. Beautiful child!—may I meet thy pure spirit in the realms of bliss!

"I passed down the avenue which once led to the little brown cottage where I was born—but there every thing was changed. No familiar voice greeted my ear. The marble mansion, the fashionable garden and regular walks, added to my sorrow. Even the old apple-tree, under whose shadow my mother sung her lullaby for me, was gone. Those who saw me, thought me an old mendicant, and offered me bread—but I refused it and turned away to hide my burning tears. For a moment, they wondered why the old man wept—but then they passed on and he was forgotten. I sat down upon a stone, near the old schoolhouse, and O, how mingled were the recollections it brought to mind! Where, thought I, are the noble young spirits who were once so happy there? Many of them, perhaps, were lured into the world by fame, pleasure and wealth; while a few have passed through this life knowing it to be but the pathway to an eternal one. They are gone—all, all gone. The schoolhouse still stands there, but it is a ruin mournfully reminding the beholder of other days. A part of the roof has fallen in, and the door is hingeless. Its inhabitants are the cricket and bat, and its broken windows are hung with curiously wrought tapestry from the spider's loom. A short distance from this ruin, stands a splendid edifice with towering spires, known by the name of '—College.' I wondered, when I saw that, whether the learned of the present time were happier and better men than those who were instructed by the travelling pedagogue, fifty years ago.

"I entered the church, but this too had undergone a change. The moss-covered church, where the poor, the humble and good ever went to congregate and worship God in sincerity and truth, is now changed to a naked white temple—the Sabbath resort of fashionable worshippers.

"I went into the garden of graves—but that too

was changed: it had increased greatly in size. One portion of it spoke of the past and forgotten dead—the other, of the present and dying. In the former, the graves of my parents were discerned by the broken fragments of their gray head-stones. One thing I saw there which pleased me, and was unchanged: it was the old oak, which still waved over them—an emblem of infinite love. There was one other grave upon which I looked with peculiar feelings, and above it one evening primrose bloomed in beauty,—emblem of the buried one. O! there is consolation in the thought, that after the Winter of death, comes the Summer of eternal blessedness.

“And now I have come to this pleasant eminence, and under the open sky, to spend one short hour in thinking upon the pleasures of other days. I feel that my pilgrimage is almost ended—that my goal is won.

“How many times have I roamed over these hills, arm-in-arm with Mary Lee, the brightest star in the horizon of my youthful hope. I verily believe, she was the only being who ever loved me with the passion of an angel. How many years of happiness did we then anticipate! See you that little purple cloud just passing away from amidst its companions?—even so did her spirit fade into the cloudless sky of heaven.

“Young man! if you are not weary, listen a little longer to my words. If you have never ‘given your heart away, a sordid boon,’ or devoted your affections to some earthly object, I warn you to beware; place them on something that is lasting—on your God. He is unchangeable and infinitely good, and if you are His child you will be forever happy. But I tell you to begin early—to begin now—‘now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.’

“Next to God, and your fellow men, let the love of Nature engage your attention; and be not engrossed with the vanities of this changing world. Ambition is a delusion. It is this that has been the chief torment of my life. I have stood on the spot hallowed by the ashes of Socrates, and as I thought of him, and others, who once instructed mankind under a cloud of heathenism, I have felt that if the grave was the consummation of human glory the plaudits of the world were not to be desired. Yes, cherish within your heart a love for nature. She will alleviate many of the troubles of life, and will prove a constant friend. The scenes which now meet my eye, are the same to which I bade adieu in the morning of life. The same clouds are floating in the west. The same breeze is fanning my cheek and sending the newborn ripples to expire upon the shore. The same bees are struggling for the honey contained in that drooping flower. The same ant is building her little palace of sand at my feet, teaching me as it did then a lesson of industry. The same whip-poor-will is offering up her evening hymn. Every thing is unchanged, save myself and my affections. Then I

was a happy boy, sympathizing with the glad season of Spring—now I am an old man, and brother to the Autumnal leaves.

“An affectionate father and a fond mother went into their graves, weeping and praying for their lost, their ambitious son. Their prayers have been answered, and I shall soon meet them at the right hand of God, while my mortal part will nestle on the bosom of corruption, its second mother.”

* * * * *

Thus did this good man unburthen the feelings of his heart, until the approaching darkness and falling dew warned us to seek the shelter of our inns. He leaned upon my arm until we reached the foot of the hill, promising to relate to me on the morrow more particulars of his eventful life. We parted. That night my dreams were confused; for they were about a sinful fleeting world, and one that is sinless and eternal.

The next day I saw a funeral procession move slowly to the village church-yard. It was composed of a few humane christians and the family of the inn-keeper—but there was not one mourner there. The sunset of that evening was beautiful as ever, but the unknown old man was unconscious of its glories. Truly hath the poet said—‘We are born—we laugh—we weep—and then—we die.’

THE DEPARTED.

Not they alone are the departed
Who have laid them down to sleep
In the grave narrow and lonely;
Not for them only do I vigils keep,
Not for them only am I heavy-hearted,
Not for them only!

Many, many, there are many
Who no more are with me here,
As cherished, as beloved, as any
For whom I have decked out the bier.
Wherefore from me who loved ye so,
Oh! wherefore did ye go?
I have shed full many a tear,
I have wrestled oft in pray'r—
But ye do not come again;
How could anything so dear,
How could anything so fair,
Vanish like the summer rain?
No, no it cannot be,
Ye must be still with me!

And yet, oh! where art thou,
Childhood, with sunny brow
And floating hair?
Where art thou hiding now?
I have sought thee everywhere,
All among the shrubs and flow'rs
Of those garden-walks of ours:
Thou art not there!
When the shadow of night's wings
Hath darkened all the earth,
I listen for thy gambollings
Beside the cheerful hearth—
Thou art not there!
I listen to the distant bell,

I murmur o'er the little songs
Which thou did'st love so well,
Pleasant memories come in throngs
And my eyes are blurred with tears,
But no glimpse of thee appears:
Lonely am I in the winter, lonely in the spring,
Summer and harvest bring no trace of thee;
Oh whither, whither art thou wandering—
Thou who didst once so cleave to me?

And Love is gone.

I have seen him come,
I have seen him, too, depart,
Leaving desolate his home,
His bright home in my heart.
I am alone!
Cold, cold is his hearth-stone,
Wide open stands the door,
The frolic and the gentle one
I shall see no more, no more!
At the fount the bowl is broken,
I shall drink it not again,
All my longing prayers are spoken
And felt, ah woe is me! in vain.

Oh! childish hopes, and childish fancies,
Whither have ye fled away?
I long for ye in mournful trances,
I long for ye by night and day.
Oh do not let me pray in vain;
How good and happy I should be,
How free from every shade of pain,
If ye would come again to me!
Oh come again! come, come again!
Hath the sun forgot its brightness,
Have the stars forgot to shine,
That they bring not their wonted lightness
To this weary heart of mine?

'Tis not the sun that shone on thee,
Happy childhood, long ago—
Not the same stars silently
Looking on the same bright snow—
Not the same that Love and I
Together watched in days gone by!
No, not the same, alas for me!
Would God that they who early went
To the house dark and low,
For whom our mourning heads were bent,
For whom our steps were slow;
Oh would that these alone had left us,
That Fate of these alone had reft us,
Would God indeed that it were so!
Many leaves too soon must wither,
Many bright ones wandering hither,
We know not whence, we know not why,
Like the leaves and like the flowers,
Vanish ere the summer hours
That brought them to us have gone by.
Beautiful thoughts that once were mine,
Might I but win ye back once more,
Might ye about my being twine
And cluster, as ye did of yore!
Oh for the hopes and for the feelings,
Childhood, that I shared with thee,
The high resolves, the bright revealings
Of the soul's might which thou gav'st me.
Gentle Love, woe worth the day,
Woe worth the hour when thou wert born,
Woe worth the day thou fled'st away—
A shade across the wind-waved corn—
A dewdrop falling from the leaves,

Chance-shaken, on a summer's morn!
Woe, woe is me! my sick heart grieves,
Companionless and anguish-worn.
I know it well, our manly years
Must be baptized in bitter tears,
Full many fountains must run dry,
That youth hath dreamed for long hours by.

H. P.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A RURALIZER.

July 27th, 6 P. M.—I have been "musing until the fire is burning within." As evening draws on, the sultriness abates and induces all quiet and delicious sensations in my heart. It seems to me, a good Christian in leaving the world must feel something as I do. I love every body now—yes, my enemies too. All the busy sounds of day have died away, and the roar of that far-off woodland torrent is distinctly heard. How I pity the poor denizens of the town! This breeze is not there—it is too gentle to force its way between those brick walls. Those clanging drays, and that omnipresent dust! Why, I had almost forgotten there was such a thing in the world as dust. My green blind shows as fresh and unsullied as if painted yesterday. How pretty my seat is in this shaded back piazza away from the little interruptions of this quiet spot! and then the view out is really picturesque. The pretty white-sanded yard, interspersed with tufts of verdant grass, some as large as a bed, and others the size of a chair-cushion, and not unlike a green velvet cushion, only much prettier. Farther on is the old-fashioned garden, a mélange of the utile and agreeable—pretty vines clamber over its neat fence, their verdure set off by the white dresses and snowy linen which the blanchisseuse, or "wash," has spread out, doubtless unconscious of scenic effect, though perhaps not without a chuckle of satisfaction, as she thought of the superior whiteness of the family habiliments, compared with less thrifty and tidy rivals, in the village church next Sunday. I heard her but just now talking to herself—a habit to which all her race, I believe, is addicted—and her soliloquy I translated thus: "Koguine see no sich frocks no whar bout here. Mas' Tom's breeches be white for true. He sure for catch one pretty gal for sweet-heart. Massy, dis spread so white he hurt de eye."

July 29th.—Yesterday I lay on the bed here by this pretty window, and indulged in all the poetry and luxury of indolence. To-day has been worldly, and, like all the "uses of this world, stale, flat, and unprofitable." Sat and sowed and talked through two or three formidable hours. And such talking! This same talking, how often it makes the poor spirit stoop to the very dust! But now, 6 P. M., I am at leisure and alone, except that ever-present friend who "sticketh closer than a brother." I

can study my flowers, read, or muse, or weep, or laugh, as the spirit moves me.

August 1st.—The first day of the month has been signalized by an achievement of considerable merit on my part, I think. I have been trying ever since I came here to think of a name for this place. It is so lovely a spot that it deserves a pretty name, and besides, when I write letters, I like to have a name for my whereabouts, that my friends may not think I have literally gone *nowhere*. But, though I thought much on the subject, I could effect nothing, and was about to give it up. But this morning, after eating a good breakfast, and enjoying other comfortable corporeals, I took a walk in the garden. My health was excellent—every thing around was congenial—and I had nothing to do but enjoy. I was felicitating myself on my happy lot, and with much complacency was gazing around, drinking in copious draughts of rural inspiration from the fresh verdure and gentle repose, when the thought struck me that this place shall be named Sans Soucie. Sans Soucie forever! I am spending the summer at Sans Soucie. It is the very thing precisely. My host though, would doubtless think it no merit to bestow such an outlandish name on a place which produces such fine corn and fodder, and for which he paid a round five thousand dollars. But he need not know it, or, if he does, he won't know but Sans Soucie means Oak Grove, or Hickory Farm, or Comfort Hall. Sans Soucie! it embodies in two words only, the many delightful hours I've passed here. But stay, I must analyze these flowers before they die. Sans Soucie, Sans Soucie, how I wish it could be set to music.

August 2d.—After several days severe heat we have a delightful morning. Cool, breezy, and partially cloudy. The alternations of light and shade, as the sun passes behind and emerges from the fleecy clouds, is beautiful. It seems to me I should never tire of this place. Its chief charms are quietness, neatness, and a sort of cosiness that would just suit Mary Mitford. There is too a general air of tastefulness, that must have originated in town where artificial adornments are most studied. And my room is the pleasantest part of the whole. The very sight of it makes me poetical, so I'll e'en give vent to some of my superabundant exaltation, if I can get my Pegasus started. Here goes—

My room in sooth's a pretty quiet spot,
A poet's corner, not such as was the lot
Of hapless rhyming wight in days of yore,
But fit for modern poetizing beau,
Whose volumes in these wondrous reading days,
Bring needful gold as well as verdant lays,
To deck his whereabouts.

It's neither large, nor small, but just the thing,
With snowy curtained windows on each side,
By which I sit to read and muse and sing;
Then I do take an honest country pride
In my bed-curtains virgin white:

And if my glass is small I need not care—

I'm prouder of my books than any glass—

Yes, it is a true poet's corner, where

The Muse should summer—Oh! so it will pass

Since here these clever rhymes I write.

True, the high-born lady Norton might smile,

And say the domicile wants much in style.

Bulwer might look for pictures, and wonder how

These naked walls my *virtù* could allow.

The ewer's not China, says dainty Willis;

But Mary Mitford, that simple Phyllis,

Would like the white-fringed curtains.

Bryant, I know, would like the rural view

From my green dustless lattice, the rose-vine

Climbing fence and tree, the green slope, and, too,

That beehive's drowsy hum would be so fine

To spin his reveries by;

This simple garden would prolong his gaze,

Where art does not distort poor nature's face

In bizarre forms through geometric maze,

Till one scarce knows her; but wild rural grace

Entrance the ling'ring eye.

Some might think the house too low, but the bees

Buzz by so sweetly with their yellow store

From dainty cups of flowers; and the breeze

With showy petals decks the cool plank floor,

And giddy butterflies

Dash out and in, and tropes recall to mind

To dizzy out poor thoughts; so I'm e'en glad

Its low, pleasing its cottage air I find—

Oh! a high townish house would be too bad

To my town-wearied eyes.

Augusta, Geo.

BERTHA.

THE CONSCRIPT'S GRAVE.

"By one of these *avalanches*, a cannon and an artillery-man belonging to Bonaparte's army, were carried away and never more seen."—*History of French Revolution*.

The following lines are supposed to have been written after Napoleon's downfall, and during the occupation of Paris by the allied armies.

They lie entomb'd in the mountain glen,

The Gaul and his gun together,

No more he joins in the shout of men,

Where the red sword flashes ever.

He sleeps in peace, midst the Rhetian hills,

The *avalanche* now doth hide him;

Little he recks of his country's ills,—

That Gaul with his gun beside him.

His grave is far from his own lov'd France,

And the chamois boundeth o'er him,

His dreams not now of the stud and lance,

And the foe which fled before him;

For if death could dream of woes to come,

He would burst the chains which bind him,

And the *pas de charge* of the rattling drum

In the field of blood would find him.

Peace to the conscript, peace to his name,

Though 'tis all unknown to story,

And he won no crown midst the lurid flame

Which is 'round Marengo's glory—

He sleeps in death, midst the Rhetian hills,

The *avalanche* now doth hide him;

Little he recks of his country's ills,—

That Gaul with his gun beside him.

P. G.

SONGS OF THE PASSIONS.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

I.

"I KNEW THEE FIRST."

I knew thee first in early youth,
And oh! I loved thee then;
For thou wast a fair tale of truth
From the Almighty pen!
And gazing on thy sunny face,
And on thine open brow,
Oh! who the falsehood *then* might trace,
That marks—*what thou art now!*

I knew thee still in riper years—
I knew thee, tho' estranged;
And I have wept, ay! bitter tears,
To know thee all so changed:
I saw thy light of love decay,
Yet knew not why nor how—
But sadly marked thee, day by day,
Become—*what thou art now!*

And *now* I know thee as thou art,
A cold and heartless thing;
And yet I feel that still my heart
Will round that image cling,
Where I, as to a saint, have knelt
With pure devotion's vow,
Ere yet the idol there that dwelt
Were fall'n—as *thou art now!*

It was no earthly love did bring
My spirit to thy shrine;
I bowed as to an Angel-thing
That never could be mine!
I mourn no idle passion cross'd,
But oh! I grieve that thou—
All bright and pure as once thou wast—
Should'st be—*what thou art now!*

II.

"BE STILL, FOND HEART."

Be still, fond heart!—for thee, no more
Is woven love's bright chain;
The Syren's treacherous song is o'er,
Never to wake again.
Hope's rays may others' steps illumine,
But not for thee they shine;
Her flowers on others' pathway bloom,
But never more on thine!

Pleasure may call thee—wealth invite—
Or glory crown thy name—
Ambition's stirring voice incite
To deeds of deathless fame!
But never more, fond heart, for thee
Is woven love's bright chain;
Nor thou that Syren melody
May'st ever list again!

III.

"GO! I WOULD NOT NOW UPBRAID THEE!"

Go! I would not now upbraid thee!
Though we now forever part;
For I feel—*myself* hath made thee
Half the heartless thing thou art!
Had I loved thee but less blindly—
Less devotion had I shown—
Brook'd thy waywardness less kindly,
I had not thy falsehood known!

Had my passion been less tender—
My devotion aught less true—
I had need not thus surrender
All my dreams of bliss, and you!
'Tis our nature to prize lightly
What we easily obtain;
And *too well* I loved thee, rightly
Love so light as thine to gain!

Others now will seek to woo thee—
Soon "another win and wear;"
At the altar I shall view thee,
While my heart lies buried there!
But I seek not to upbraid thee,
Though forever we must part;
For I feel—*myself* hath made thee
Half the heartless thing thou art!

Cincinnati, Ohio.

SHORT CHAPTERS:

BY PATRICK PEDANT, SCHOOLMASTER.

CHAPTER XI.

POLARITY.

When last it was my lot to visit the classic and romantic precincts of the University of Virginia, in order to the matriculation of a neighbor's son, I found one of the learned professors pretty deeply engaged in a volume of Schubert's. Now as I had heard this excellent man lecture at Munich, and was familiar with his fame as a zealous Catholic, a laborious naturalist, a profound metaphysician, and a most amiable mystic, I begged leave to carry the book to "mine inn." It was his *History of the Soul*, and I expected a quantum suff. of psychology and physiology, especially when I surveyed the portentous anatomical pictures at the end; but I really found myself rapt into a little fairy-land of dreams, and poetry, and animal magnetism, and multiform literature. Schubert is eminently what the Germans call a *genial* man. All that he touches sparkles with the freshness of rock-crystal. On the most abstruse subjects he gives you garlands of flowers, and empties on you a whole cornucopia of quaint but exuberant erudition. As the book is rarely met with in Virginia, let me glean a little from its lighter parts.

It is remarkable, says Schubert, that the most profound mathematicians and calculators have shown a penchant for music. These two things, mathematics and music, stand to one another in the relation of the two poles of a magnet, opposite yet supplementary. Galileo was devotedly attached to music from his very cradle. The same thing is observed in the life of Kepler.

A like polarity Schubert finds in philology and the study of nature. He might have given himself as an instance. Several great linguists have been passionate florists. For example, Frisch, one of

the ablest investigators of the German language, who published a great work on this subject in his seventy-sixth year, found his solace for years in the study of living birds, among which he lived. He wrote upon the birds of Germany. The same is true of Schneider, the great Grecian. Gruterus alternated between his antiquities and his garden. And the fathers of modern natural history, Otto Brunfels, Jerome Tragus and Conrad Gessner, devoted the prime of their strength to the ancient languages. The great mineralogist, G. A. Werner, entertained his old age by researches in the Hebrew and other ancient languages. I might have told Dr. Schubert that I did myself, in the intervals of my treatise on the Latin Subjunctive, enter largely into the subject of the Trilobites.

A more signal antagonism or polarity is discovered between earnestness, or even sadness, and the caprices of wit and merriment. The stately preacher, Flechier, used to read with great gusto the works of Belay, and the old capucinades of the funny Spanish-preaching friars, which were absolutely antipodal to his own discourses. Swift is a case in point: his gloom was saturnine, his humor almost simious. Bayle was never sated with ropedancers and jugglers. Johnson dearly loved Punch and Judy.

The subject connects itself with some of the remarkable defects of great men. Corneille was a detestable reader. Lafontaine, whose works are instinct with wit and knowledge of the world, was a mere booby in the drawing-room. When once invited to entertain a dinner party, he uttered not a word; and at a very early hour rose, in order, as he declared, to go to the Academy. When reminded that there was time enough, he dryly said: "Oh, I will take the longest way!" He would sit under his trees in the rain; and once inquired, in a learned circle, whether St. Austin had as much talent as Rabelais. So much for polarity.

CHAPTER XII.

SCHOOLMASTERS.

The life of a pedagogue is not perhaps the most miserable in the world; for there are the galley-slaves, broken-down-rakes, and navy-officers grown grey without promotion. But schoolmasters, in every age, have known and published their ills. I do not doubt that Aratus wielded a ferula when he penned that epigram—

Αἰαζω Διδάσκον, ὅς ἐν πέτραισι καθήται,
Γαργαρίων παισὶν βήτα κατ' ἄλφα λέγων.*

But Juvenal has touched the principal source of pedagogical woes in his Seventh Satire; namely, the disrespect of the pupils. In the corrupt days of Domitian, as with us, the boys would not mind the master. It was different in old times.

* Greek Anthol. I. 480.

Metuens virgae jam grandis Achilles
Cantabat patriis in montibus; et cui non tunc
Eliceret risum citharaedi cauda magistri?
Sed Rufum, atque alios caedit sua quaeque juvenus.

No more a boy, yet as in boyhood's bond,
His task in Chiron's hands, Achilles conn'd;
Fill'd with fresh zeal at each approving nod,
And fearing his grotesque instructor's rod.
Nor did the centaur's too conspicuous tail
O'er the fond pupil's piety prevail.
But now, the taught, as hapless Rufus knows,
Disdain the lesson, and return the blows.

Very frigid translation, Dr. Badham, but the best I have at hand, and I dare not attempt Juvenal myself. I am glad to say, however, that the vexations of the ludimagisterial life have not always quenched the coals of passion. I feel myself alive both to grief and mirth. So did that blessed old schoolmaster, Quintilian. I always made my boys learn by heart the lamentation over his lost son, which forms the introduction to his Sixth Book. It is one of the most touching passages in ancient literature. And then, on the other hand, more than half that very book is taken up with a treatise on wit, and the *facetiae* which are admissible in oratory.

Schoolmasters have always been a race somewhat attractive, and have been remembered by the poets. There is Orbilius—there is Ascham—there are Sir Hugh Evans and Holofernes, in Shakespeare. By-the-bye, Warburton tells us that the original of Holofernes was one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian language, who died in 1625. Goldsmith's Schoolmaster is famous. As to Crabbe's Reuben Dixon and Leonard, no one can read them without feeling that he has known them all his life. I forgive much of his severity in consideration of the following picture of an old teacher:

The master heeds it not, for thirty years
Have rendered all familiar to his ears;
He sits in comfort, 'mid the various sound
Of mingled tones forever flowing round;
Day after day he to his task attends,—
Unvaried toil and care that never ends:
Boys in their works proceed; while his employ
Admits no change, or changes but the boy;
Yet time has made it easy;—he beside
Has power supreme, and power is sweet to pride:
But grant him pleasure;—what can teachers feel,
Dependent, helpless, always at the wheel?
Their power despised, their compensation small,
Their labor dull, their life laborious all.*

Yet, after all, there are some great satisfactions in the life of a schoolmaster, which none but they of the craft suspect. It is something to be the autocrat even in a small realm; and a certain glory gathers around the wig of the master, as he sits on some high day blending the legislative, judicial, and executive functions, all in one. Tyng, my old preceptor, used to look the dictator when he had indulged in some signal act of vengeance. How he

* The Borough: Letter xxiv.

would pace the floor, chafing like a caged lion! How he would dart glances of defiance at the cowering creatures from whose form some unlucky titter had burst forth! And how he would pant and puff as he sat in his chair, seeming to read or mend a pen, while he was as long in cooling as the boiler of a locomotive! If any of his old scholars are alive, (and two of them were lately heard of) they will remember the enthusiasm with which he would scan the crack lines of Virgil—*Quadrupedante putrem, &c.; Illi inter sese, &c.*; keeping time with foot, hand, and wig; bringing down a finger for each of the five feet, and his clenched fist for the sixth. Poor fellow! he did not live to see a Boston edition of Juvenal, in which a hexameter verse is elaborately divided into *seven* feet!* A really hard passage, if within his proper round of authors, gave him as much delight as a hickory-nut affords to a squirrel. He had a female pupil, Alice Mildway, who, in course of time, became his wife.

I cannot refrain from saying here, that philology finds some noble suitors among the fair sex. I have found it so, and many a schoolmaster has found it so. Was not Lady Jane Grey the pupil of Roger Ascham? In 1550, he called on a visit to the family then at Bradgate. All the rest being engaged in hunting, he found the Lady Jane in her chamber reading the *Phaedo* of Plato in the original. "I wist," said she, "all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant."

CHAPTER XIII.

SCHOLARS.

Having followed with anxious eye many of my pupils into college and into the professions, I am chagrined to observe how few of them really become men of learning. How few, for instance, even of our Senators, are ever found, as Burke and Pitt and Fox and Windham were often found, relaxing their minds over the great classic originals. Learning is not loved for its own sake, but is used as a ladder to climb into professions or place, and this being done is discarded.

Imperfect schooling is the source of much of this evil. Such is the haste of teachers and parents to get their sons into college, that the problem is how to inject into their skulls precisely that minimum dose of qualification which may serve as a *viaticum*, and satisfy the examining Cerberus. Such scholars can never do more than limp up the hill of knowledge. To them, Milton's talk about the "harp of Orpheus" will always be pure fable. They invert the true method; they begin with pleasure to end with disgust. On the contrary, the old method offered a rocky outset, but a delightful walk above. So Dante

* See Leverett's Juvenal. Boston: 1838. Satire Third, verse 267, note on page 140.

Questa montagna è tale,
Che sempre al cominciar di sotto è grave,
E quanto uom più va su, e men fa male.
Però quand' ella ti parra soave
Tanto che'l su andar ti fia leggiero
Come a seconda in giuso andar per nave, etc.
Purg. Canto iv.

Such is this steep ascent,
That it is ever difficult at first,
But more a man proceeds less evil grows.
When pleasant it shall seem to thee, so much
That upward going shall be easy to thee
As in a vessel to go down the tide, &c.—*Cary.*

No friend of classical literature can fail to perceive, that these evils are increasing. The utilitarianism of the age and country creates a demand for that knowledge only, which, in the cant of the day, is practical—that is, can turn so many spindles, or coin so many dollars and cents. Hence it is plain, that the mathematical and physical sciences will take care of themselves; while that which makes its appeal to a nobler principle, or is any degree æsthetical, will naturally go into desuetude. Such is the process. Less and less of the ancient lore is demanded, and unless the patrons of elegant literature can provide some new countervailing influence, the relics of former genius will soon be known among us only as the pet antiquities of a few old priggish *virtuosi*.

Who is to blame? The fault is shared undoubtedly by several classes of persons, and I would not undertake to answer the question. But if the mode of remedy and prevention be sought, I do not hesitate to say it is in the hands of the professors in our universities and colleges. If they continue to make small demands of classical attainment, and, for the sake of swelling their catalogues, admit to matriculation, upon a slight scrutiny, several great evils must continue and increase. For example, schoolmasters and parents will give their boys not one iota more than is required as a passport to college; and it will be impossible for the lads, thus unfurnished, to make any solid attainments during their residence at the higher institutions. It is true, that the supply of learning, considered as a marketable produce, will not outstrip the demand. But we have clung too long to this pound-shilling-and-pence estimate of literature. Our great institutions should hold forth high example and inducement. Their rivalry should be not to have the longest list of names, but to carry their pupils to the highest mark of accomplishment. Having thus relieved my swollen spleen in a single particular, I will close the chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

BOILEAU.

There is a class of concise, sententious and satiric writers, which attracts us more and more as we get on in life. I find myself turning daily to Juvenal, Persius, Boileau, and Pope. If the praise

of absolute originality could be accorded to him, I should place the Frenchman at the head of these. If there had been no Despréaux, there would have been no Pope; but, without Juvenal, there could have been neither. The attachment of Boileau and Racine, though cemented by their common hatred of the Jesuits, shows how two poets, of vein entirely unlike, may yet coalesce; one perhaps being, as we sometimes see in wedlock, the supplementary correlative of the other.

It was almost the singular glory of Boileau, in a despotic court, to maintain his independence. He had high views of the literary and poetic prerogative, and did not veil his standards even before Louis Quatorze. The king once showed him some wretched verses which he had perpetrated. It was a trying moment for a courtier. "Sire," said the imperturbable wit, "rien n'est impossible à votre majesté: elle a voulu faire de mauvais vers, et elle y a parfaitement réussi."

The abbé Regnier submitted to him a specimen of the first book of the Iliad in a French version, desiring his corrections. "Corrections!" cried Boileau, "it would take a bottle of ink!" When his health was very infirm, he had himself carried to the academy on purpose to black-ball the Marquis de St. Aulaise. Some of the academicians remonstrated, saying that the Marquis was a man of quality. "Je ne lui conteste pas," said Boileau, "ses titres de noblesse, mais ses titres de Parnasse; and I maintain that he is not merely a bad poet, but a bad man."—"But," said the abbé Abeille, "the Marquis writes not as a professed author: he confines himself to little verses, like Anacreon." "Like Anacreon!" cried Boileau, "have you ever looked into him? Do you know that Horace—yes, Horace, thought himself below Anacreon? Come, Monsieur, if you think so highly of your Marquis's verses, I beg that you will so far honor me as to despise mine."

Pope's imitations of Boileau are not confined to those Satires in which they both followed Horace. Compare this couplet in the Essay on Man,

Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece,—*Ep. iv. 208.*

with this from Boileau—

"Et si leur sang tout pur, ainsi que leur noblesse,
Est passé jusqu'à vous de Lucrece en Lucrece."

I take Boileau and Pope to have been the most honest and fearless of all satirists; and, for high moral principle, I reluctantly give the palm to the former. We knew very little about Lucilius, the inventor of satire. Horace laughed at oddities oftener than he scourged the great. Critics are in doubt whether Persius was as bold as has been alleged. And as to Juvenal, he contented himself with breaking on the wheel of his verse the malefactors of former reigns. It needs scarcely to be

repeated, that both the French and the English poet laid about them with the satire thong, without respect of persons.

CHAPTER XV.

JOURNEYS, OLD AND NEW.

There are some advantages of the old way of travelling, for which no degree of steam and hurry can compensate. An old-time Virginian coach was second only to the family wagon of the nomadic Tartar. The box was lofty—the hammercloth decked with figures—and the coat-of-arms upon the door almost as large as the sign of an inn. My neighbor and friend, Col. Crosby, used sometimes to take me with him to Williamsburg, and it was like a royal progress. For be it known to thee, gentlest reader, that wealth had not raised me above the happiness of being patronized. The colonel was the great man of our county, and I was a poor schoolmaster: yet did he rejoice to chat with me concerning those ancients whom he had read at Eton and Oxford, and of which he had some of the very best Elzevir, Foulis, and Bipont editions.

But the coach—it was heavy and spacious, and luxuriously padded, and hung with gilt leather, and furnished with abundance of privy drawers and recesses, whence might be brought forth sandwiches, or broad cakes from the oven of Crosby-Dale, or perhaps, bottles of milk-punch or toddy, (tee-totalism yet unborn) to be cooled at those pleasant springs which marked our baiting-places. We rolled along slowly, so that Congo the footman, or rather outrider, seldom did more than amble; and Sancho the coachman slept half his time. But taking our own time, we escaped those horrid contusions which occur in crowded stage-coaches, and the din, and oil, and whizz and clatter of the railway, and the hysteric fear of being too late, and the chagrin of finding at your hotel a hundred competitors for a few beds. When we arrived, about dusk, at some renowned inn, established among monstrous oaks, with the blaze of many lights from its windows—what a cordial reception! There was my host, not cringing but hearty, ready to hand the colonel in. There were a dozen cleanly, plump and merry servants, glad of an arrival which never left them any the worse. There were the young lawyer and the old doctor, always resident at such places, and bursting with anxiety to hear or tell the latest news. There was a board, smoking with the dainties of the season,—the upland venison, or the lowland oyster. And when all was over, there was a great circle of right merry faces, sending back like so many refulgent mirrors the glow of a light-wood fire, as the clouds of Nicotian incense would ever and anon be blown away by the heavy, hearty, long, loud laugh. Surely this was a differ-

ent thing from alighting at an immense gas-lit pile, amidst a clangor of bells and gongs; shuffling over a stone-paved passage to a dim recess, where to register your name; picking the bones of the servants' dinner, at the end of an interminable table in a cold, vaulted chamber; exchanging boots for slippers in a grog-scented closet, and following an Irish servant up six flights of stairs, to toss your limbs between damp sheets, in a room which would not receive your trunk if the bed had been wide enough to turn in. I will not deery rail-road-cars; those of England are capital; but there are other things beside speed which a traveller needs. In old times we did not use to think it a matter of such moment to fly over the country at a pigeon's pace. The colonel and I have sometimes spent a full week in going two hundred miles on horseback. True we often left the road; and this was the beauty of the thing. A rail-road or post-coach, will whirl you by the seat of your nearest and dearest friend, without the chance of a *how d'ye*. We used to turn into green lanes, or along mountain bridle-paths, and spend the night with some hospitable planter, full of years, and jokes, and colonial recollections; more glad to entertain us than a modern tavern-keeper on counting up his fifty lodgers.

There are few things more disheartening to an old-fashioned man, than to arrive at such a hotel as the Tremont in Boston, *alone*. The hundreds who are already there, regard him as a *parvenu*. He enrols his name,—eleven persons looking over his shoulder, and examining his autograph. He is led by a servant, up a labyrinth of stairs to some number beyond fourscore; and anon, is looking down into the chimneys of the neighboring houses. He makes his toilet, mentally comparing his adust complexion and odd-coat with the brilliant costumes of the young men he left in the passages. The gong summons him to dinner. He finds himself in a lofty pillared room, with three hundred male devourers, and stumbles to a seat. He ponders that immense daily print—the Bill-of-fare,—and at haphazard orders French whim-whams, which he cannot stomach. The first and second course are ended. His neighbors are at their wine. That 'whiskered pandour' next him, drinking hock, and using an eye-glass, is an actor of low comedy. The bald-headed person of red countenance, whom he imagined must be Governor Everett, is an auctioneer in Washington street. Just opposite is an exquisite, with locks like Absalom's, a great ring, and black satin bosom, who sips his wine with aristocratic negligence, a genuine *pocourante*: it is the booking-clerk of an Omnibus office, and he dines here once a month. Is it wonderful, that after such beginnings, he is glad to lose himself among the more honest crowds of the wharfs, or, soon, to fly to the homely shades of the country?

CHAPTER XVI.

AN EVENING WITH A METHODIST.

The last time I ever sat in Colonel Crosby's office, was on an afternoon in October; the door was open toward the high-road, and we saw a wayfaring man toiling up the ascent. He was well mounted, and had a broad-brimmed white hat. "It is a Methodist preacher," said the colonel, "they are a good sort of people, though not always very learned."

"In that," said I, "they fall below their model, for John Wesley was a true Oxford scholar. In the classics he was 'well seen,' and in logic, nobody could catch him. And I will always maintain, that for sound English, plain, powerful, clear and keen, he is not surpassed—no not by Swift or Cobbett."

Hereupon I was presented to Mr. Chickering, and we soon became very gracious over a set of Wesley's Works in nine or ten volumes. I pointed out to the colonel the following passages, (not without a design upon the itinerant brother) which excited his surprise.*

In the second volume, which contains part of Wesley's Journals, I find him reading Quintus Curtius on a journey. Again he says, under date of August 12th, 1748, "In *riding to Newcastle*, I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer." Then I find him at the Thebaid of Statius. None of this is very common-place reading.

The colonel pounced upon Wesley's judgment of French poetry, which jumped exactly with his own. It occurs October, 1756. "In this little journey, I read over a curiosity indeed, a French heroic poem, Voltaire's *Henriade*. He is a very lively writer, of a fine imagination, and allowed, I suppose, by all competent judges, to be a perfect master of the French language: and by him I was more than ever convinced, that *the French is the poorest, meanest language in Europe*: that it is no more comparable to the German or Spanish, than a bag-pipe is to an organ; and that with regard to poetry in particular, considering the intolerable uncouthness of their measure, and their always writing in rhyme, (to say nothing of their vile double rhymes, nay and frequent false rhymes) it is as impossible to write a fine poem in French, as to make fine music on a bag-pipe." Vol. ii. p. 355.

I have given the passage entire, as not a few readers may be struck with the oddity of a critique, by JOHN WESLEY on VOLTAIRE: two great men, powerfully influencing their coevals and posterity; but of whom the one was as sublime in morals as the other was contemptible. Every day is causing the balance to adjust itself more correctly, as it regards their respective merits.

After I had made some very weighty observations on the value of elegant letters to men of all professions, judge of my amazement when our

* Edition of Philad. 1826. 8vo.

preacher turned upon me with a classical quotation! I am not sure that I did not blush to the ears. The truth came quickly out; he had been long a school-master before he became a preacher. He quoted Claudian,

"Nec desinat unquam
Tecum grata loqui, tecum Romana vetustas."

Scarcely more astonished could I have been at the talking of an ox or a heifer, such as Livy loves to record, or the finding a gold-mine in my barn-yard.

"If Greek and Latin could have made shoes," said he, "I might have been a scholar still."

"The complaint of Martial," interposed the colonel.

"At me literulas stulti docuere parentes,
Quid cum Grammaticis, Rhetoribusque mihi?
Frange leves calamos, et scinde Thalia libellos,
Si dare sutori calceus iste potest."

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Chickering, "I have always thought that any man, whose employments are intellectual, does wrong, if he has not some collateral pursuit entirely foreign from his professional employments. It prevents stiffening in a mould. Take notice how cramped the mind of a mere case-lawyer becomes."

"Persons," said the colonel, "whose business lies chiefly with men of one profession, or whose reading is confined to books on one class of subjects, or who are engaged almost always in one course of life, are in danger of becoming *pedants*—(sit venia verbo!) They are in danger of assuming in others a knowledge of their own little ways; of using words which use has made familiar to them; and of claiming for their calling or business more honor than other men are willing to award. Witness lawyers, sailors, clergymen." Here our new friend bristled up somewhat, and said something about the free access of the ministers of religion to all classes.

"Softly, softly," said the colonel; "let us view the matter coolly: *Perit judicium quando res transit in affectum*. I know that the clerical profession comprises as many well-bred men as any other; but no profession, singly pursued, is exempt from this danger. Even the honorable calling of Preceptor (waving his hand toward me), is not without temptations to a certain stiffness and formality."

This ripple in the gentle flow of our conversation was but momentary, and we spent several hours of a fine autumnal day, upon these and higher topics, with a relish which was enhanced by the singularity of the interview. I felt more than ever how gentle yet how strong a bond is afforded by liberal education, and what a recreation and solace it is in the weariness and chagrin of a laborious calling; inferior indeed only to that which reaches beyond the sphere of time and sense.

There are still to be found, in old mansions upon the James river, remnants of libraries imported

before the Revolution; massy and heavily-gilt volumes, with crests and mottoes on the inner side of the cover, and tokens of faithful use in the little marginal notes, which alas! our American cotton-paper will not receive. I heartily wish the sons and grandsons of these families could spare a little time from court-yard excitements, and hot newspapers, to emulate the enjoyments of their ancestors. The truth must be told—grammar-schools are not what they were! Boys grow weary of their Latin, before they come to enjoy it. Many have to scuffle for a livelihood, and see the patrimonial acres occupied by the sons of their fathers' overseers. Great estates are parcelled out among a number of little farmers, and Fortune is doing among us, what an ancient said Jove was doing in Olympus, *Magnas ollas rumpit, et ex frustis eorum parvas componit*.

EPISTOLA SCOTIANA.

MY DEAR PERUSER:—Do you recollect when we travelled in Scotland? "I have the journey in the mind's eye, Horatio." Well, of course, the road built by Lord Ancram's regiment in 1724, which winds up the side of Glencoe, the most beautiful pass of the Highlands, is still in your memory;—and I hope the very position of the stone at the top, whereon is incised, "Rest and be thankful," is also strongly impressed upon your organ of retentiveness. Imagine your weary friend seated on this stone, enjoying the storied hills around him, whose echoes gave back Scotland's dying groans—and suddenly you may see his eye drawn to a more narrow circle of vision, attracted by a torn letter, by the wayside, at his feet—the lost treasure, as you will soon learn, of some wandering Bard, received from his poetical friend, which you shall have as far as I could decipher it; for don't suppose I, with all my yankee curiosity, would leave it lying where I found it. You know you are glad of a copy; so don't accuse me of being inquisitive, but thank Your friend,

PEREGRINE PEDESTRIANUS.

Andover, Mass., April 27th, 1840.

C*****NESS, JUNE, 1829.

My Dearest Jamie:

Dinna grain,
For I maun tell ye, to be plain,
A fit into my pow I've ta'en
O' writtin rhyme;
An' in this thing I'm not alane,
For this ae time.

While burdies hae their cantie note,
Doure asses bray, wi' roupet throat,
Geese cackle;—and erst ninnies wrote,
Wi' bleerit e'e;
I've monie a hole i' my frock-coat,
Like true Bardie.

I hae been readin' Rab the Ranter,
And aiblins fou,—like Tam O'Shanter—
I'cramboclink, I'se trot or canter,
Like Tammy's meere.
The deil confound ye, gin ye banter
Aught o' my lear.

May windgalls mak' you aiver* hoyte,
O, may he whaizle, may he toyte,
An' warse than a' deil mak' him stoyte,
When ye wad ride.
O, may he grow warst kind o' doylte,
An ye deride.

* * * * *
O, Jamie, strangest fancies came,
The other day on my jaunt hame,
So thick an' fast, I canna name,
Nor think 'em a';
But surely I ne'er had the same,
Upon me fa'.

At sight o' birken-shaw I wept,
Thoughts o' lang syne upon me crept,
An' memories that I hae kept
I' my heart's hame,
Brake out like spring-birds, wha hae slept
Sin' winter came.

Methought my youth's daft dream was o'er,
An' now wad come distresses sore,
To burn my soul,—my heart's heart-core,
O, waefu' dream!
'Twas a' a deil-ma-care before,
Now mirk waves faem.

Now wad I be left a' alane
To wander on frae stane to stane,
Nae frien', wham I could ca' my ain,
Wi' blithesome ee
Wad cheer me roamin' down the lane
An' up the brae!

Ye gaed at last down th' eldritch glen:
Guid Lord! a' nature, dark e'en then,
Looked as it wad ne'er smile agen,
On sorrowin' me;
And O, I grain'd, I was na gaen,
Wi' happy thee!

The bonnie token o' your luvie,
I swear by a' the saunts abuve,
My very heart-strings it did muve,
An' bleert my ee;
For there it was a gift to pruve,
Yr luvie for me.

Thae thoughts I found strange kind o' gear;
Dolts seem'd to think it very queer,
An' stared to see the startin' tear,
When e'er I met 'em.
"Are ye na fou?" some thought to spier,
Had manners let 'em.

Now, Jem, a' this I write is true;
I ne'er wad think o' bleth'rin you,
Whose kindly heart sheds heavenly dew
On a' my flowers;
So that whate'er belongs to you,
Is amaisht *ours*.

* * * * *
Sin' I cam' hame, the wind's been blowin',
As Eolus himself were growin'
Mad at his clerks, an' bent on showin'
A feckless han',
How he wad set a' things agoin'
About the lan'.

* Pegasus.

I sat by cosie burnin' fire,
Snug was the ingle-side, an' byre,
An' man, an' beast wad fain retire
Frae peltin' storm.
Storms aft strike notes on nature's lyre,
Which man's heart warm.

But storms were a' gone yesterday,
The sun shone bright on bank an' brae,
An' I e'en thought I'd mak' assay,
Wi' murd'rous gun,
To stop the wind o' wily fae,
Or mak' him run!

A' nature smiled wi' mickle glee,
Singin' its sweetest tunes for me,
An', louder than the sighin' tree,
A water-fa',
Wi' bell-like note danced down the lea,
An' birken-shaw.

The cardinal wi' gaudy red,
An' tick-seed wi' its sunny head,
Brackens, an' softest lichens, fed
Wi' its white faem,
Beauty and living fragrance shed,
Around its hame.

It ran o'er mossy stones an' dells,
An', restin' aft in little wells,
Made glassy mirrors, where blue-bells,
Wi' tiny een,
By bendin' o'er might see themsel's,
Aye, an' be seen.

Wi' sturdy aiks the braes were crown'd,
Which rose like lofty wa's around,
While fragrant, spreadin' shaws surround
The crystal stream,
An' amaisht hide the dewy ground
From ae sun-beam.

O, Jem, it was a bright burnie,
An' lang will dwell i' memory;
It wound at last sae quietly,
Thro' a green mead,
O' closin' life it minded me,
O' ane weel baide.

In youth we ever dance an' sing,
An' a' our little off'rings bring
To cupid's shrine, an' mak' him king,
Wi' bubbly crown;
But, like the burn, faryont the spring,
We sober down.

* * * * *
The babblin' brook ran brawly by,
Leavin' the dell wi' monie a sigh,
When Archie cried, wi' glowin' eye,
"Guid for a grunstone."
"Guid for deil's hettest fires," quo' I,
"O, chiel for brunstone."*

Beyond this indignant exclamation, I can decipher very little with any connection. It appears however, to be a parting blessing, and not differing materially from others. The author's name too is gone, excepting the *Mc*, which is a poor clue to a Scotch name. Verse fourth, where reference is made with such farrier-like knowledge to an "aiver," with the explanatory note "Pegasus," leads me to

* Supposed to mean in common parlance "Child for the fire."

suspect the person addressed, of being a poet. I have studied the vocabulary to Pickering's edition of Burns with profit, and recommend it to you.

Yours,

P. P.

WASTE OF INTELLECT.

Upon no productions of the past do we dwell with such intense pleasure as upon those of the mind. The exploits of the conqueror and the skill of the architect, demand our admiration; but when the mildew of time has settled upon them, they are generally forgotten. The fruits of intellect, however, are comparatively imperishable.

The associations which they throw around material objects are most thrilling and permanent. The traveller in eastern climes, lingers with reverential awe upon the spots hallowed by the footsteps of genius, and, while beneath the crumbling arch or dome, remembers with a peculiar interest, that there the voice of some gifted orator or bard may once have echoed. Immortality has been inscribed upon the works of superior mind in every age. The great have done it reverence, and nations have delighted to lay their tribute on its altars. Noble, then, is the ambition that would cultivate and prepare it for high and honorable action. Gathering incentives from the past, and striving for distinction in the future, the mind brings into exercise its highest faculties, and accomplishes, perhaps, the noblest ends. It seeks an eminence higher than that of the laurel-crowned warrior or demagogue, and erects its fabric on a firmer basis.

Elevated as are its aspirations, examples of its being wasted are presented on every page of man's history. Lying like the ore of the quarry in its original and unrefined state, it remains useless to its possessor and the world. To arrive at its noblest ends, the mind must pass the ordeal of discipline,—be taught to investigate truth, to exercise and strengthen all its original faculties. But how few cherish this spark of the divinity within them! Suffered to waste its feeble energies under the control of the passions, unaided by education or the mild influences of Religion, it sends up its sickly glimmerings, till it at last goes out in impenetrable gloom. How melancholy is the prospect presented to the mind in lands of superstition and heathenism! There, scarcely a ray beams from the chaos of intellect, and man gropes on, alone, in his path, under the uncertain guidance of nature. We need not wander, however, to the far shores of the idolater. On every mountain, and in every valley of our own land, may be found the willing slaves of ignorance. Born where science is widely diffused—where incentives are placed before the mind, calculated to call forth its highest faculties—thousands are content to live and die as did their fathers. A

thirst after the hidden fountains of knowledge, and a restless longing for a higher and wider field of investigation, they never experience.

The biography of distinguished men forces upon us the conviction, that intellect needs but an impulse to bring it into successful action. Place it under the control of ambition, or let its possessor be impelled by want, it will shake off its sloth and command the homage of the world. The warrior who has demolished throne and altar and erected the idol of his authority on their fragments, and the history of men in the literary world, furnish examples illustrative of this assertion.

When the surface of society is calm and undisturbed, few ever rise to distinction; but stir up its depths, lash its elements into political or civil commotion, and, like Venus from the vexed waters of the Egean, intellects of commanding powers arise to preside over and control the storm. When Greece was in danger from external and internal foes, her orators and poets gained their enviable distinction. When treason walked the streets of Rome, the thunders of a Cicero's eloquence awoke the slumbers of the senate-chamber, and when the chains of a tyrant clanked on the ears of *our* forefathers, the spirit-stirring appeals of an Henry sent terror to his distant throne. When poverty and affliction gathered around the fireside of Milton, his mental powers put on new vigor, and when the productions of 'the warrior-bard' became the theme of the reviewer's ridicule, his slumbering energies awoke to manlier action. If it is true, then, that mind needs but some incentive to call forth its latent powers, how much, in the halcyon days of peace, lies undeveloped and useless! The shepherd who tells his aspirations to the mountain winds or unheeding flock, if aroused by a revolution, might embalm his name in immortal verse, and the patriotic statesman might become the presiding genius of thousands.

'The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If Heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze,
As clearly as the pipe, whose virgin gold
Befits the lip of Phœbus.*'

But the most melancholy picture of wasted intellect is that which is presented in *its perversion*. There seems to be a strange fatality ever attendant on great, original genius, inclining it to wander from the beaten track of ordinary minds, as if delighted in the display of its own powers. Bursting every shackle which plodding mediocrity would throw around it—gazing with delight upon the limitless fields of science, it enters new paths—and aims, perhaps, at the noblest ends. Conscious of its powers, it either expatiates in the loftiest regions of the fancy, or, with equal delight, investigates new truths in the domain of philosophy. But pervert these powers—give loose reins to their caprice—

* Ion, by Talfourd.

let them wander, undisciplined, unrestrained, they become the most fruitful sources of human misery. It is fit to worship at the shrine of well-directed genius; but to see it diffusing a pernicious, instead of a beneficial influence—shining but to mislead—attracting, but to betray—calls forth sentiments of pity and compassion. Such feelings are inspired in contemplating the character of Byron. Endowed with preëminent talents, capable of attaining the highest distinction in the walks of poetry,

“——he betrayed his trust, and lent his gift
Of glorious faculties, to blight and mar
The moral universe, and set adrift
The anchored hopes of millions.”

Not less deplorable was the career of the Corsican, who immolated the liberty, power, and happiness of nations, at the altar of his private interests. Possessing the faculties for obtaining fame as a statesman, he sacrificed them to his passion for conquest. The bleaching bones of slaughtered millions on the mountains and plains of Europe, remain a speaking monument of his vain ambition.

Much more to be lamented is the influence of those who have endeavored to destroy the relation between man and his Creator—who would blot from existence the great Source of all mind, and bring man down from his station, ‘little lower than the Angels,’ almost to a level with the brute creation. Influenced in their researches by prejudice or excited passion—framing their theories from but a partial study of nature’s laws, they have denied the beautiful harmony of her operations, because something, to their feeble vision, seemed contrary to the great purpose of an intelligent Author. The atmosphere of such minds has ever been pestilential to society. When men are prepared to adopt the motto—‘No God, and Death an eternal sleep,’ human laws become a mockery, and all government is at the mercy of a lawless populace. The history of the French revolution, bears ample testimony to this assertion. The moral of that bloody tragedy, is written in characters too deep to be soon effaced.

Considering man as sustaining relations to the world and his Creator, how strong are the obligations which demand the wisest use of his noblest powers. The voice of the past, and the future, calls him to high and honorable mental exertion. Those who have drawn inspiration from the wells of truth, or struck harmonious numbers from the lyre, shall live in fresh remembrance; and he who seeks the highest elevation of his race shall receive the benisons of coming ages. In science, there are mysteries, whose solution must task the energies of a future Newton. There are stars, till beaming in space, whose light has not yet greeted the rapt vision of the astronomer. There are truths in philosophy, which have bowed the intellects of Bacon and Locke, to be grasped by coming and more powerful minds. Around their names shall posterity

weave an unfading chaplet—but the tears of men and ANGELS shall fall over the memory of those who have wasted the rich boon of Intellect.

Virginia, May 1, 1840.

A. D. G.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER:

I send you the following lines, which I stumbled upon, while employing my “odd moments” and “broken pieces of time” in turning over the musty pages of some of our periodicals of the last century. They are taken from the *Columbian Magazine* for 1788, and their original beauty and simplicity will recommend them to all the readers of the *Messenger*. They are worthy of being rescued from the oblivion which *old Time* has thrown around them, and should be prized as a relic of our infant genius, at a time when scarcely emerged from the revolutionary struggle that gave birth to our independence.

W. N. G.

King William County, Va.

ODE TO SPRING.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar winter's blooming child—delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crown'd;
From the green islands of eternal youth,
Crown'd with fresh blooms, and every springing shade,
Turn, hither turn thy step.
O thou! whose powerful voice
More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can sooth the madd'ning winds,
And thro' the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm;
Thee, best lov'd! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,
With untir'd feet; and cull thy earliest sweets,
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favored youth,
That prompts their whisper'd sigh.
Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds;
And silent dews that swell
The milky ears' green stem,
And feed the flowering osiers' early shoots,
And call those winds which thro' the whispering boughs,
With warm and pleasant breath,
Salute the blooming flowers.
Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
And watch thy patient eye,
Thy fair unfolding charms.
O nymph approach! while yet the temperate sun,
With bashful forehead, thro' the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos
The earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade,
Protects the modest blooms
From his severer blaze.
Sweet is thy reign, but short; the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
The greens—thy flow'rets all—
Remorseless shall destroy.
Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
For oh! not all that Autumn's lap contains,

Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,
Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and thro' the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

MY UNCLE'S UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

MANUSCRIPT IV.

A PASSAGE FROM MY DIARY.

In my childhood, I have listened to wondrous tales of familiar spirits;—and believed them too. Tales of spirits able to pass unseen from place to place; spirits to whom bars and even thick walls were as nothing; spirits who could possess themselves of the secrets of men's hearts, and were able to trace men's actions to the very fountain-head; spirits who could communicate with mortals, and even bestow upon them, for a time, powers similar to their own. But if such spirits ever existed on earth, they are banished now. In this utilitarian, this philosophical age; when nothing is sought after which will not minister to the comfort or luxury of man, when nothing is believed which cannot be proved by infallible demonstration, spirits of all kinds have a hard time of it if they linger here on earth. Their once quiet haunts, where in former days they revelled undisturbed, have been broken in upon; the thick green forests, to which they once resorted, have fallen before the woodman's axe; the dark recesses and sequestered dells, where once they assembled and joined in their mystic dance, have all been laid open to the mid-day sun; the law of the land, that infallible criterion of truth and justice, as it is now considered, no longer acknowledges them as inhabitants of this country;—even the very school-boy boldly calls their existence in question. Let things proceed for the next fifty years as they have for the fifty last passed, and not a ghost or familiar spirit of any kind will be left in the land; and should some antiquary draw from an obscure nook a dusty chronicle of other days, and read from it an account of the marvellous feats these spirits once performed, he will not find an old woman that will believe it. *O tempore! O mores!*—Even I was born at too late a period to know much about them. In my infancy, their power was in the wane, their empire was tottering to its fall. The cruel persecution which they had endured in New England, had reduced them from a powerful tribe to a mere handful; they were a down-trodden, broken-hearted band. Would that I had come into this world a few centuries earlier—how would I have rejoiced in holding intercourse with them; and by their assistance, what wonders would I have performed. The age of such exploits is now passed for ever; I was born too late;—and now must I sit me down upon this clod of earth, and know nothing save the ignoble lot of common mortals.

Such were the thoughts which passed through my mind, as closing an odd volume of "the Magazine of Wonders," published in London, in 1693, I laid myself back in my easy-chair, and prepared to surrender myself to the sweet influence of an evening nap. Hardly had I closed my eyes, when my attention was aroused by hearing a strange sound issuing from the key-hole of my door. The sound was very peculiar—it was not exactly like the harsh grating sound of a file drawn across a piece of iron, nor was it more like the whistling of the wind; it was something between the two. At once I opened my eyes, and what should I see, but a familiar spirit standing before me:—yes, reader, a familiar spirit. His appearance corresponded so ex-

actly with the descriptions of such beings which I had just been reading, that I could not hesitate for one moment about the character of my visitor. Whilst I was considering by what title I should address him, the familiar broke silence, with—"you need not mind my title. In returning once again to revisit my old haunts, I accidentally passed by your room, and heard your wishes—for you must know that we spirits can hear person's wishes, as plainly as you mortals can their words. As you are one of the few who feel some sympathy for us, in this the winter of our misfortunes, I have determined to gratify you for once. So, if you continue of the same mind, and are not afraid to trust yourself to my guidance, throw this cloak around you, and follow me. I will show you something of the world as it is, and not as it appears to be."

I took the offered cloak, and throwing it over my shoulders, at once found myself undergoing a strange metamorphosis. I seemed to be rising in the air; and yet my body did not follow—there it sat in the easy-chair, with its head thrown back, its eyes closed, and looking in every respect as if nothing at all had happened.

"Never fear," said the familiar, "you shall have your body again, when we return from our trip—attend to what you are about, and follow me."

For a moment I hesitated. A recollection of the many shabby tricks these familiars had played off on men in former days, flashed across my mind. Who knows, thought I, but this familiar will entice me away from my body, and then hide it where I can never find it again. These thoughts were entertained but for a moment. My curiosity (and, reader, I will satisfy thee that thou hast some curiosity too, before I have finished,) got the mastery of my fears; so, bidding my companion to lead the way, I followed him straightly through the key-hole, out into the street.

After proceeding for some distance, we stopped in front of a large building, and entering it unseen, we took our station in one corner of the room. I soon perceived that we had entered an assembly room, occupied, for the night, by a political meeting. When we entered, a young man had possession of the floor, and was haranguing the assembly with great vehemence. "Let this measure fall to the ground," said he, as we entered, "let the will of the people, the proper sovereigns in this land of freedom, be set aside by designing demagogues, men as devoid of correct principle as they are of true patriotism, and we may bid a long farewell to our liberties. But I know the spirit of those whom I address too well, to believe that they will ever give up their dear-bought rights so easily. I know that the pure flame of patriotism burns as brightly in your bosoms, as it did in those of the fathers of our revolution, those glorious men who bled at Bunker-hill and Yorktown. Arise then in your might; let your voice be heard in all matters which concern the public good; stand fast to your principles. It will be to you a subject of pleasing reflection in after life; and when your heads are laid low in the dust,

"Old Honor here, a pilgrim gray,
Will bless the sod that wraps your clay."

As the speaker took his seat, I turned to my familiar, and with no little concern depicted in my countenance, asked him, if the measure they were discussing was one which threatened the integrity of the Union. The familiar smiled as he replied,—"oh no, the matter under consideration is simply, whether they shall nominate John Smith, or John Smith jr., as the candidate for the city council, from the fifth ward."

What is the great difference between them?—is either of them corrupt in his morals?—or are they of opposite political creeds?

"No," was the reply, "they are both very good men in the main, and both belong to the same party. But John Smith

jr., has taken occasion to say in the presence of the young orator, that if he is elected to the city council he will oppose the widening of High street. Now, this same orator has a house on High street, which, if the street is widened, will lose a part of its front yard; (though it must be confessed that the widening of High street would be a great improvement in that part of the city;) and it is this speech which has lead him to take so active a part in the present canvass."

And is this all; why, what in the world has this to do with "patriotism," or "the will of the people?"

"Nothing that I know of. The word patriotism is thrown in by way of rhetorical flourish. The young politician rants about patriotism, on just the same principles that the college student, in his maiden speech, does about the writings of Locke and Newton and Bacon; and with just about as much knowledge of that which he praises, too. Have you lived twenty years in the world, and not yet learned, that when a man has least of a virtue, or of any thing in high repute, he always makes the greatest noise about it? If you hear a man boasting of his bravery, you may safely set him down for a coward; or of his honesty, you may with equal safety set him down for a rogue. As to "the will of the people;" if you suppose that in the speech to a part of which you have just listened, the true motives of the speaker have been brought out, you are very much mistaken. So far from it, they have been studiously concealed, and the ground on which John Smith jr. has been preferred to John Smith, is, that some eight or ten months since, the former signed a letter of instruction to their senator to oppose the appointment of somebody, I do not recollect who, as governor of Oregon territory; whilst the latter refused to have anything to do with the matter; alleging in justification of his course, that he really did not understand the merits of the case. You must have noticed, that in this land of sovereigns, there is no greater crime of which a politician can be guilty, than to confess himself ignorant of the merits of any of the acts of the federal government. I happened to be passing through the city at the very time this letter of instruction was circulated; and heard two carmen, who had just signed it, wondering where Oregon territory was. After discussing the matter for some time, each looked very wisely at the other. One of them said, "he believed it was in Florida," whilst the other was certain, "it was somewhere down East." But it was no matter to them where it was—they had a right to have their voices heard in all questions which concerned "the public weal;" and all they intended in signing the letter of instruction, was simply to assert this right. The successful politician, has a hard life of it in this country. He must be schooled like Katarina, in Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew," till he will assent that it is not the sun, but the moon, that gives light at mid-day, if the sovereigns chose to say it is,—and woe to him if he do not prove an apt scholar. But we have spent as much time as we can afford in this place—let us be going."

Hereupon we returned to the street, and having proceeded for a short distance, stopped in front of an elegant private mansion. "Let us enter here," said my familiar, "and you will see human nature under another of its phases." Following my guide, I soon found myself in a parlor furnished in the most fashionable style. A cheerful fire was blazing in the grate, and four ladies seated around it, whilst enjoying its genial warmth, were engaged in earnest conversation. As we entered, one, who appeared to be the youngest, was speaking. The first words which I heard distinctly were: "Dr. Ormond too, is to be married shortly, and to take the large house two doors above this. Well, aunt, you will have a dashing neighbor when you get him so near you."

"How soon is he to be married?" inquired the lady, who was thus addressed by the title of aunt.

"I do not know the day which has been fixed upon," the

young lady replied—"but it cannot be a very distant one, as most of his furniture has already arrived."

"Ah! has his furniture arrived?" asked one of the ladies who had not spoken before, and who, as my familiar did not tell me her name, I shall have to designate, as Homer of old did his heroes, by her most remarkable feature—the Lady of the Pug Nose; "matters must be drawing to a crisis much sooner than I had expected. But poor Miss Longstreet was always precipitate in every thing she undertook; and Dr. Ormond is not much better. If I were in her place, I should want some more certain evidence of the constancy of his affections, than three weeks acquaintance could give me. But *we young folks* (reader, if the fair speaker was not at least forty-five years old, her wrinkled face, and the chronic smile which sat upon her countenance, belied her wonderfully,) now-a-days, do not think of these matters as we ought. Woman always loves with "the whole heart's affection;" and artful man can do with us what he pleases. ("Bah!" whispered the familiar in my ear.) You said their furniture had arrived; have you seen it?"

"No, I have not exactly seen it," replied the young lady, "but I saw a number of large boxes with J. O. marked upon them, deposited at a warehouse down the street; and on asking the carman who brought them, and what they contained, learned that they were boxes of furniture. There were—I do not know how many of them; and I have no doubt that the Dr. intends furnishing his house splendidly. You know he is an extravagant man."

"Yes," replied the fourth lady, whom I shall have to designate upon the same principle I did her companion—the Lady of the Rueful Countenance—no longer ago than yesterday, I heard old Mrs. Nelson say, "that his extravagance would send him to the dogs one of these days;" though to tell the truth, I suspect that Mrs. Nelson was vexed at her want of success in making up a match between the Dr. and her simpering, sentimental daughter. But this is spoken in confidence, and none of you must mention it. I would not have Mrs. Nelson know that I have said it, for the world. But (addressing herself to the young lady) who is your authority for saying that the Dr. is to be married so soon?"

"My neighbor here to the left," said the young lady, turning to the one with the pug nose.

"Oh no, I did not say they were to be married *shortly*," replied she of the pug nose. "I know nothing about the time. All I said was, that they were certainly to be married; and I *should not be surprised*, if they were married shortly. And you know, you told me as much as that, added she; turning to the lady of the rueful countenance."

"No, indeed; I told you no such thing;" was the rejoinder. "What I said was this:—that Mrs. Jones, who you know is very intimate with Miss Longstreet, told me, *that she thought* the Dr. and Emeline would make an excellent match; of course, leaving me to infer that they were to be married."

"That is the truth, so far as it goes, but not the whole truth," whispered the familiar in my ear. "What Mrs. Jones said, was: that, *if they should fancy each other*, she thought they would make an excellent match. But the best of the joke is, that, in fact, Dr. Ormond has never seen Miss Longstreet. But come, it is time we were going, we must not spend the whole evening in one place."

The next place at which we stopped, was a fashionable hotel. Proceeding at once to the drawing-room, we found there two ladies and several gentlemen, seated around the fire. The ladies and one of the gentlemen appeared to form a party by themselves. Just as we entered, I heard one of the ladies remark to her companion, but in a tone which could be heard distinctly by every one in the room;—"The greatest objection I have to these public drawing-rooms is, that a lady is here thrown into all kinds of company. I wish we were back in our parlor again. How delightful the

society has become in our part of New York, since all the fashionable people have moved there !”

Her companion, who seemed not so well calculated to support the honors of their house as the first speaker, made some indistinct reply, which I could not hear. After a few moments silence, the first lady remarked, “that the coal fire, by which they were warming themselves, reminded her very strongly of the coal fires they used to warm themselves by in Paris, the preceding winter; only, she thought the Parisian fires did not smoke so much;” at the same time, adding something in bad French, which as nearly as I could translate it, was, that Paris was the best city in the world.

Hereupon, one of the young gentlemen, who was sitting crowded in a corner in order to make room for the ladies, turned to another gentleman sitting by his side, and putting out his foot, asked him, “if he had ever noticed the cut of the toe of his boot.”

“I never have;” replied the gentleman addressed; “is there any thing peculiar in it?”

“Yes;” replied the first speaker; “its cut is just that of the one which the Czar of Russia wore last fourth of July; and I never look at it, without being reminded of the appearance of his Imperial Majesty the last time I had the pleasure of shaking hands with him in St. Petersburg.”

“Not so bad a hit;” whispered the familiar; “for he has seen just as much of the Czar of Russia, and St. Petersburg, as the lady has of Paris.”

But the lady did not seem so well pleased with the young gentleman's speech. She could not but understand it; and yet she did not dare to show that such was the fact; as that would be tantamount to a confession of its justice. She therefore sat for a few minutes, biting her lip, and then addressing the gentleman of her party who it seems had the misfortune to be her husband, in no very gentle tone, told him to call the waiter, and see if their rooms were ready. So soon as the waiter announced that all things were prepared as they had directed, the three took their departure, without even wishing a good night to the rest of the party.

When the door was closed behind them, and the noise they made in ascending the stairs had died away; the young gentleman to whom the remark just mentioned had been addressed, said to his fellow, “John, that lady will never forgive you. Do you know anything about her?”

“Yes;” was the reply, “her husband was a journeyman tailor, three years ago, when he married her—but by drawing a prize in a lottery, and some rascally speculations which he has made, he has suddenly come into the possession of some property, and they are now setting up for fashionable people. I suppose they are on their way to Washington, and intend to make their *debut* there, where they are unknown. If you have the time, and have any curiosity to study the character of the *parvenu* gentility of this land, I would advise you to follow them. You will find that Mr. Scrubbs in particular, has all the characteristics of that genus, very distinctly marked.” “The ‘anthracite’ coal-fires of Philadelphia, remind her strongly of the ‘bituminous’ coal-fires of Paris, only they smoke more.” That is a good one.

“You must have been vexed with some of this genus before,” said the first speaker; “I never saw you have less patience with a lady, than with the one who just left us. But do you think it was perfectly polite in you, to make such a remark as that which drove her from the room?”

“Perhaps not,” was John's reply; “but when a gentleman has put himself to no little inconvenience to accommodate a lady, as I did in giving up my seat to her when she entered the room, and sitting screwed up in a corner; and receives in return only insult and——” “Come,” said the familiar, “it is time we were going—we must not remain long in one place if you wish to see the town. As

we have visited a fashionable hotel, what say you to a peep into one of humbler pretensions?”

I have no objection, replied I; only I should have preferred nearing John out in his defence.

“As to that,” said the familiar, “it all amounted to just this—she made him angry with her ill-bred insolence, and in his anger, he said that which in other circumstances he would not have said. The truth is, the ‘*parvenu* gentility of this land,” as John called them, are enough to weary out the patience of Job—but come along, we have no time to lose.

We were not long in finding a hotel of the character which the familiar had proposed that we should visit, and we entered immediately into the bar-room. The first group which attracted my notice, was one consisting of three persons, seated around a table. By their dress and conversation, I soon discovered that one was a hunter from Indiana, the second a sailor, and the third, the familiar informed me, was one of those do-no-good loungers, with which tavern bar-rooms are always infested. The hunter was speaking when we entered. “Well, sir,” said he, “I never believed in the existence of hoop-snakes neither, until I went out into the western country. But, ‘seeing is believing,’ you know. The first one I ever saw, was on one of the prairies, in the southern part of Indiana. I was in chase after a deer, when all at once, I saw something looking like a cart-wheel without spokes, come rolling along towards me, at a most furious rate. I did not know what to make of it at first, but as it came nearer, I began to suspect what it was—and knowing the nature of the beast—I ran to a tree. There I stood, a little to one side of the tree, waiting for him to come up. As soon as I saw he was so near as to be sure of him, I slipped behind the tree. The fellow was coming at such a rate that he could not stop, keeping his eyes fixed on me all the time, in order to take sure aim, and when I dodged, he run smack up against the tree, and stuck his horn in so far that he could not get it out again. When I saw how he was fixed, I came around, and had a fair opportunity of examining him, and I must say, he was a little the most curious animal I ever did see. He had taken his tail into his mouth, and curled himself up so as to form a perfect hoop, and so came rolling along across the prairie.”

“If he was curled up in that way,” said the lounge, “and came rolling along like a cart-wheel, how did he keep his eyes fixed on you all the time?”

“Oh! that's an easy matter to explain. He did not form his whole body into a hoop, but kept a part of his neck and tail out straight, like a spoke in a wheel,” said the hunter, “and so had his head always at the centre. Then, by turning his head towards me, he kept his eyes fixed on me as if he never expected to see another man as long as he lived.”

“But if he kept his head always turned the same way,” objected the lounge, “and his body was all the while turning around, I should think he would have twisted his head off.”

“That's because you never saw one of them,” replied the hunter; “their necks are so limber that you can twist them in any way, and there is no such thing as break to them.”

“Well, said the sailor, “the hoop-snake, after all, is nothing to the sea-serpent I once saw in the Mediterranean, when I was sailing on board of Commodore Porter's ship. We were coasting along off the Barbary country, when one of these serpents came swimming along between us and the shore. He was at least ninety feet long, and thick in proportion. I can speak with certainty about this matter, for he came so close to the stern of the ship as to rub against it, and the water was not more than half a fathom deep, so that he had to swim on the surface. As he came up”——

"Stop a minute," said the loungee, who I perceived was something of a philosopher withal, "how could that be?—the water not more than half a fathom deep, and yet a ship of the line sailing in it."

"Why, you land-lubber you," replied the sailor, with no little scorn depicted in his countenance, "it's one of the rules of the service, that the Commodore must say how a ship shall sail, and none of my business."

"Well, no offence, I hope," pursued the loungee, "but I can't believe that story; and to tell the truth, stranger, I don't believe your snake story neither."

Here the familiar directed my attention to another group, seated nearer to the fire. The principal persons in the group soon attracted my notice. One of them, the familiar informed me, was a pedler from Connecticut. I had suspected as much the moment I saw him, from his dress, and more especially from the peculiar cast of his countenance. The other was a middle aged man of medium stature, dressed in an ordinary citizen's dress, with a pea-coat buttoned tight over his breast, and a physiognomy which, if you, reader, could make any thing out of it, you could do more than I could. There was a remarkable absence of all those peculiarities which would throw the least light upon his birth or his occupation. After looking at him for a few minutes, I concluded that he was one who would foil the most expert of those busy-bodies who are ever prying into other men's matters. But so thought not the pedler. From the first, he seemed determined to find out who the stranger was, &c. &c.

After a few preliminary remarks about the weather, and some other indifferent topics, the following conversation took place between the two worthies:

"They are improving New York City very much," said the pedler. "The upper part of the town is built in a much better style than the lower. Have you seen it lately?"

"No, sir. I have not been in New York for several years."

"Then you are not a citizen of New York, I guess?"

"No, sir. I was born in Pennsylvania, and have spent the last twenty years of my life in this city." Here the pedler gave a knowing nod of the head, which, the familiar informed me, meant so far so good. "I know where you were born, and where you live. Now for your name and occupation."

"This city of your's is one of the finest in the Union, Mr. Jones. I think I heard the gentleman who just left the room call you Mr. Jones?" That's a lie, whispered the familiar in my ear; the gentleman who just left the room knew no more about his name than the pedler does.

"No, sir, my name is Thompson; though I have not the pleasure of knowing the gentleman who just left us."

"Ah! perhaps not; I must have been mistaken in thinking I heard him call your name. The late storm on the sea-coast has been a very destructive one to the shipping. A sailor's life must be a very hard one in these rough times."

"Yes, sir, I suppose it must be." Here the pedler gave a second nod, which meant, you don't follow the sea, I guess.

"There is but one kind of life which can at all compare with it in bad weather, and that is the life of a stage-driver. Do you know how the staging business is in this part of the world, this season?"

"Pretty good, I should think, from the number of persons I see travelling. The stages, as they come in and go out of the city, generally appear full; at least, when I happen to see them." Not a stage-driver neither, nodded the pedler. Can he be a grocery merchant?

"Was there much merchandize lost during the late storm? I guess some of the vessels must have been loaded for this place."

"I do not know," was the reply; "I have very little to

do with merchants, and have heard no particulars of the losses caused by the late storm." He cannot be a merchant, nodded the pedler; it may be he is a mechanic.

"Philadelphia is a great manufacturing town, I believe. Do you know whether the mechanics have joined in Trades-Unions in this city as they have in New York and Boston?"

"I believe they have," answered the man in the pea-coat; "I heard a mechanic, who left the bar-room just as you entered, say that they had; and that they were talking about a strike for wages." He is not a mechanic neither, nodded the pedler. What can he be? Perhaps he's a school-master.

"Do you know whether Pennsylvania has adopted any common-school system yet?"

"I believe she has not, though we have a common-school system in operation in this city." I have got on the right track at last, nodded the pedler, but I will make sure of the matter.

"What is the price of schooling, in the English branches, in this city?"

"I really am unable to say," replied the ordinary looking man; "I have nothing to do with schools myself." Not a schoolmaster, after all, thought the pedler. What can he be? He is an ordinary looking man, and wears a pea-coat. He cannot be a doctor, or lawyer, or parson. He does not follow the sea, nor staging; he is not a merchant, nor mechanic, nor schoolmaster. Ah! now I have it—fool that I am not to have thought of it before. He must be a carman.

"What is the price of a good horse in these parts?" asked the pedler.

"I cannot tell," replied the other; "I have nothing to do with horses, though I heard of one being sold the other day for one hundred and fifty dollars."

Here the man in the pea-coat arose from his chair, and, stretching himself, gave a long yawn, and walked out of the room. Now, thought I, Mr. Pedler, your game is up. But no: so soon as the door was closed the pedler left his seat, and crossing the room to where the bar-keeper was stationed, asked him what was the occupation of the gentleman who had just left the room?

"I did not notice the person who left the room," replied the bar-keeper. "Was he a middle-aged man?"

"Yes sir," said the pedler, "and wore a pea-coat buttoned over his breast."

"Had he sandy, blackish, brown hair, and eyes of no particular color?" inquired the bar-keeper.

"Yes sir," replied the pedler, "and his name was Thompson."

"Ah! Mr. Thompson, was it? Why he is one of the greatest —. Here, most unfortunately, a young friend came into my room, and, shaking me by the shoulders, awakened me from my dream: for, reader, it was all a dream; and, to this day, I know no more about the gentleman's occupation than you do. That night, I hoped I should be able to resume my dream, and satisfy my curiosity. But so far from it was I, that I dreamed of being buried in a snow-bank; and from that night to this, I have never been able to get on the same track again, or to learn any thing more of the ordinary looking man in the pea-coat."

My Dear Nephew: During the summer of 1823, I spent several months in travelling through the Northern and Eastern States. On my return, I was detained for several days in Philadelphia by rainy weather. Being shut up in my hotel, and finding but little there to amuse me, in order to while away my time and save myself from a fit of the blues, I engaged in writing the accompanying piece. The first idea of it, was suggested by some incidents which had come under my observation a few days before. In crossing New Jersey, from Easton to New York, by way of the

Schoolie's-Mountain Springs and Morristown, I had the misfortune to fall in with a family of upstarts from New York City, who had been spending a few days at the springs; and when I commenced the present piece, I intended to have written nothing more than the part of it which forms the scene in a fashionable hotel. You may think that I have overdrawn their characters, but I can assure you I have not. On referring to a diary which I kept at the time, I find the following entry:

"September 4th.—Started from Easton, Pennsylvania, at four o'clock in the morning. Had but one passenger besides myself in the stage, until it reached the Schoolie's-Mountain Springs. Here the stage was filled up with a family from New York City. The family consisted of—1st. One man apparently about forty-seven or forty-eight years of age, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and having the air of a genuine braggadocio. 2nd. His wife, general appearance and deportment very much like those of her husband. 3d. A maiden sister of No. 2, far gone in a decline, not of health, but of years. 4th. Ten grown daughters of No. 2.

'James Thompson did from Georgia come,
As likewise did his brother Thom.'

5th. A third daughter, aged about twelve, very fidgety. 6th. A fleshy Irish servant girl, with a child of No. 2 in her arms. When the party came up to the stage-door, my companion and myself gave up our seats, and placed ourselves on the front seat of the stage, and, in return for our politeness, heard such remarks as the following made by the females of the party: 'I thought we were to have the whole stage to ourselves. It is so unpleasant to be packed away in a stage with all kinds of people; I declare I will never ride in a stage again. The next time I come out to the springs, I will come in our own carriage,' &c. &c. When they came to seat themselves, No. 1 placed the fleshy Irish servant girl, with her precious burden, on the front seat, between my companion and myself, instead of taking that seat himself as any real gentleman would have done. As the day was very warm, the roads very dusty, and the child kicked and cried, and cried and kicked, most of the time, I believe I should have lost my temper entirely but for the amusement the party furnished me by their affectation of gentility. Soon after we left the springs, we passed one of those little round-topped hills, of which there are 10,000 in New Jersey alone, when No. 2 remarked to her husband, that the hill reminded her very strongly of the hills about Paris," &c. &c.

This was the original from which I drew the "fashionable hotel scene" in the present piece, and each of the other scenes had an original about as much like them as this one. When I wrote this piece, I intended to have sent it to the Editor of one of the New York papers for publication, so that it might meet the eyes of the persons for whom a part of it was intended; but on thinking more maturely about the matter, I concluded that it would do no good, and so threw it into my trunk. Indeed, I think it very questionable whether satire ever does much good, and for this reason—the persons to whom it applies very seldom take it to themselves. There is always some one of their neighbors or acquaintances whom it suits so exactly, that, in the abundance of their liberality, they give it all to them. I recollect, when in college, my room-mate once wrote a satire, introducing into it some things so strikingly characteristic of a certain fellow-student of ours, that when he read it to me, I could not hesitate a moment in fixing upon the original he had before his mind in writing it—and told him he must be careful not to let that person (naming him) see the piece, as he would certainly take offence at it. My room-mate confessed that the person I named was the original; but, at the same time remarked, that Long-Tom (the

nickname the said person went by) would never imagine that the satire was meant for him: and to convince me that he was correct in his judgment, insisted that I should go with him and hear him read it in the very presence of that person. I did go, but expecting to see a fight. In this, however, I was agreeably disappointed. Long-Tom seemed to enjoy it as much as any of us, and never, for one moment, suspected that he was the hero of the piece. Young has some admirable hits in his "Satires on Women"—one in particular occurs to me now; a case in which he seems to have summed up a whole character in a single line—

"She looks delightfully with all her might."

In my life, I have met with more than one lady who might, without doing any violence to truth, be thus described; and yet of the ten thousand persons who must have read this line since it was first written, I do not believe that one has ever applied it to herself.

I have also noticed, that where a satire is so personal that those intended cannot but take it to themselves, they are generally offended, and not reformed. One cause of this is, that an author always introduces particulars, simply for the sake of embellishment: and when a satire is taken home, these are taken with the other particulars; and the person, feeling himself slandered in these particulars, takes offence at them. In the gossip scene, in the present piece, I have given to one lady "a rueful countenance," and to another "a pug-nose," &c. &c. These particulars were introduced simply for the purpose of embellishment, and not because the actors in the gossiping scene which was my original, were distinguished by any such marks. Nor did I mean to say any thing to the disparagement of old maids in general; for there is no class in the community for whom I have a more sincere respect—old bachelors only excepted. I speak of old maids in general, though. There are some whose feelings seem to undergo a sort of "saccharine fermentation" before they sour with age, and these— But enough of this.

The particular point to which I wished to direct your attention, in sending you this piece, was a similarity in its general plan to that of a celebrated piece, entitled "Philadelphia Unroofed," which appeared in the "Old Polyanthos," published some five or ten years before this was written. I know you have seen the piece, as the bound volume of the Polyanthos containing it is in your father's library, and used to be one of your favorite books before you left home. The similarity consists in this, that in both pieces the hero is conducted from place to place by a familiar spirit, and by his assistance is enabled to learn men's thoughts; and in the conclusion, the author, to get rid of the air of improbability which the piece would otherwise have had, has made it all turn out a dream. In the subjects of the two pieces there is no similarity whatever. "Philadelphia Unroofed" is a violent and personal political satire, whilst the present piece is entirely different in its character. In thinking of the two pieces, the question presents itself—could I, for making use of the general plan of "Philadelphia Unroofed," be considered a plagiarist in the proper sense of that term? I think not. When I wrote this piece, I did not recollect that any other piece on the same plan had ever been written; and it was not until several weeks afterwards, that "Philadelphia Unroofed" occurred to my memory. I had certainly read that piece several years before, but its plan had become so thoroughly incorporated with my general stock of knowledge, that I had entirely forgotten the source from which I derived it. If we call that author a plagiarist who makes use of information of this character, I do not believe that there is an author on earth to whom you may not apply this title. My own view of the case is this: when an author has been possessed of any item of information, for so long a time as to forget the

source from which he derived it, he may fairly make use of it without laying himself open to reproach. By far the greater part of every author's thoughts are not strictly original with him. In the course of his reading, he is struck with some thought of the author whose works he is perusing. He remembers it; and afterwards, when he is preparing to write on some subject, during the chrystalization of the materials of his intended piece, or that process in which each thought assumes its proper place and the whole of his materials a regular form, this thought comes in among others; and the author, entirely unconscious of the source from which it has been derived, makes use of it as if it were properly his own. If, for so doing, he is to be charged with plagiarism, the task of the author who will avoid the charge, is a difficult task indeed.

But there is another view of this matter which is worthy of consideration. When an author of fiction brings forward a plan entirely new, the person who immediately copies from him is justly chargeable with plagiarism. But the plan of a piece is something of so general and comprehensive a character, that there can be but few which shall differ entirely from each other; and hence, it seems to be admitted as a law in the Republic of Letters, arising *ex necessitate rei*, that after a certain time the plan shall escheat to the Republic, and thus become the property of literary men in general. Such was the fact with respect to the plan of this piece at the time I used it. Since this piece was written, I have met with a piece, in the writings of some old English author, published fifty or one hundred years before "Philadelphia Unroofed," written on this very plan. Whether it originated with that English writer, or with some one still more ancient, I am unable to say. Do not understand me as claiming any originality in the plan of this piece: originality and plagiarism are by no means the converse of each other; and all that I mean to say, is, that for using the plan in the circumstances in which I did, the name of plagiarist could not properly be given me, in any sense which would convey a reproach.

In assuming such a position as this, I am aware that I oppose myself to that tribe of literary scavengers who are always on the look out for what they term plagiarisms—those who have called Scott and even old Milton himself, plagiarists, simply because they have happened sometimes to have the same turn of thought or expression which some other author has had before them. There is nothing more natural than that authors, writing on the same or similar subjects, should sometimes think and express themselves in the same way; more especially, if, for any reason, they have been led to pursue pretty nearly the same course of reading. I recollect once writing a speech, in which I made use of a certain historical metaphor. A day or two after I had finished it, I received a copy of a speech delivered on a somewhat similar occasion to that for which mine had been prepared; and on examining it, I found that the author, in one place, had the same train of thought with myself, had made use of the same metaphor, and in almost the very same words. This coincidence I can easily account for. A very popular historical work had appeared a year or two before the time at which these speeches were written; and in this work, the historical fact on which the metaphor was based, was stated. We had probably both of us read the same work at pretty nearly the same time, and had been struck with the same fact. Shortly afterwards, being called upon to speak in circumstances very similar, these circumstances suggested to both the same train of thought, and thus lead to the use of the same metaphor.

Such cases as this, I consider very analogous to those of the simultaneous discovery of facts in science, by different men and in different countries. A very able writer in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, when speaking of the simultaneous discovery of the true nature of lightning in this

country and in Europe, remarks—"That it is vain to inquire to which the merit of the discovery most properly belongs, since each discovered the fact without any knowledge of what the other had done. The progress of science is such, that important discoveries have often been made in several places at the same time." A similar remark might be made, perhaps with greater justice, respecting the works of literary men. The advancement of man in knowledge has been such, that the same train of thought, and often the same forms of expression, have been used by different writers at the same time; and this without either borrowing from the other. And this will doubtless become more and more frequently the case as knowledge becomes more generally diffused, and the facilities for transporting books and periodicals are multiplied; and thus the progress in knowledge of all parts of the human family becomes equalized.

TO MY WIFE.

BY A LAWYER.

How shall I sing thee; of my heart
The lovelier and the better part!
How shall I sing thy peerless rays,
First starlight of my manhood's gaze!
In bounds of language, how control
The unalter'd homage of my soul;
And sound my heart's idolatry,
In strains befitting it and thee!

Long has the muse my boyhood's flame,
Her truant, striven to reclaim:
Coldly I've met her wooing look,
As glassed at midnight on the brook
She and the stars together played,
Their soft eyes shining in the shade!
On every hill—in every dell—
In every breeze and ocean-shell—
In every note of every bird,
Her calls, unheeding, I have heard.
Slighted—her proud and angry form
Has stood before me in the storm;
Glared on me in the lightning's flash—
Spoke in the thunder's fearful crash—
Yet all in vain her coquetry;
Alike, her frowns and smiles to me.

Alas! my weakness! well she spied
The charm that all her arts defied;
And stealing on me, even now,
With pensive eye and chastened brow,
Proffered a suitor's modest plea—
Praying to tune her harp to thee.
To thee! her rival! oh, what art!
The sorceress beguiled my heart;
Yet fear not e'en a brief eclipse—
Nought but thy praise escapes her lips!

Nor shall she weave the tinsell'd strain
Of school-boys, emulous to gain
The glances of some amorous girl,
And win, perchance, a kiss or curl.
If in thy name she strikes the lyre,
Each chord shall yield its loftiest fire;
Yet poesy's most 'passioned flame,
Pales in the lustre of thy name!
Song cannot sing thee! awed and mute,
The muse shrinks trembling from her lute;

Bright emanation from the throne
That shrines the fire of God alone!
His handmaid on this rebel star—
His branch of peace! His torch of war!
The widow and the fatherless
Smile in their tears, thy name to bless;
Justice attends thy potent word—
Thy bidding guides her waiting sword—
Thy mandate charges her to scan
With mercy's glance the faults of man;
While all who from th' oppressor flee,
Turn with a longing eye to thee—
And hail thee, mid their dark distress,
The symbol in the wilderness!

Thou wert not young, when first I knew
Thy virtues tried—thy friendship true.
Long was thy grand climacter seen
Ere England knew her virgin-queen;
The mind of man—that mighty thing
That shadows ages with its wing—
Has never gained the point afar
When first arose thy natal star;
Yet still that star, as brightly now
It shines upon thy placid brow,
Shews not a wrinkle nor a flaw—
My life! my Lady Common-Law!

RAMBLING SKETCHES.

BY A RUSTIC.

Spring—gay and genial Spring is abroad, and has clad the earth in her mantle of green, decked with many a wreath of fair and fragrant flowers—the bridal attire in which she receives the warm embraces of the sun, who woos her with his gentle beams, and fans her cheek with the breath of the soft south wind. Be not alarmed, dear reader; it is not my purpose to give you a rhapsody on Spring and its glories, which have been the theme of every bard and bardling from the happy days of Virgil, when poets used to sit in the shade and mind sheep, down to the present iron age of this hard-working, money-making, "bank-note world." By-the-by—speaking of the old eulogist—he evidently made a sly hit at the paper system when he wrote "*non credite ripis*," (trust not the *Banks*.) Virgil was decidedly a hard-money man. But to return to our subject. As I was saying, it is far from my intention to write a pastoral: I would as soon think of dosing you with a "Tale of Venice," full of "latticed windows," "dark lagoons," "swift gondolas," carnivals and masquerades, as of adding any thing to what has already been written, sung, and said about violets, primroses, daisies, or cowslips.

Nevertheless, amidst the profusion of gayer beauties that have been each immortalized by the lays of a thousand admiring bards, there is one modest though lovely flower which passes unnoticed and unsung, that I would willingly rescue from oblivion. Reader; if your tastes are at all rustic, you must have observed it in strolling through

the gay field and the fragrant meadow, or on the shady margin of the wood, rearing its simple stalk and delicate blue flower; and while its more flaunting rivals court the deceitful and too often fatal kisses of the April winds, it seems to shrink from their touch—an emblem of modest purity retreating from the dangerous admiration of the world. So sweetly does it seem to retire from notice that, in stooping to touch it, you might almost fancy its delicate blossoms were suffused with a soft blush. Like virtue, it is enduring too; and though one of the first flowerets of Spring, it lingers till the leafy month of June, and sometimes even retains its freshness and fragrance under the beams of her sultry sister—July. And why, you will ask, if it be so worthy of notice, why has this gem among flowers attracted so little attention from the lovers of the beautiful? For two reasons—in the first place, because of its unassuming appearance; and, in the second, because it bears the unpoetical, unmelodious, shell-fish appellation of *periwinkle*! Who can connect any thing of the ideal, the beautiful, the *spiritual*, with such a title? It is a living, standing reputation of the idea that

"The rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

And, as if that were not bad enough, the vulgar have corrupted it into *pennywinkle*! Flora, forgive them.

Now, Mr. Editor, I appeal to you as a man of sense, if it is not disgraceful to every lover of the "Poetry of Nature," that this sweet child of Spring should be suffered to retain so barbarous a *cognomen*. I am confident that you will agree with me and lend your aid, as one "clothed with authority" in the literary realm, to free it from this odious misnomer, and bestow some more appropriate title. Well then, Mr. Editor, what think you of *MARY FLOWER*? Mary! who can describe the sweetness of that exquisite name!—who can analyze the mysterious charm which it conveys? Alike beautiful in all situations of life—alike appropriate to the high-born princess and the simple peasant girl, it still floats on our ears with the same spell-like influence—the same mystic melody. To the young, the very name seems a warrant of loveliness; and even the grey-haired sire feels his blood quickened in his veins at the sound of a name, which, perchance, recalls to his remembrance the trials and joys—the hopes and fears of his early love.

Then call to mind the associations connected with it—the Virgin-mother—the sainted Magdalen—the gifted and beautiful Queen of Scots—sweet Mary Howitt, in our own time—with a thousand others who flit before the mind in a long array of loveliness.

Yet, although "I have a passion for the name of Mary," deem me not, fair reader, a bigot in the faith. I can admire the sweet Ellen—the soft

Charlotte—the gentle Fanny—and the sublime Elizabeth. I can walk with the romantic Laura—dance with the sylph-like Emily—and flirt with the gay and graceful Lucy. Then there are Rosa, Louisa, Amanda, and a host of others, that fall with equal melody upon our ears, each touching some pleasant chord of memory or association, and breathing of “sparkling eyes,” “rosy lips,” and thrilling tones.

But this is “rambling” with a vengeance. The bed of “periwinkles” at my feet recalls the subject; and when I look at the flower, so graceful, sweet and *Mary-like* in its appearance, and think of “Mary,” so graceful, sweet and *flower-like*; it seems as natural that the first should be called *Mary-flower*, as that the bride should assume the name of her spouse, and excites some wonder that it should be known by any other.

But yon cloud in the west is admonishing me to retire; and, moreover, in spite of the romance of a mossy seat, on the bank of a crystal brook, the mosquitoes that rise from the aforesaid brook *will* sting—an operation that has too much of the pathetic for my taste. I must therefore pack up my “stationary” and decamp, leaving it to you, Mr. Editor, to carry out the proposition of

Your obedient servant,

CARL.

THE FIRST DAY OF MAY.

From the isles of the South where the wild bee reposes,
Midst green leaves and blossoms that never decay,
Spring is come, like a Queen, with her garland of roses,
To crown the glad earth on the first day of May.

The welcome of joy, o'er the pine-circled mountains,
Down the glade where the sun-beam is veil'd under
show'rs,
Thro' the deep tangled forests by the pure silver fountains,
Is hymn'd to the Sovereign of Beauty and Flow'rs.

Chant aloud, feather'd minstrels, sweet melody's numbers,
And, Echo, prolong the wild festival lay,
Till the young buds awake from their long winterslumbers,
To hallow the feast of the first day of May.

An emblem is this of the world's fleeting vision,
Where fancy and feeling in childhood must cling
Round hopes of the future—pure, bright and elysian—
To make the whole life-time one ever-green Spring.

Alas! it is said, that the sweet hours of childhood,
With all its gay dreams will too soon fade away;
And hopes of the morning, like leaves of the wild-wood,
Must wither and fade e'er the next first of May.

Be it then the wise thought in life's spring-time and beauty,
To learn from the season the truths which it gave,
That rose-buds of hope, twin'd with tendrils of duty,
May shed their perfume o'er the heart and the grave.

For Autumn will bring forth its clouds and its sadness,
To shade with deep gloom this life's sickly ray,
Or crush, like a fiend, in the wild fit of madness,
Each promise that bloom'd on the first day of May.

Yet beyond this sad world, in glory resplendent,
There is a blest Spring for the Angels above,
Where leaves never fade and flow'rets dependent,
Are fragrant with virtue, and beauty, and love.

There, there, faithful souls on the pinion ascending,
Of Faith and of triumph, hold on their bright way,
To find in the regions of life never ending,
The Emblem fulfill'd of the first day of May. E. P.
Camden, South Carolina.

ELLEN DALE.

Ellen Dale is descended from an ancient English family of that name, in the county of Staffordshire, who are said to trace their origin as far back as to the time of ‘Blank Adam, Esq. of Paradise, Gent.’ Indeed, an old lady of the family, very wise in matters of that kind, was in the habit of dating the rise of the family at a period considerably anterior to that era, and the ordinary suavity of her manner was never so much interrupted, as when her peculiar views on this subject met with contradiction, or doubt.

Ellen Dale, the subject of this memoir, was born by the best accounts, on the 17th day of October, in the year 1825. This anniversary she is in the habit of celebrating by a dinner of fried middling and ash-cake, and by kicking up her heels particularly high on that day. She was born at Barnhill, her father's residence, about three miles south of Tustenuggee, in the county of —, and state of —. The house at Barnhill is perfectly retired, being at least a mile distant from the main stage-road; it is a large mansion, for that part of the country,—shaded by locust and oak trees. Her father, Robert Dale, commonly called Bobby by his friends and the public in general, was small of stature, but muscular and athletic, a capital swordsman, of a quick passionate temper, with the eye of a hawk, and the organ of combativeness *in alto relievo* on his head. Yet withal, he was of a gentle, amiable, generous disposition, the idol of his friend and pet of his family, of which he was, like Benjamin, the youngest son. He was a great lover of Indians, having spent a great deal of time among them, and being from his early boyhood of a roving turn. He was in the habit of hunting with the Chickasaws, Cherokees, and Choctaws; sometimes went accoutred in their costume,—hunting-shirt, mocassins and leggins. He could imitate the warwhoop exactly for the world; no bad hand at ball-play, and perfectly versed in the several arts of bee-hunting, fish-spearing, deer-driving, and bear-traps. The Chickasaws, &c., were extremely

fond of him, and in token of their regard, several of them named their sons after him, 'Bobby Dale.'

Ellen's mother was counted a beauty, in her day; she was of a volatile, romantic temperament; had read at least three wagon-loads of bad novels. Her husband married her for her beauty. In the fifth year of their union, he died in Texas, where he had gone to make a settlement; leaving his widow of twenty-two years of age, with a son Billy, and a daughter—Ellen Dale.

Billy Dale had hazle eyes, auburn hair, and a face much freckled, owing, it is supposed, to his habit of going bareheaded in the sun. He is an adept in the art of walking on his head, turning somersets, and ground and lofty tumbling generally; a taste for which gymnastics he first imbibed by visiting the circus. He is particularly acquainted with all the comeatable bird-nests in the neighborhood, the number of the eggs, and the prospects of the unfledged young-ones. He is familiar with every eddy in Wolf-creek and Spring-run, and knows exactly where the fish bite best. He is fond of possum, rabbit, and coon-hunting, and has a peculiar fondness for dogs. To the game of marbles he devotes much of his leisure time, and is counted a proficient particularly in knucks and five in the ring.

Ellen Dale, when at a very early age, (it is one of her first recollections,) was taken on a visit to Abbeville, in South Carolina, a right small town. There she saw old Mr. John Smith, and old Mrs. Smith; remembers it as well as if it had happened yesterday. The house was on a river, or creek, or something of that sort. Used to go down there with the girls, by the school-house, a 'ramshackling' old house. Found lots of sweet gum about there, and had more fun with her cousin Matilda Smith; sweet creature, a little fattish, blue eyes, dark hair, quite a belle there afterwards;—now, probably, married, beauty faded, and house full of children.

Ellen went to school first to a certain Miss Blaize—in the town of Tustenuggee. Here, she learned her A B C;—it took her three months to master the whole alphabet, including the *anpersant*. Miss Blaize used a bit of wire, twisted spirally, called a *fescue*, to point out the letters, and Ellen remembers distinctly sitting on a low stool right by the teacher's side, who kept a little switch by her; she used to tap her with it on the hands, when she behaved bad, or did not say her lesson good. Miss Blaize was a very large fat woman; wore caps, and your old-fashioned leg-of-mutton sleeves. She was very fat, and it is currently reported, that afterwards, when she married, her husband found himself compelled by the unusual extent of her circumference, to hug one side first, and then to run round to the other. To this lady, Ellen went to school about a year, as near as she can recollect. She lived at this time in a small red frame-house,

on the outskirts of the town; carried her dinner to school in a little tin-bucket; dinner—biscuit, and bacon, sometimes pie.

The next school she went to, was at the tip-top of a high hill, away up towards the Big-spring. Tustenuggee was originally called Big-spring. This spring is as large as a small lake, being nearly a quarter of a mile in length, quite wide, and the water as clear as crystal; you can see every pebble at the bottom. When the waters are high, after heavy rains, boats carry cotton down the creek which issues from the spring. At the head of this spring, is a high rocky precipice, called in that part of the world a 'bluff.' Standing at the head of this bluff, you look down on the water below, and see it boiling and bubbling up over a wide space, like a house a-fire. In the spring lake, on a summer morning, it is pleasant in the wreathed mists to see cows wading leisurely about, in quest of a species of moss that is found floating at the surface of the water, and noisy boys, in water carts, filling their barrels with water.

Ellen used to fish there for minnoes with a pin-hook, and she and the girls would sometimes paddle about there in a skiff; had a heap of fun.

Ellen passed most of her early years, when not at boarding-school, at Pigeon-roost—a plantation of her uncle, about five miles to the northwest of —. The house there stands on a gentle slope, (just sufficient inclination to turn rain-water,) at the foot of a low range of mountains. From the front porch, you can see all the cleared part of the plantation—about six hundred acres clothed in cotton and corn. The house is about three quarters of a mile from the main-road; about half-way to the big-gate stands the gin-house, where the cotton is ginned: great piles of cotton-seed about there, and more lots of blackbirds; also a press for packing cotton, a monstrous large wooden screw in a frame, turned by an enormous lever big as a pine tree, two horses hitched on to a swingle-tree.

Another time, Ellen lived at Mr. Dawson's, on a hill,—a mile out of town;—log-house, daubed. Mr. Dawson was a great hunter,—kept a rifle, and a double-barreled gun, and a sight of hounds; killed lots of deer, wild-turkeys, &c. Good eatings there, light-bread, fried bacon and eggs, waffles, batter-cakes—coffee and buttermilk. Saturdays, she used to ride to Pigeon-roost;—the peacocks on the fence along the road used to scare her horse, flapping their wings,—(nasty things!) got thrown once by their foolishness; she never could bear them.

There is a great quantity of hens at Pigeon-roost; keep a mighty cackling about there. Also turkeys bobbing their heads and gobbling; and the guinea-fowls make a great racket, with their pot-rack. There are no ducks there, except one, and he is a muscovy drake. The hens &c., some of them, roost in the trees round the house of nights; its a wonder how they can sleep up in the branches with-

out falling. When Pigeon-roost was first settled, the deer used to run about there in droves;—sometimes would come right smack through the yard. One time a great buck, in jumping over the fence, fell back, and hurt himself so the people caught him.

The mornings in the spring there are very sweet and lovely;—a thousand mists exhaling before the sun;—the whistle of the black-bird and the mocking-bird warbling to the sky, and the pigs squealing in the barn-yard; the fields and woods crowned with luxuriance, and the herbage of the field, and the foliage of the woods, all washed in the dews of heaven. Such were the scenes of some of Ellen's early days. Happy period!—when, as time unfolds the dawning mind, and hope flings over all the landscape of life the color of the rose, each day adds some attractive novelty, some fresh charm, and scatters the path with a thousand dewy flowers!

Petersburg, May 1, 1840.

C. C.

JERUSALEM.

INSCRIBED TO MR. THRUSTON LUCKETT, FORMERLY OF
THE "LOUISVILLE REPORTER."

I.

QUEEN OF JUDEA's stricken land,
Thy garland, fallen from thy brow,
Lies withered on the Desert-sand
And trampled by the Arab, now:
The laurel-boughs of Lebanon
Still brush the blue, unspotted sky,
Their plumes still quiver in the sun
That gilds thy ruin from on high;
But on thy realms so desolate
Are stamped the deadly seals of FATE!

II.

Siloa's brook still flows along
Beneath the towering palm-tree's shade,
Unmindful of the Pilgrim throng
In grief along its banks arrayed,—
And Kedron's amaranthine bowers,
Trail their crushed vines upon the ground:—
Oh! blasted are the holy towers,
That reared their glories once around:—
Nought decks the cursed and arid sod,
Save where, perchance, the Saviour trod.

III.

But nought will o'er thy lurid night
Exalt its proud, majestic head—
Nought but the meteor's ghastly light,
Illumes the CITY OF THE DEAD.
Thou, fallen QUEEN! Thy lyre is broke
Which thrilled before thy God alone—
No longer to th' inspired stroke
Of MONARCH-MINSTREL on the throne,
Its chords of gratitude resound,
And breathe their hallowed notes around.

IV.

JUDEA's mountains still are seen
To sentinel thy grave-like gloom;
Her hills and vallies glitter green,
As though thou did'st not fill a tomb:

The wave still curls by Calvary's steep—
The grape—the fig—the olive shine—
Unwrinkled rolls the dark-blue deep—
And still she bears the fruitful vine;
And Fame still gilds her withered brow,—
Proud City! Oh, how dark art thou!

V.

Above the sculptured column's form
The death-like cypress weaves its pall—
And scorpions, in the sunbeams warm,
Bask on the grey and ruined wall:
The marble hall, where music roll'd—
The silent street—the regal dome,
Once radiant with its pearl and gold,
Are now the savage jackall's home;
And o'er the sanctuary's shrine
The desert serpents wildly twine.

VI.

For o'er thy wreck, JERUSALEM,
Calvary's red height in vengeance tow'rs—
The blood that dropp'd from Jesse's stem
Still reddens in Gethsemen's bowers!
But shall the Desert's sun no more,
Shed its high ray's round nature's tomb?
Shall not the star that sparkled o'er
The heathen night of blackest gloom,
Again throw round its peerless light,
Again dispel Judea's night?

VII.

Yes, Calvary, round thy sacred head,
A glory beams, from God-head cast—
Though where CREATION'S MONARCH bled,
His angry storms are pouring fast!
Yes, Zion, yet upon thy clime
The shadows fall of Beauty's plume—
And angels hold their watch sublime
At midnight o'er each Prophet's tomb,—
Bright as when first their wings unfurl'd,
At Bethlehem's vale, above the world.

VIII.

"RISE! RISE! IMPERIAL SALEM, RISE!"
Lo! on thee dawns millennial morn!
Look up! Look up upon the skies!—
See! See its herald star, new-born,
Hangs o'er thy brow a brilliant token,
THAT THE DREAD CURSE'S SPELL HAS BROKEN!
WILLIAM WALLACE.

TO MAY.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee, the fragrant zephyrs blow—
For thee, descends the sunny shower:
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces dress'd in flowery wreaths,
And tiptoe joys, their bands combine,
And love this sweet contagion breathes,
And languishing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throngs,
On quivering fire and rustling wing,
Delighted, join their votive songs,
And hail thee—"Goddess of the Spring."

MISERATE.

Notices of New Works.

REV. MR. CHAPIN'S LECTURES.*

We promised in our last No., a more extended notice of this pleasing and instructive volume. We have read it with unmingled delight, and should rejoice to see it in the hands of every youth in the country. Himself a young man, Mr. Chapin combines the fervor and energy belonging to that period of life, with the wisdom and reflection of maturer years. His maxims and propositions are all founded in the best and longest experience of our nature, and they are recommended by cogent reasoning embodied in eloquent language. The lectures are six in number—the first being devoted to self-duties—the second, to the social—the third, to the duties of young men as citizens—the fourth, to the intellectual—and the fifth, to the moral duties: the concluding lecture being a general application or enforcement of the truths contained in those which precede it. Each of these discourses is divided into various branches or subdivisions, presenting a clear analysis of the main topic or principal subject—which cannot fail to impress the dullest understanding or the coldest heart. Under the head of self-duties, for example, the lecturer enumerates the careful preservation of health, temperance, industry, perseverance, and independence of mind, as so many obligations imposed by that “first law of nature, which has for its object the preservation and welfare of self.” Each of these parts or portions of duty moreover, constituting a particular class, is subjected to still more minute division, in order to illustrate and explain fully the author's meaning. But it would be impossible to present any abstract or epitome which could in any respect supersede the necessity of reading the work itself. We are satisfied that these lectures cannot be read attentively by the young men of our country without having their hearts improved—their understandings enlightened—and their tastes refined. Mr. Chapin possesses that rare faculty, which true genius only can confer, of presenting trite truths in so attractive a garb as to give them all the appearance of novelty: and he frequently touches some chord of the heart, or opens some new path in the mazes of reasoning, or presents some sudden and enchanting vista in the fields of imagination, which is the more agreeable and delightful to the reader, because he is not entirely prepared for it. We cannot forbear presenting some specimens of the style, matter and manner of some of the lectures: at the same time, assuring our readers that they are only selections from innumerable kindred gems scattered throughout the volume. What can be more finely and forcibly expressed, for example, than the following passages, illustrating the importance of the *eye* as a source of happiness: and of the *hand*, that wonderful piece of human mechanism, whose power and utility are so unbounded?

“See how true it is that God has made the world not only useful, but beautiful. He has not only made the sky, but he has given it the softest, fairest color of the prism. He has not only hung the stars there, but he has made them to sparkle all across that high blue dome, like gems in the crowns of angels. He not only condenses the mists and vapors into clouds, but they brighten in gorgeous hues around the sun, or darken in grandeur beneath the storm. He has not only given the springs to ‘run among the hills,’ but he sprinkles their water-drops on high and abroad, until they throw an arc athwart the dark abyss, and glitter before His lofty Throne in the unutterable beauty of the rainbow. And see the earth all strewn with greenness, and dew-drops and flowers—and the mountains, how stand up their piny

* Duties of Young Men, exhibited in six lectures; with an Anniversary Address, delivered before the Richmond Lyceum. By E. H. Chapin. Boston: Tompkins & Mussey. 1840.

banners and their icy spears, like war-hosts arrested in all their pomp, and frozen. O! look abroad, above, below, and see how *beauty* blends with usefulness in the multitude of created things. And what is there in man adapted to all this? That tender and expressive organ, the *eye*. Sunder its delicate nerves, quench its light, seal up its veiling lids, and all this enchantment, this field of glorious vision, disappears. Is it not a duty, then, to nourish and preserve this portion of the human frame?

“Look at the *hand*. A little organ, but how curiously wrought! How manifold and necessary are its functions! What an agent has it been for the wants and the designs of man! The *hand*; what, in this world, would be the mind without it? How has it moulded and made palpable its conceptions, removed its obstacles, and gone before it to pioneer its glorious and triumphant progress! The *hand*! It wrought the statue of Memnon, and hung the brazen gates of Thebes; it fixed the mariner's trembling needle upon its axis, and first heaved back the bar of the tremendous printing-press. It opened the tubes of Galileo, until world after world swept largely before his vision; and it reefed the high top-sail that rustled over Columbus in the morning breezes of Bahama. And it has held the sword with which freedom has fought her battles; it has poised the axe of the dauntless woodman, as he opened the paths of civilization; it turned the mystic leaves upon which Milton and Shakspeare inscribed their burning thoughts; and it secured firmly the pen that signed the Declaration of Independence. Would you weaken the *hand*, then?—would you make it nerveless, or useless? If so, would you not break a great physical law of the Creator's own ordaining?”

The horrors of intemperance are depicted in the same lecture with a glowing pen.

“But I cannot take my leave of this topic, without dwelling upon one point. I allude to the fearful bias towards dissipation which prevails so extensively in our land, and which is settling down like a canker, a plague-spot, upon our hopes and our high places. I allude to those deep and fatal draughts of ‘the black waters of death and Acheron,’ which are parching the manly lip, and searing the manly brain; which are paralyzing the limbs, coursing the veins in torrents of fire, and crushing as with an iron hand the very life among the heart-strings. My friends, I had almost said, I am afraid I cannot exaggerate here. To see form after form of youthful mould and beauty, reeling madly by us—to see the downy but wasted cheek tinged with the fever-flush—to see the eye, once so radiant with intelligence, now settled in a frenzied glare—to hear those words, once of meaning, of eloquence, of genius, changed to the delirious gibbering of the drunkard;—O! to see all this, and then to think of the ruin and the loss that are involved withal—to think of the garnered hopes that are now all blackened to ashes—to think that these *wrecks* might have been ornaments and pillars to their country—to think that for these have gushed forth prayers and tears, whose fruition might have been excellence and promise—to think that because of them hearts are breaking, breaking, that otherwise might have been joyful and blessed—to think of health destroyed, property strown to the winds, opportunity lost, talent wasted, and high and noble sentiments all swallowed up in one debased and burning passion!—thus to behold, thus to reflect, I say, would you shed tears half so bitter, accompanied by half such anguish, if you had seen each proud form, before it had thus been tainted, stretched, in its manliness, upon the narrow bier? Would you have mourned half so deeply, to hear the bell-toll boom upon the morning air for the bright-browed and the generous one, who, from the life and the sunshine of existence, with the promise of excellence, and the honor of an untarnished reputation, had gone down to his quiet grave?—or, if so, can you now withhold your sympathies—your hot, fast tears—to think that his must be the grave of the *INTEMPERATE*? To think that there are other ties, which must be crushed until they bleed—must be harshly torn asunder? To think that, perhaps the shadow of his fate has entered some *home*, and around its hearth sit weeping, and famine, and woe; that there maternal lips are quivering with a prayer of agony, a father's hand is lifted to curse the poisoned goblet, and some gentle heart that still, still throbs for him with a deathless love, is sick with the coldness of despair?”

In the lecture on the duties of young men as citizens, the author, though educated and accustomed to pursuits entirely separated from political science, has evinced a profound acquaintance with its fundamental principles. Look,

for example, at the following beautiful and true definition of patriotism:

"And what is true Patriotism? It is no superficial, raving excitement. It is something deeper and holier than the mere ebullition of Fourth of July sentiment, or the delirious, frothy, evanescent fervor of the rostrum and the caucus. It does not manifest itself in wincing at every satire, and spurning at all foreign advice. It cherishes no unmanly prejudices, no overweening and undeserved partialities. I think that we are liable, as a people, to stray into some of these errors. Let us avoid them. True Patriotism is a warm, yet placid and abiding principle. It has drank in the memories of its home, until its heart beats with an inspiration that is fervent, deep and strong; but its mien is unimpassioned, and its eye is ever watchful for the interests of its country. It surveys, with a keen scrutiny, all its pillars—it trims the light upon all its altars—it replaces the stones that fall from its illustrious monuments—and it continually looks abroad to see what must yet be done. The Constitution is ever in its hand, and near it its sheathed but ready sword. In short, it stands like Washington, in war or peace, calm and dignified, prepared, despite the circumstance and pressure of the time, to meet the shock and to secure the end."

Look also at the true definition of Liberty, about which so many fatal mistakes occur in the action of our free government. We wish that our Statesmen would ponder the eloquent truths which are here spoken:

"The true definition of Liberty extends to the lawful exercise of all our rights and privileges; and no farther. No man in the wide world is morally free to do wrong, and the moment he does so, he disturbs a set course of order, he breaks laws—laws which not only man has written, but which God has graven upon tables that are as eternal as the pillars of the universe. Citizens of a free land, as you are, then, the freedom which you enjoy was not purchased, under Heaven, by the pen, the tongue and the sword, in order that you might be independent of all restraint, and sway at will the elements of peace and order. We hear much disgusting cant about 'the Will of the People'—'the Voice of the People.' Now there is nothing human, so binding upon a true American citizen, as the deep, solemn, deliberate voice of the majority—the declarations that burst with authority, from the great heart of the million. But you will distinguish a decree like this, from the clamor of an excited mob, and the war-cry of the deluding or deluded anarchist. For, who are the people? Who have the right to unfurl that sacred oriflamme of Liberty, upon which is emblazoned '*vox Populi suprema Lex*'? Not those, surely, who living in some little section here or there, from the false enthusiasm or the unconsidered sentiment of the moment, throw by the constitution and the statute-book, and say—'We rule!'—not these; but they who, from all parts of the land, speak in the sober words of calm and well-reasoned Legislation—who, with the interests of their altars, their institutions, their possessions and their homes, directly before their eyes, send out the proclamation of their will. These are 'the People,' and this is a truth that seems to be much misunderstood. Men have arisen, and have cried out—'It is the will of the people!' when, in fact, that very will expressed and sealed, they have, by a deed unsanctioned, and with violence, trampled under foot. The ordinances of law and order, then, are the voices of the majority—ordinances from which no nation and no individual can be free—and those who disregard them, are not only perverting liberty but abusing popular rights. Yet such a course has been taken, and more than once, in our country. Men have been urged forward to the commission of lawless and destructive deeds, by an idea which has led them in the name and the garb of Liberty; but which, had they but torn aside its flimsy and shining veil, would have appalled them with features as hideous as those of Mokanna!"

The doctrine of majorities, that cabalistic and often delusive signal of faction in free governments, is admirably elucidated in the following passage:

"You will manifest your regard for your rights and privileges, by not sacrificing too much to the majority. That the will of the majority should be the law, is perfectly right—it is the only safe principle upon which we can rest; and if we waive it for a single instance, we establish a perilous precedent—it is right, I say, that the will of the majority should be the law; but the bare fact that that law

is the will of the majority, does not prove that it is just or correct. Of course, you will not show your disapprobation of that law, either by unlawful resistance or by disobedience—but you should feel that your privilege to think cannot be taken away by the majority, and that you have the right to speak and to protest against it. Do not let the majority rule you in opinion, however much they may in political forms. 'Go not with a multitude to do evil.' Never sacrifice a single principle merely because the mass have condemned it. If you believe it to be a true and a beneficial principle, hold on to it, although ten thousand array themselves against you! This is not only the course of an independent mind, but it is of the very essence of liberty—of republican freedom. Republicanism does not consist alone in the sovereignty of the greatest number; but it also declares the sovereignty of each individual. Every man, by the great fundamental law of natural right, has a domain over which he has a right to rule with a kingly sway, and this domain consists of his person, his property, his thoughts: and that government which goes to produce effects contrary to this, is not a pure republic. Who does not see, at once, the monstrous evils which might result from the established principle, that the minority, the individual, must acquiesce in the will of the majority, the multitude, in all cases? Who does not know, that the multitude is often swayed by cunning and evil minds to do wrong—that it is often a combustible mass, which is set on fire, with but one spark from a careless torch—one word from an excited tongue? And is this a condition of Liberty, to hold my property, my opinions, my life, subservient to the dictates of the mass; let those dictates be what they will? No!—republican Liberty exists where before every man's person there is thrown a sacred shield, and around every man's dwelling a 'munition of rocks,' and where every man's thought is left as free to follow its bent as an eagle to cleave the air. Is my dwelling to be unroofed, because the multitude say so?—am I to kiss the edict of a mob, because the multitude say so?—am I to believe black is white, because the multitude say so?—Understand me, my friends. I do not say that such a state of thing exists, or will ever exist. No;—I trust, and am induced to believe, not. I have a faith in the majority, that when it utters a sentiment it is a sentiment that comes from the beating heart of our common humanity—a sentiment that is true and normal. I have only laid down a principle, by which I exhort you to abide; and that is, not to sacrifice truth or right to the will of the majority, but lawfully, mildly, yet firmly, to maintain them. It is a duty which you owe as a citizen. It shows that you are ready not only to defend yourself, but your country, from the perilous assumptions of a pseudo republicanism, and the inlet of a dangerous principle."

The following eloquent passage is extracted from the lecture on moral duties.

"Consider, then, my friends, and act upon the true ends of existence. This world which stretches out before you, is but the vestibule of an immortal life. These deeds that are taking place around you, touch upon chords that extend by a thousand connections, visible and invisible, and vibrate in eternity. These thoughts and motives that stir within you, thrill the ever-beating pulses of a deathless spirit! The mechanism of this vast universe is so intimately put together, and so nicely balanced, that not a stone falls that does not shake the whole great system; not a particle of light gushes from its remote fountain, that has not a mission to fulfil affecting all the parts and orders of the universal mass. Do not act, then, as mere creatures of this life, who for a little while are to walk its valleys and its hills, to enjoy its sunshine and breathe its air, and then pass away and be no more forever. Act as immortals, with an aim and a purpose worthy of your high nature. Set before you, as the chief object to be obtained, an end that is superior to any of earth—a durable and a perfect end. Labor to accomplish a work which will survive unchanged and beautiful, when Time shall have withered the garland of youth, and crushed the strings of the lute, and broken with his scythe the crystal wine-cup—when the sparkling gold and the shining silver shall have mouldered back to dust, when the thrones of power and the monuments of art shall have crumbled into ashes! Labor to achieve a work which best comports with the true dignity of man—which proves him but a little lower than the Angels—which, when the voices of the mutable and the perishing are forever hushed, shall live amid the songs and the triumph and the rejoicing of immortality! Consider, then, as you are about to plunge into the midst of this vast and peopled mart, and resolve that

you will use the lawful advantages which it may afford you, as means to the true happiness and perfection of your moral nature. In all the toils and all the trials of existence, never lose sight of this object. Fix your eye upon this shining mark, and let all the circumstances of life be brought to bear in the path that leads directly to it. Consider why you are here. What you are. Whither journeying, and what is your chief duty and should be your prime object. Take this thought with you and go forth to battle with the world. Resolve to act faithfully upon it, from the morning to your years. Cling to it in prosperity and adversity, amid the cheerful sunshine and calm of life, and when you are tempest-tossed among the clouds and the billows. Regard early the true ends of existence. 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth!'

At the risk of being tedious we must commend the following fine contrast in the characters of the two sexes.

"In assigning you a station so prominent and effective, I would not underrate the influence of the other and the gentler sex. Both have their appropriate spheres of action, and in their spheres exercise a deep and powerful influence. Man is placed more immediately in contact with the tide and the turmoil of existence; woman has a more obscure and peaceful lot—but there she touches the chords of the manly heart, and sways, all secretly, the springs of human action. It is for man to struggle and toil in the noon-tide and with the multitude—to stand forth in the perilous battle of life and bear the brunt of the stormy shock; it is for woman to bind up the wounded, to breathe a Sabbath rest upon the troubled spirit—to nerve the weary with strength and the desponding with fortitude—by the holy altar and in the bright sanctuary of home. Man goes forth like the day, and straightway arise the roar of busy toil, the sound of human voices, and the rush and tumult of active life—the ministrations of woman are like those of the quiet and radiant night, when in holy stillness the stars look out, and the dews fall upon the drooping leaves and flowers, and Angels watch the tired and slumbering earth, and all its functions of labor are hushed and calm, as if the breathing of sweet music were passing over them."

The last quotation we shall make, is from the concluding lecture, and we are sure, that such of our readers as may be deprived of the opportunity of seeing the volume, will thank us for placing before them so vivid a description of the peculiarities of the age in which we live.

"I wish you to consider the spirit of the age in which we live. I hesitate not to say, that never, in the annals of this earth, with all its chronicled glory and its ancient renown, never has it witnessed a time so interesting, so remarkable, as this! I know, we may confine our views, and discover, perhaps, in the histories of various nations, specific acts and achievements more wonderful and nearer perfection than any we boast. Cheops and Cephrenes may have built monuments more huge than any around us—Praxiteles and Phidias may have carved finer statues than any that grace the pedestals of modern art, and Appelles may have wielded a magic and unrivalled pencil—Pericles may have gathered around him mightier intellects, and cultivated a richer taste, and reared trophies of architecture more glorious, than any that adorn a modern state—Demosthenes may have kindled a loftier eloquence, and Homer a deeper sublimity, than any who now speak in our assemblies or recline upon Pindus—Cicero may have thundered in the Forum, and Augustus swayed in the Capitol, with a power and a majesty that succeeding times have never equalled;—all this we grant. But to go farther than this, and to say that the ages of antiquity placed humanity higher in the scale of mental and moral progress than the present, I cannot. We must withdraw our attention from singular achievements and isolated acts—from limited and narrow sections—and look abroad upon the wide-spread race of mankind, and the general aspect of human society. When, I ask, when were there ever such great principles of truth and love and melioration, at work as at the present day? When has philosophy entertained such enlarged and liberal views, when has the science of government been so well understood and practised, when has Religion moved among men in such purity, and upon such missions of salvation and mercy—as at this very time?—It is well to nourish a refined taste at the classic altars of antiquity—it is well to profit by the great examples and to cherish the sacred memories of the hoary past—it is well to pay due tribute to the greatness and the skill of departed nations;—all

this is well. But when our love for antiquity becomes absorbing and unjust—when it blinds us to the glory of the present, and causes us, with a mental idolatry, to reverence the Past as the era of wisdom and genius and human exaltation, and to attribute to it all the true excellence and might of our nature;—then, it is time for us to examine its claims, to investigate and analyze its character, to compare it with the achievements of modern times, and to assert the lofty superiority and progress of our age. And in what consists our superiority? I answer, in the fact that the Idea of the time, is true to the nature and the destinies of man—of the race. It is an idea evolved from Christianity and cherished by its influences. What is now the aspect of the world? What has been its history for the last three hundred years? It has been that of alternate struggles and triumphs—lights and shadows—and yet, out of every conflict, there has come forth some great truth, some sacred right of humanity, born in battle and in blood. Trace it from the dawn of the awaking of the human intellect to a sense of its own rights and faculties, down to the present hour—from the days when the obscure Monk of Eisleben went forth to battle with Tetzels and Eckius, down to the triumph of the rail-car and the steam-ship—the path of human progress has been opening and widening; sunbeam after sunbeam has burst upon it; shout after shout of victory has thrilled across it; rank after rank of mighty men, all armed and dauntless in the great cause of human melioration, of truth, have pressed into it;—and still on and still wider it opens, until it is lost in immortal brightness, and a great sound of Hallelujahs is heard, "Like the voice of many waters." The printing-press and the mariner's compass—the Puritan sacrifice for religious freedom and the Declaration of Independence—what were they but palpable and embodied expressions of the human soul, marking at once its power and its progress? And where, I ask, in the archives of all antiquity, will you find such triumphant and effectual works as these? These were for the benefit of the whole human race. The orations of Cicero and the pleas of Demosthenes will be read by the scholar, while the Latin and the Greek tongues shall live—the marbles of Palmyra and the Acropolis, the mystic symbols of Isis and Osiris, will excite the admiration and wonder of the antiquary and the traveller, until they shall have crumbled or faded away. But what will they do for the melioration of humanity? Ultimately they may contribute their aid, but immediately they are limited and confined to a few, in their very nature;—but the mariner's compass guides the bark of the Esquimaux amid his jagged icebergs, and directs the fishermen of Siam through the waters of the Indian sea. The printing-press thunders in the far islands of the ocean, and its trophies are read by the shores of remote Oregon. The religious freedom of the Puritans has planted altars upon the rocks and in the forests, that bigotry and oppression shall never move—and the Declaration of Independence has shaken the bondage of the Russian serf and the throne of the Ottoman. These are deeds that tell for all men—that tell upon the faculties of the soul and its destiny—and these are triumphs of the age. Look around you. What were the theories of the star-reading Chaldee, the forgotten arts of Egypt, the dreams of Plato the divine, the tuneful poetry of Maro; compared to the astronomy of Newton, the geology of Buckland and Lyell, the philosophy of Bacon, the triumphs of Franklin, and the practical skill of Davy? And what, what, were the hoary religions of old, manifested in forms of marble, in the libation and the sacrifice, in the augur and the oracle,—O! what were these compared with that Religion that was heralded by Angels, that was established in the Mission and by the Blood of Jesus, and the function of which is, "to preach the Gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bound, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord?"

It is generally expected from the chair of criticism, that eulogium should be somewhat qualified, in order to avoid the suspicion of partiality or extravagance. No human production is faultless, and to swell any literary performance to unnatural dimensions would be as damnable as "faint praise." The most conspicuous fault which we are able to discern in Mr. Chapin's style, is one which will require a short time only to correct, and which is itself the evidence of a fertile mind. We mean that it is too ornate and exuberant, and perhaps somewhat deficient in lucid arrangement. We are aware that there is often difficulty and some-

times danger in attempting to restrain the ardor and luxuriance of a glowing fancy—but we think that the taste of the age inclines to the imitation of those chaste and simple models, familiar to most literary men, and to none more so than Mr. Chapin himself. We repeat that we heartily commend this well-printed, and well-stored volume from the Boston press, to the universal consideration and attention of YOUNG MEN; and we are by no means sure that even erudite and experienced age would not derive from it many valuable lessons and important truths. Differing as we do with the eloquent author, as to his peculiar theological views, we are happy to assure our readers that the lectures, wheresoever they refer to the subject of eligion, breathe nothing but the spirit of charity, and are not in the slightest degree tinged with sectarianism. Both sexes, of every age and every shade of opinion—moral, political or religious—may read them with pleasure and with profit.

H. E. J.

Specimens in Literature; or Scraps and Sketches, from a Printer's Portfolio. By George B. Wallis—Cincinnati, Ohio—1840.

In our attentions, Mr. Editor, to the Past Masters in Poetry, we are apt to neglect the claims of the entered apprentices of the sublime order. The credentials of the candidate under consideration, have, perhaps, been too inconsiderately examined by the ministering priests of the Sacred Temple; or he might have been formally invited to the sacrifices at its altar. Indulge me, dear sir, in a brief review of his pretensions.

He opens his pamphlet with a "prelimination," in the Spenserian strain, in which he meets the anticipated charge of glory-seeking, in a prompt yet courteous denial; and with one of the most pleasing comparisons:

"The Indian robin, who, alone, descants
His evening raptures in the forest dim,
Had taught us in our visits to his haunts,
Long ere the birth of this immodest whim,
Our spiritual similitude to him.
For like that humble bird, we had desired
To be the songster of the hermit grim
In his secluded walk; nor once aspired

To sound abroad the tones which then our bosom fired."

Next follows a sketch of the author's life, in which he boasts of "his physiognomical resemblance to the murmuring Childe Harold," of the various hardships of an itinerant typographer's peregrinations, and of the fortitude with which he has borne them. As an incident in his adventures, he relates the following:

"I encountered one evening, among the mountains, at twilight, a family of my acquaintance bound for the West. They had encamped in a romantic little valley, on a green spot overshadowed by lofty pines. It was an appropriate place; but a translucent fountain, which gurgled from the base of an adjacent rock, had no doubt been the chief attraction. They readily persuaded me to share their "*pot-luck, and stay all night.*" Domestic news entertained us till supper; after which, the mother and daughter requested me to "draw off a hime" for the occasion. Craving their silence a short time, I took my station by the pine fire, and indited something like the following for their consideration, which was gladly accepted, and sung with spirit by the family and their favored guest:

TUNE—*From Greenland's icy mountains.*

How beautifully the mountains
Stand in the glowing sky;
How joyfully the fountain's
Bright waters murmur by:

How sweet the breeze of even,
How bright the stars above;
How all of earth and Heaven
Is whispering of His love.

How pleasant is the feeling
Of His Spirit breathing round;
How tenderly 'tis stealing,
In every passing sound,
Our hearts to adoration,
Our thoughts to its control—
How sweet the contemplation
It awakens in the soul.

The spirit that rejoices
Those in the land of bliss,
Will bear away our voices,
Up to the Throne from this.
God of the mountains—Spirit!
As here we feebly raise
Our thanks, may we inherit
The blessings of thy praise.

Guide of the Pilgrims, screen us,
Beneath whose sheltering wing,
Though mountains rise between us,
Kindred and friends may sing.
Staff of the traveller—guard him
Until his journeying's past,
And may his toils reward him
With happiness at last."

His third "specimen," is the Saviour's Baptism, a paraphrase. We select three stanzas:

"To the flowery bank where Jordan's streams
Of rolling waters darkly frown,
Conversing on the mighty Scheme,
The Saviour and the saint came down;
And where they stood, that hallowed sod
Was brightened by the foot of God.

Now circled by the glowing tide,
The happy Prophet and the Son
Stand for a moment side by side—
And now the sacred rite is done;
And now descend from those on high,
The Alleluias of the sky.

The sky is open'd and displays
The glories of the land above,
And, settling in a radiant blaze,
The beauteous semblance of a dove—
The Spirit, bearing on its wings
The Blessing of the King of Kings."

Article 6, is a complimentary review of "Printer-Poets." After a hurried exordium, he feelingly introduces "the old oaken bucket," and dismisses its bearer with a blessing, in this consoling language:

"But, patience, our good uncle, a little while, and thou shalt be called in mercy to the place of rest. It is a cold, and dark, and dreary cell, and thy fellow-worm awaits thee there; but there, dismissed of thy sorrows, thou shalt lie down to a repose as pleasant as that of the fisher-boy, when he sinks into the sleeping visions of peace, under the noon-day shadow of the summer-tree."

Next is given a poetical tribute to the Father of his Country. It requires no super-eminent efforts for a high flight, "on Truth's immaculate wings:—"

"His soul was with his country; and his life
Was given to her. Nor asked he recompense
For having stood throughout the desperate strife
The ruling spirit of her brave defence,

Saving the grateful peace-imparting sense
Of rectitude. E'en a freed people's bays,
And gratitude, unmeasured and intense,
He deemed a fearful precedent of praise,
More than of glory to his best declining days.

"It is a noble mind, which neither power,
Nor gold, nor honor, nor an offered crown,
Can overthrow: It is a nobler dower
Which these cannot affect: but the renown,
The light immortal, which will settle down
Upon his name, who but esteems such things
With filial apprehension, turns the frown
Of envy off. At death his spirit springs
Up to the throne of Truth, on Truth's immaculate wings."

The succeeding "scraps and sketches" of the pamphlet, are much in the same spirit as those from which we have made our quotations. In an article descriptive of "the Beauty of the Mountains," he is sublimely grandiloquent:

"Ike Island stood upon the mountain's top. In lisping childhood, when beneath the spangled summer canopy, his mother's finger pointed him the various squadrons of the shining host, he had fancied that his native valley was the world; that the far blue mountains God had drawn around it, were the firm abutments of the ethereal arch; that, then, if standing in his present place, when the harmonious myriads of rejoicing stars gladdened the midnight sky, he could look through earth's transparent dome, and see the spirits of departed playmates, a happy company of white-robed cherubim, and lay his ear against the door of Heaven and hear the angels sing."

But the prettiest of his "specimens," is an ode to "My Locust Tree." Here he betrays the secret of his affections, in all the force of unembellished simplicity:

"I have a tree—a locust tree,
Wide-branching, young and tall,
Which, in the prime of April time,
Crowned with a coronal
Of snowy blossoms, where the bees
Are humming all the day,
Invitingly, delightfully,
Would call from cares away:
Fanny, I wish that you could see,
In bloom, my bonnie locust tree.

My bonnie, bonnie locust tree,
Ten years have rolled around,
Since thou wert sate to decorate
This consecrated ground.
And thou wert then a little twig,
And I a little boy,
And merrily, and cheerily,
In all my thoughtless joy,
I played beneath thy shady screen,
Now spreading over all the green.

I planted thee, my locust tree,
In a deep luxuriant mould,
And it was fun when flowers came on,
To see thy buds unfold.
And as the Spring would sweetly bring
Their colors to the light,
Deliciously, propitiously,
They open'd to the sight;
And thou wert lovely to be seen,
Arrayed in living white and green.

And oft beside my locust tree,
When the Sabbath evening dew
Was falling, and the starry band
Were twinkling in the blue;

When breaking clear, upon the ear,
From out the pine-topp'd hill,
In sprightliness and lightness,
The welcome whip-poor-will
Was heard, I've sat in mute delight,
With Maggie and the bird of night."

And now, Mr. Editor, having given our memorialist a fair and full hearing, we shall dismiss him with the encouragement of hope. He is young—and has room, time, and capacity for improvement. Experience will annul many wild and heterodoxal conceits; and frequent recurrences to the well-spring of Truth, will dispel that morbid monomania of fretfulness, which in his imitative vanity of an evil genius he may too fondly cherish. But, as I know the author well, (for we have had together many a hunting and fishing frolic among the mountains and pine hills of Virginia,) I can attest that his sufferings have not been fictitious, nor the result of indiscretion. But until he shall have learned that the cheerfulness of resignation is more manly and desirable than the moroseness of misanthropy, he will be likely to continue a "liner" of comparative inutility and insignificance. I see that he is an occasional contributor to your excellent magazine; it is therefore unnecessary to give him a further recommendation.

Very respectfully yours,

G.

The Triumph of Peace; and other poems—New York.
D. Fanshaw: 1840.

This little volume is from the pen of Mr. Charles M. F. Deems, well and favorably known to the reading public as a young writer of great promise. Several of the poems composing the collection, originally appeared in this magazine; our readers will recognize with pleasure "The Amreeta," "Do You Remember?" "Death of Saladin," and many others equally beautiful. The characteristics of Mr. Deems's writings are, originality of thought, purity of style and sentiment, copiousness and force of expression, and a tone of sound morality. There are it is true, some errors which longer experience might have corrected, but the first efforts of few writers are freer from inaccuracies.

The leading article, "The Triumph of Peace," was delivered at the late commencement of Dickinson College. The intense interest of the poem was increased by the powerful and enthusiastic manner in which the young poet-orator delivered it. It abounds with passages of deep pathos and genuine poetry.

"The Amreeta" is a wild, stirring production, and will rank in beauty with Dr. Southey's best.

Among the minor articles, "The Storm," "My Spirit-Sister," "When I Wish to Die," "Music," "The Voice of Love," and others, will bear comparison with the sweetest inspirations of the most admired American bards.

Read for example the following, which we select at random:

"——— when with my books
I've painted on the page a cherub-face
I called my sister's. And so vividly
It smiled, I could have turned aside the tress
That threw a mellow shade upon its brow,
And left the warm kiss of a brother there;
But then it fled, and I was sad again."

Had we room, we might insert many passages of like beauty; but we deem this sufficient to give the intelligent reader an idea of the merit of the work.

Mr. Deems, is certainly a poet; his talent is of the highest order, and will, if properly cultivated, do honor to himself and his country's literature. We advise him to be often seen at the Muse's shrine.